Feb. 4, 1980

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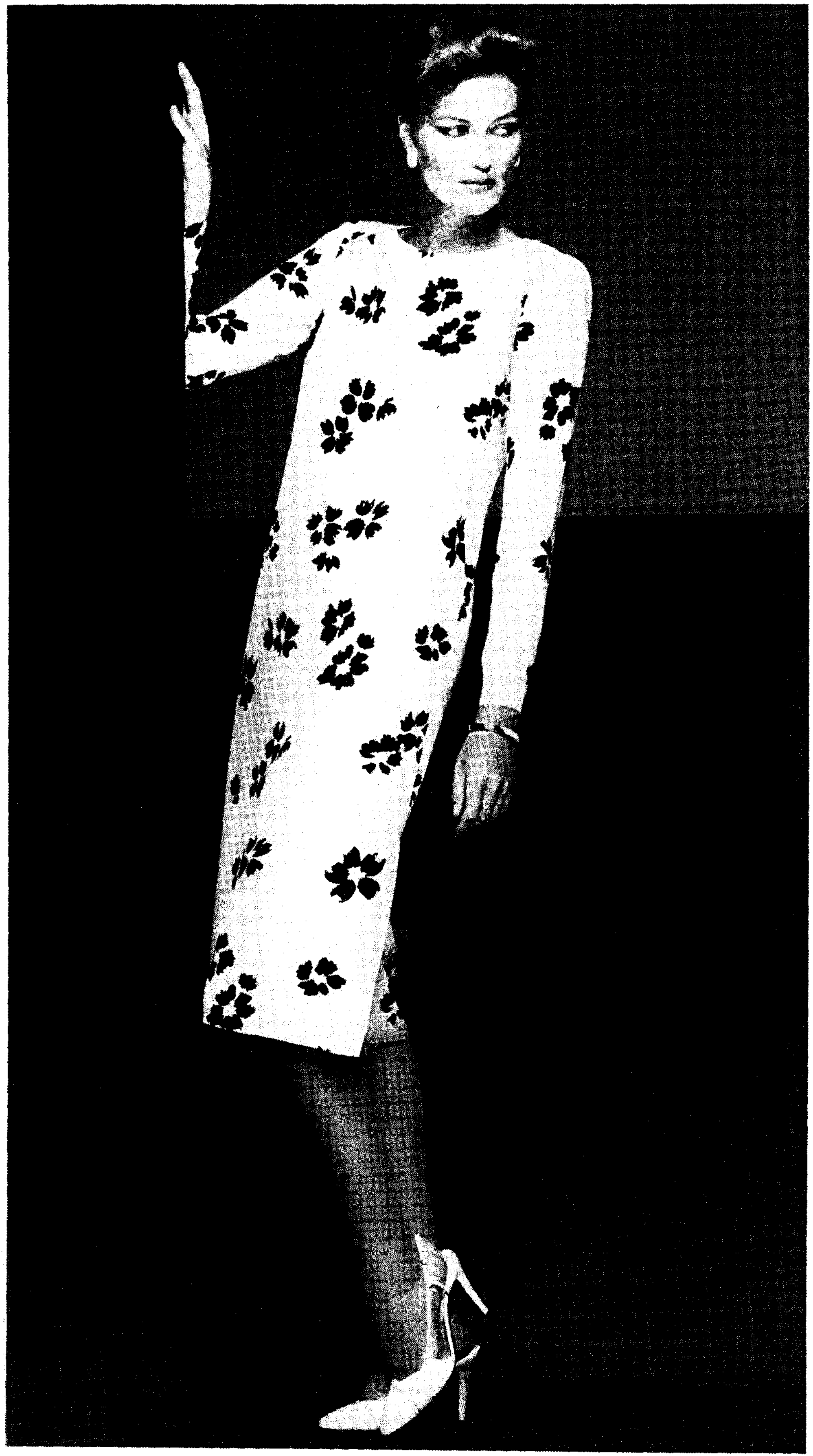

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As You Like It—Shakespeare's play, with music by Elizabeth Swados. The cast includes Don Scardino, Rick Lieberman, and Priscilla Smith. Directed by Andrei Serban. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 17. Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Wednesday, Jan. 30, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2; and Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **HAMLET**, with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2; Sunday, Feb. 3, and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 5-7, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—Nobody finds more humor in the miseries of daily life than Samuel Beckett does, but "Endgame" is mostly tragic. Daniel Seltzer plays the lead, and Joseph Chaikin directed. (1/21/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

Harold and Maude—Janet Gaynor, Keith McDermott, and Ruth Ford in Colin Higgins' play with music, adapted from his movie screenplay. The music and lyrics are by David Amram. Robert Lewis directed. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hughie—J. R. Horne in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Final performances Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 4-5, at 8.)

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A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Saturdays and Friday, Feb. 1, at 10:30, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

The Lady from Dubuque—Irene Worth has the title role in a play by Edward Albee. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 31. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 3: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 6-10: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Das Lusitania Songspiel—A musical cabaret that parodies the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, written and performed by Christopher Durang and Sigourney Weaver. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11.)

Marie and Bruce—Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban in a play by Wallace Shawn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Millionaire in Trouble—A Yiddish musical, with Yakov Bodo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Monsieur Amilcar—A play by French playwright Yves Jamiaque, translated by George Gonneau and Norman Rose. Directed by Robert Kalfin. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Dan Owens' **LAGRIMA**

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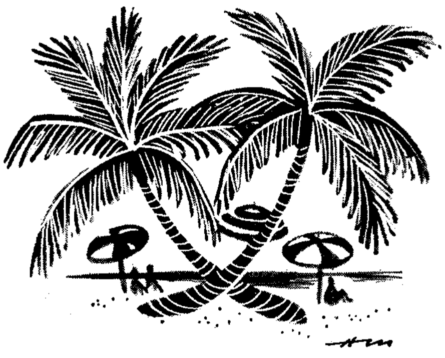

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DEL DIABLO (THE DEVIL'S TEAR) is the third in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Night and Day—Tom Stoppard has written a long debate on the purposes of a free press, interrupting the debate from time to time with wisecracks, sexual fantasies, and gunfire. The very good cast is headed by Maggie Smith, who is herself a form of gunfire. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Wedding, Two Rooms, Three Friends—Three one-act plays by John Gwilym Jones. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paris Lights: The All-Star Literary Genius Expatriate Revue—A revue in which a great number of literary expatriates living in Paris in the twenties are made to seem oddly unlike themselves. Earnestly written and acted, but without much charm. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Salt Lake City Skyline—Thomas Babe's largely imaginary account of a historic event—the trial for murder and the eventual execution of the labor organizer Joe Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Snapshot—A musical by Herbert Kaplan (music) and Mitchell Bernard (lyrics). (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trouble with Europe—A play by Paul D'Andrea, with Perry King and Kristoffer Tabori. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Watch on the Rhine—The Lillian Hellman melodrama of 1941 in a respectful and rather stately production. With Jan Miner, George Hearn, Joyce Ebert, and Harris Yulin. (1/14/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,216 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon pro-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vides a few comic opportunities for Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays, except Feb. 7, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30. Extra performance Thursday, Feb. 7, at 11 A.M.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Oleg and Ludmila Protopopov. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 31, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 3, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "In G Major.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Chaconne," "Fancy Free" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Chaconne," "Fancy Free," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "Ballo della Regina," "The Four Temperaments," and "In G Major.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 3: "Bournonville Divertissements," "The Four Temperaments," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "Orpheus," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 5: "Fanfare," "Allegro Brillante," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Fanfare," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "The Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Dances at a Gathering," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "Serenade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

José Limón Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 30, and Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Psalm," "Dancing Woman" (New York première), "Strange Hero" (company première), "Figura," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Choreographic Offering," "Indeterminate Figure" (company première), "Flickers," and "The Moor's Pavane.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: "Psalm," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dancemobile Winter Festival—Programs of jazz-modern and African dances by nine companies. Thursday, Jan. 31: International Afrikan American Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1: Dinizulu and His African Dancers and Drummers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2: Art of Black Dance and Music. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3: Sombe Yembe and his Afrikan Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 4: Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7: Eleo Pomare Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8: Joan Miller Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9: Bottom of the Bucket, But. . . . (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640. Through Sunday, Feb. 10.)

Anne Burgess

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—*The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday*, Jan. 30-31, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON'S** quartet and drummer **ROY HAYNES'** quartet; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3-4, the Fabulous Poodles, a British rock band, and 3-D, a local rock outfit; Tuesday, Feb. 5, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** quintet and the **DAVID CHESKY** big band; Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, the Inmates, *another* British rock band (this one recycles old rock-and-roll hits); and Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, British blues-harp player John Mayall and his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good jazz musicians. Two good jazz musicians—pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**—perform through Saturday, Feb. 2. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A lot of people think of this club as the Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The bands: Shirts and Rudies Wednesday, Jan. 30; Urban Blight, Subway, and Royals Thursday, Jan. 31; B-Girls, Neighbors & Allies, and Cheaters Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce. "Just like our mamas made 'em," one of the club's owners declared recently. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** the famous octogenarian blues singer and composer, performs with her pianist, Gerald Cook, and bassist, Aaron Bell. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Singer Anne Marie Moss claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming bassist, works with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Feb. 3, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet, which will feature pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS,** will work from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. Drummer and composer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** leads a quartet—tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**—through Saturday, Feb. 2. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** will return to these downstairs quarters with his group. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better). **DON COATES** plays the piano in the dining room from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: Yous Wednesday, Jan. 30; 80's and Human Sexual Response Thursday, Jan. 31; the Know and Student Teachers Friday, Feb. 1; and the Know Saturday, Feb. 2. Live music from eleven-thirtyish.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do in the upstairs jazz "living room" is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, while jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. French-horn soloist **JOHN CLARK** and his quintet will trade sets with pianist **BARRY HARRIS's** trio Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2. On the following Friday and Saturday (Feb. 8-9) saxophonist Arnie Lawrence will lead his group, Treasure Island. Music from nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a very fine bop pianist, sideman, and composer, and Ella's accompanist for years, works with bassist **RED MITCHELL** in this often bustling dining room. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. Part of the schedule: **DOUG SAHM**, a wonderful Texas blues and rock-and-roll singer, is here on Wednesday, Jan. 30, with his crisp, adept band—their playing is loose and spontaneous and never sloppy. Monday through Thursday, Feb. 4-7, has been set aside for rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** and his band. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **HELEN HUMES**, who exhibits some charming old-fashioned mannerisms as she sings, appears at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Passions, Cheap Perfume, Yorks, Knots, Startoon, and others Wednesday, Jan. 30 (a benefit show); Scruffs, Reruns, and Roués Thursday, Jan. 31; the Richard Lloyd band Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, with the Terrorists on Friday and the Ants on Saturday; 2-Timers, Diamond Dupree, and Thin Ice Sunday, Feb. 3; Rave, Cheaters, and Thieves Monday, Feb. 4; and Sinatras, Dixie Fried, and Allience Tuesday, Feb. 5. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DAVID ALLYN** celebrates composer Harry Warren by singing his songs—"There Will Never Be Another You" and "The More I See You," for example. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Noel Pointer, who plays rhapsodic soul music on his electric violin, leads his quintet Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2. Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 5-7, will belong to **STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER**. Stuff is the R. & B. alternative to disco: their music has all the danceable attributes of disco with none of the mechanized, synthetic, slick, overproduced effects that characterize most disco music. And whenever Stuff plays at this club, standing room is hard to come by. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. The music is provided by the Hugh Masekela African-funk band Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, and by singer Esther Satterfield and her backup combo Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS AND HIS SAVOY SULTANS** is the dance band in residence Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The current roster of singers includes Robby Benson and Linda Langford (she opens for him) who are here for two shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty through Sunday, Feb. 3; Yvonne Constant, who goes on at eight-thirty Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 4-5; and **MAXENE ANDREWS**, who will perform at eight-thirty and eleven, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 6. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"Make Someone Happy," a revue featuring Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, and Charles Repole is the entertainment in the King Cole Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule includes flugelhornist Mike Lawrence's sextet Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, and the 24th Street Band Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents trumpeter **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** and his quintet through Saturday, Feb. 2. On Monday, Feb. 4, trombonist **URBIE GREEN** will move in his combo. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. **RON CARTER** leads such a band: the super bassist works with longstanding colleagues pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3-4, singer **JAY CLAYTON** and her quartet will claim the bandstand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners, and, right now, the lineup cannot be beat: alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** group Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31; the **BRIDGEWATER BROTHERS**—saxophonist **RON** and trumpeter **CECIL** and their quintet—Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3; and saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sight lines to the stage all the way from the bar area. The music consists of local, young rock bands and, often, blues musicians of stature. Blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND** will perform on Fridays and Saturdays with his band. The rest of the week goes to Voo Doo Shoes and Mark Johnson & the Alligators Thursday, Jan. 31; Get Wet Friday, Feb. 1; Student Teachers Wednesday, Feb. 6; and Big Spender Thursday, Feb. 7. Shows at ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

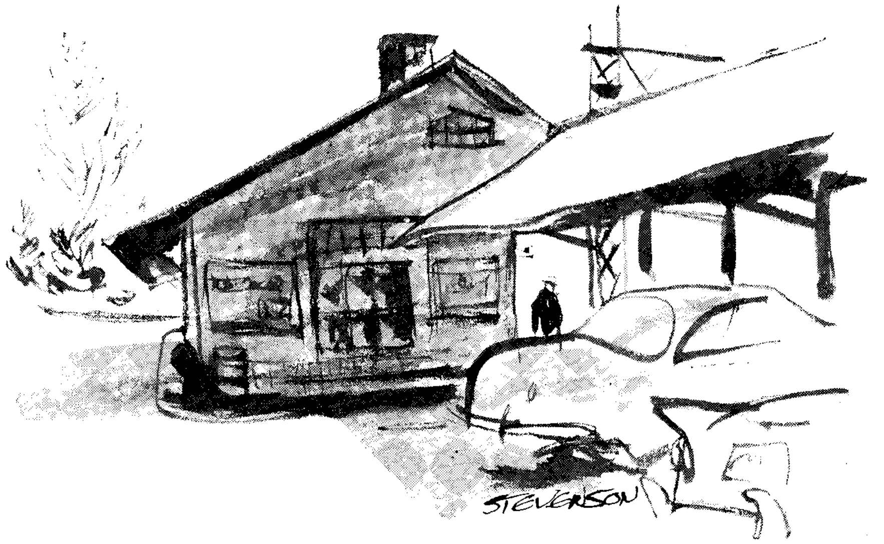
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 30, Big Spender and Silencers; Thursday, Jan. 31, Stimulators and Features; Friday, Feb. 1, Simms Brothers; Saturday, Feb. 2, **DEFUNKT**; Monday, Feb. 4, Cheeky, and Tuesday, Feb. 5, Leah Cooper. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate at ten on Sunday, Feb. 3, pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** and singer **JOAN MORRIS** will perform in straightforward, unadorned fashion theatrical numbers from eighty years ago and more, piano rags, torch songs, and Berlin and Gershwin compositions. Downstairs at eight on Monday, Feb. 4, a musical tribute to Kurt Weill will take place, with Elly Stone, Margery Cohen, Elliot Finkel, Joseph Neal, Karl Weber, and Lawrence Widdoes participating. And out on the sidewalk-bordering Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work from nine on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. **LEE KONITZ** plays alto sax and inspires his nonet through Sunday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 5, singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** will move in with her backing trio. Drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** big band defines Mondays here. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Robert Condor is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and John Weiss is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** rides herd on Two-Tenor Boogie, his quintet, on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, a swing quintet will be present; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 4-5, will belong to swing pi-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anist Gene Rodgers; and on Wednesday, Feb. 6, saxophonist, clarinettist, and former Ellington reed-section man **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will arrive with his quartet. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ BANDS ARE BACK—The first in a series of four concerts, this one by Lionel Hampton and his band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

SARAH VAUGHAN—With Waymon Reed & Brazilian Fusion. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

ROBERT HUNTER—With Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

JOHN HARTFORD, HAZEL DICKENS, and **NORMAN AND NANCY BLAKE**—A benefit concert. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 594-8105.)

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 10:30.)

RICK DANKO and **PAUL BUTTERFIELD & FRIENDS**—With the McGarrigle Sisters. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

JAMES JABBO WARE'S ORCHESTRA—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The third in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, Tommy Flanagan, Red Mitchell, Joe Cohn, and Mike DiPasqua. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

GERRY MULLIGAN AND HARVEY ESTRIN'S STUDIO ORCHESTRA—A benefit performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

STYX—With the Babys. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

THE O'JAYS and **PHYLLIS HYMAN**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 6-9, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Zoot Sims, Bucky Pizzarelli, Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S., and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

LEO KOTTKE & TAJ MAHAL—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 10:30.

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Feb. 2: David S. Ware & Co. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8: Nightbride. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9: Michele Rosewoman & Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 9:30 and 11:30: Sun Ra Arkestra. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOHN EVANS—Collages made of antique fabrics (taken from what must have been a lovely quilt) and mounted on paper edged at the bottom with an incongruous row of half-hidden, painted-on duck heads. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Cordier & Eckstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RUSSELL FORESTER—Abstract drawings that are stitched to paper, and paintings in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Small bronze and terra-cotta sculptures of everyday life (except for Jacob dozing on the bottom rung of a tall ladder full of angels) by a master of the genre—girls sprawled on easy chairs, yawning, hanging out clothes, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Oil paintings of Olafsvik, a summer retreat in the artist's native Iceland, and landscapes and seascapes in which cold Atlantic blues are contrasted with glacial whites. Through Feb. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LILIANA PORTER / JUAN CAMILO URIBE—Vignettes done directly on the wall in mixed mediums (the Pyramids, a silk-screened Botticelli head, a snippet from Borges, a horse) are separated by commas and meant to be read like a story. / Nearly four hundred dime-store plastic film-viewers suspended on threads from the ceiling, about chest high, are filled with clips by the artist—some religious, some irreverent, and some just odd. Visitors are invited to look. Through Feb. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

EDDA RENOUF—Color-field paintings done on linen with acrylics. Through Feb. 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

WILLIAM RIDENHOUR—Recent large oils, most of them crowded with quick, skillful depictions of peppers, stylized airplanes, trucks, birds, shoes, bananas, flowers. Through Thursday, Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN (1840-1917) / **JACK ROTH**—Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through March 1. / Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

TOTI SCIALOJA—Abstract oils. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WALASSE TING—Outsize paintings of trios of Chinese women surrounded by flowers and parrots and sometimes horses, done in clear acrylic washes on rice paper in a style that echoes traditional Chinese silk paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WOMEN ARTISTS AT THE GRAHAM GALLERY—Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists, a number of whom were given their first solo shows by the gallery's retiring director, Robert C. Graham. The artists include Elaine de Kooning, Anne Poor, Jane Wilson, and Becky Young. Through Feb. 20. (1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARSENAL GALLERY,** 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Budd, Milton Resnick, Charles Ginnever, and others. Through March 21. (Open until 4:45 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **FINDLAY,** 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by four realists—John Register, who paints lonely, Hopperesque interiors; Serge Hollerbach, who portrays metropolitan street people; Salvatore Grippi, who concentrates on red still-lifes; and Allan Rubin, whose cityscapes are representational but subject to sudden, deliberate shifts in perspective. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A large new Lichtenstein, in which he pays his special kind of homage to German Expressionism, and disturbing comic works by H. C. Westermann, a newcomer to the gallery, are included in this show of small-scale works by gallery members, including Willem de Kooning, Louise Bourgeois, and Joan Mitchell. Through Feb. 23. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Standouts in this new show of topflight artists are a life-size portrait done in 1919 by van Dongen of the Marquise de Baudry-d'Asson, a prototype "flapper," and a Pascin harem scene. Through Feb. 16. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Painted-wood reliefs, and marble and bronze sculptures—forty-nine pieces in all. Through Feb. 16. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Two large oils (eight feet square) done in his customary frozen-realist style and depicting life on his upstate farm, plus studies for the paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JIM DINE—Another series of paintings of outsize unoccupied bathrobes, mostly identical except for subtle variations in the coloring and brushwork. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—One still-life, done in 1908 and showing a marked Fauvist influence, and thirty-odd subsequent paintings, most of them unfamiliar, in his own brand of abstraction. Through Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract Expressionist paintings with flat, calm areas of scrubbed-in roseate coloration. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HEJDUK—Floor plans, colored renderings, and models of projected houses by the dean of the Cooper Union School of Architecture. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional works by this architect. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.) Both shows through Feb. 16.

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966) / **WILLIAM CONLON**—A selection of small-scale, standard Hofmann oils done between 1958 and 1964. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. / Nonobjective paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI (1889-1953) / **KONRAD CRAMER** (1888-1963)—Pencil drawings of mining villages and ghost towns and Western mountain landscapes done with a quick, half-humorous touch that is in sharp contrast to his savage sketches, also on view, for Second World War posters. / Remote upstate single-pump gas stations are reduced to their basic elements in these paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

STEPHANIE BRODY LEDERMAN—Autobiographical reminiscences translated into works on paper by means of acrylics, pastels, pencil, and rubber stamps. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

LES LEVINE—Projected billboards in a blown-up photographic series in which the artist demonstrates that advertising techniques can be converted to purely artistic purposes. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD—Recent paintings of nocturnal scenes in which the heart of the composition is framed in trompe-l'oeil masking tape. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN R. MANNING—Large, stylized acrylic paintings of barns and silos and their shadows. Through Feb. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964)—Oils, watercolors, pencil drawings, and etchings of bottles,

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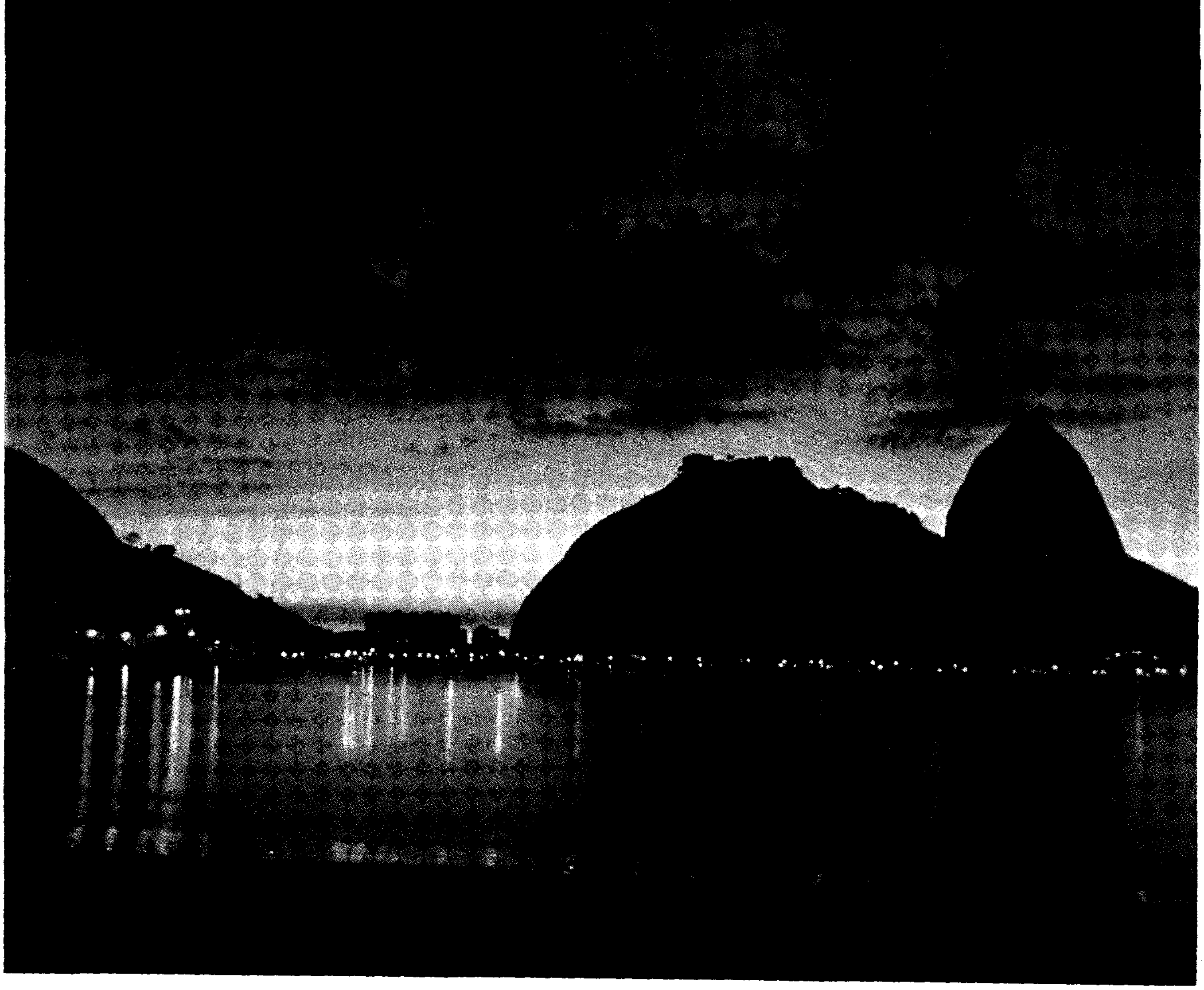

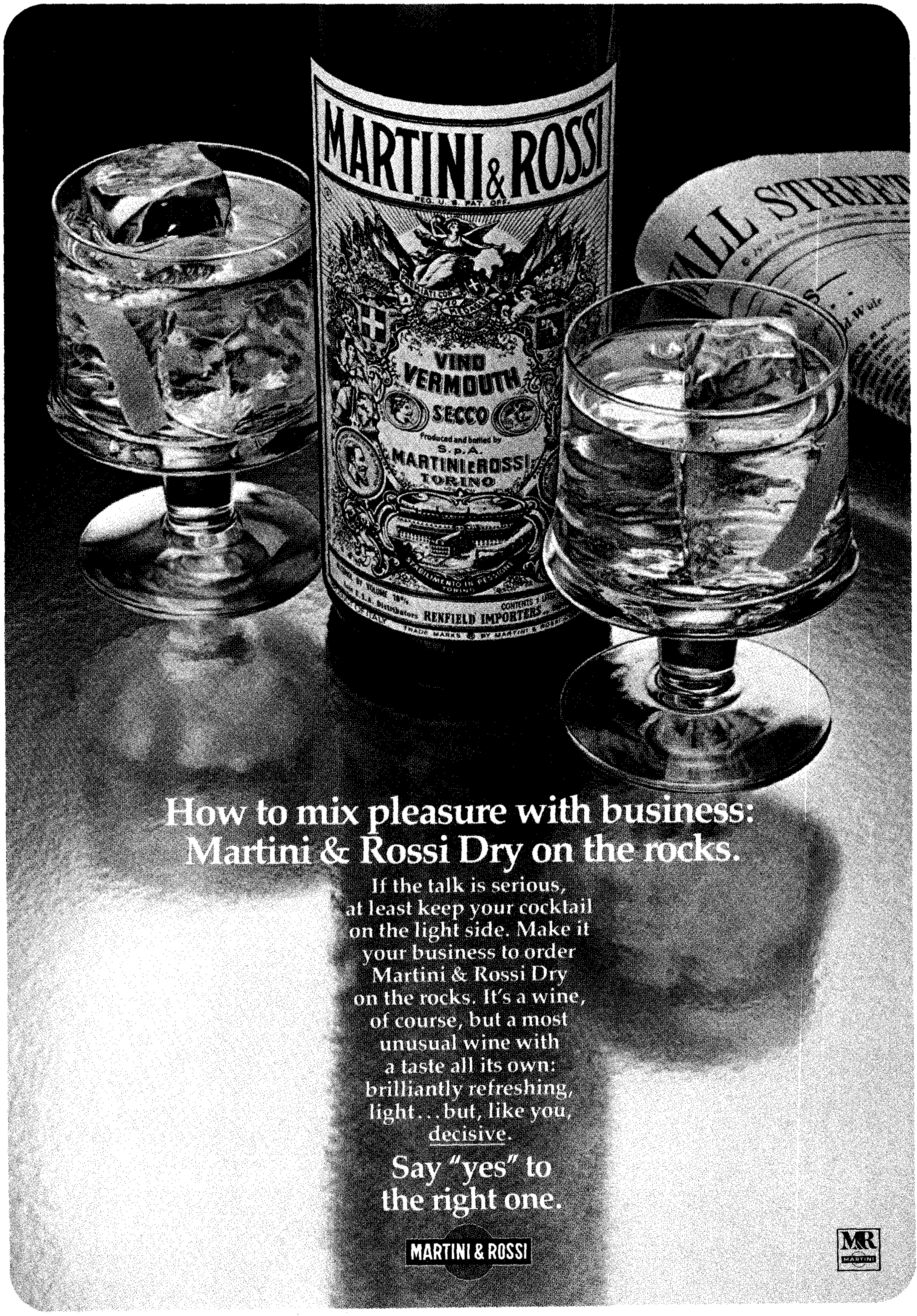
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bowls, and pitchers by this Italian still-life artist. Through Feb. 23. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—Painted found-wood sculptures, and oil paintings. Through Feb. 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Collages using sheet film and mixed mediums on paper. Through Feb. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Spaventa (1918-78)—Expressionist bronze figures (almost his entire oeuvre) by a sculptor whose reputation was far greater among his fellow-artists than with the public. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Riduan Tomkins / Vita Petersen—Tiny figures, for the most part, isolated in large areas of a strong solid color. / Small collages incorporating maps, foreign money, magazine clippings, and the like. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Still-lifes, interiors, and landscapes. Through Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jay Wolff (1905-77)—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: David Sharpe, Cynthia Carlson, and three other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Glass, metal, and wood wall reliefs (and drawings) by Ferber, Judd, LeWitt, Nevelson, Rickey, and Wilmarth. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.) . . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show of eight relatively unfamiliar British artists includes a large canvas filled almost to the edges with an egg-tempera painting of a battered-looking suitcase by Michael Heindorff; a wall piece, made of foam rubber and raffia, by Margaret Walker; and a painted wall sculpture by William Tillyer. Through March 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes by Coiner, Magafan, Mayhew, Moller, Palmer, and Thon. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **OOSTEROM**, 50 W. 57th St.: Black-and-white works, including views of the World Trade Center and the Flatiron Building by Robert Moskowitz; sketchy abstract drawings in tar by Donald Sultan; an abstract house, done in a mixture of oil and ink on flocked paper, by Ralph Humphrey; city silhouettes done in graphite and charcoal by Randal Rupert; and thick white acrylic poured onto small white canvases by Angelo Savelli. Through Feb. 16. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit entitled "Visual Diaries;" the diarykeepers are ten artists, among them Joe Brainard, Colette, Ilse Getz, and Stephanie Brody Lederman. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Tony Bechara, Elena Borstein, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 9.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Berg—A stark white labyrinthine walk-through environment. Through Tuesday, Feb. 5. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Postcard-size collages. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Howard Buchwald—Large abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 7. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—A superior job of joinery is represented in a cherry-wood wall sculpture consisting of thirteen pieces that are separately hung but could be nested together, like a Chinese puzzle, into a pentadecagon ten feet in diameter. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mike Metz / Elizabeth Harms—Dead-black floor pieces of sculpture which look like rough-cast ingots of steel but are actually wood and concrete. / Abstract oil paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Don Nice / Peter Plagens—Large, expertly rendered watercolors. / Paintings, some of them with unobtrusive collage touches. Through Feb. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Horst Schuler—Large silk panels designed for the gallery's windows and colored with oil washes (two blue, one yellow, and one green) so that a beautiful haze is cast when sunlight streams through them. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Thomas Sills / Peter Greene—White abstract paintings from the seventies. / Ten pastel-and-graphite drawings of figures. Through Feb. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Selina Trieff—Figure paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Prince Street Gallery, now at 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Paintings: romantic landscapes and a seascape (with two waterspouts) by April Gornik; wraithlike portraits (with cut-out eyes) by Michael Tetherow; fish by David True; and wooded landscapes by Alan Turner. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Juan Bujan—Oil paintings of martyred saints and other religious figures, done by an Argentine-born primitive. Through Feb. 29. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—A series of eleven large (six feet tall, nearly four feet wide) abstract oil paintings which began with a fairly tumultuous diptych, to which the artist added increasingly more peaceful canvases on either side. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Dimitry Merinoff (1896-1971) / **Ellen Phelan**—Abstract paintings in which tree branches, broken into short sections, are laced onto a canvas and daubed with coarse pigment. / Abstract oil paintings done on aluminum panels that are arranged to form a hollow square, a cross, a pinwheel, a swastika, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES**, New York University: Four hundred winners in a competition for small works (under twelve inches) in a variety of mediums. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Nonobjective works by six contemporary artists; paintings by William Conlon, Fred Guyot, Nabil Nahas, Tony Robbin, and John Schnell, and sculptures by Richard Friedberg. Through Saturday, Feb. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ralph Gibson—High-contrast black-and-white photographs of nudes and architectural subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Louise Kruger—Sculptures of figures in carved wood, and photographs of people walking. Through Thursday, Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Inge Morath and Ann Sager—Photographs of China. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Doug Prince / Abraham Menashe—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works. / Photographs of the handicapped. Through March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Albert Renger-Patzsch (1897-1966)—More than fifty vintage photographs from his entire career. Through Feb. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowery bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Photographs of Japan 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Group Shows—At the **HASTINGS**, 121 E. 24th St.: Sports photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive, and portraits by Philippe Halsman of star athletes. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Architectural details and American landscapes dominate a show of a hundred and sixty prints by twenty contemporary photographers (Callahan, Erwitt, Groover, and Shore among them). Through Feb. 10. (Open Sundays.) . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Friday, Feb. 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Starts Friday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A new group of photographs has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. (The previous installation had been on the walls since 1967.) The hundred and forty works are drawn from acquisitions of the past dozen years and include John A. Whipple's 1853 photograph of the moon, a 1920 Brancusi (of a Brancusi), and color work by contemporaries Stephen Shore and Jan Groover. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. Through March 9. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. Through March 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ First Intermedia Art Festival Performance Series: The final programs of performances involving film, videotapes, dance, and music. Wednesday, Jan. 30: Ping Chong. . . . Thursday, Jan. 31: Ed Emshwiller. . . . Friday, Feb. 1: Nam June Paik. . . . Saturday,

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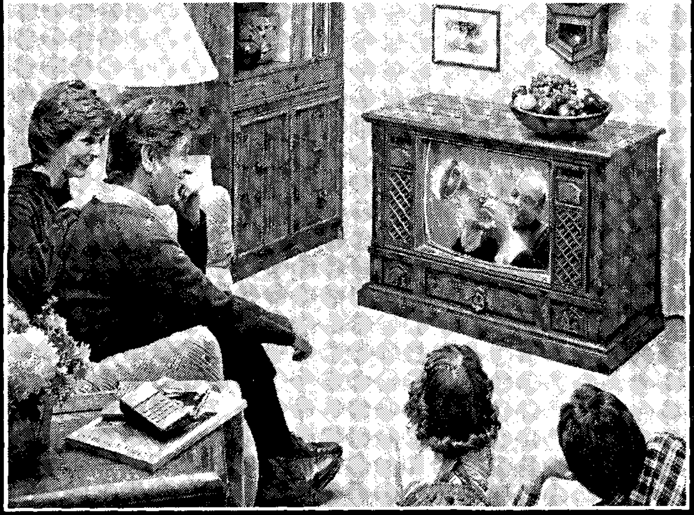

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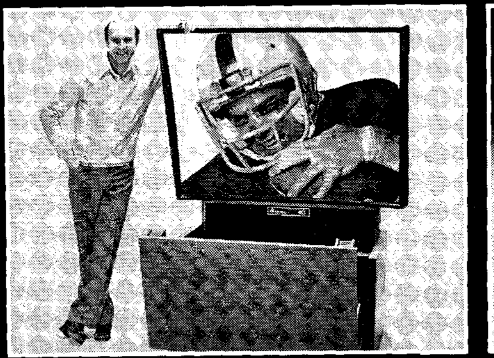

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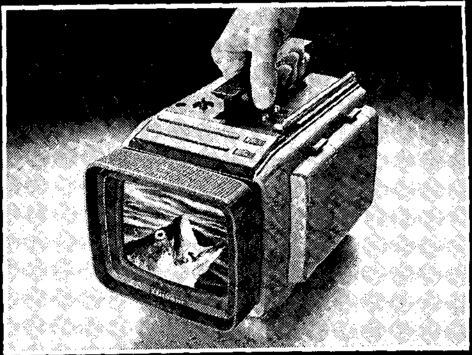

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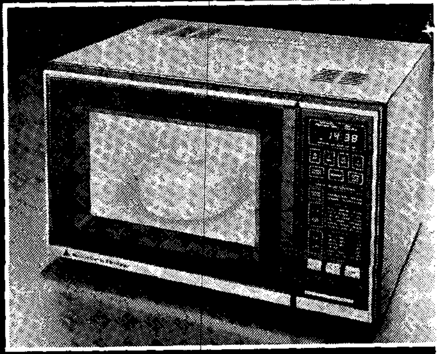

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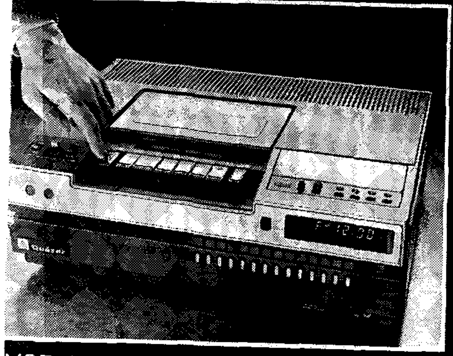

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Feb. 2: Joan Jonas. . . . Sunday, Feb. 3: Stan VanDerBeek. (Evenings at 8:30; for information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by the early American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz, dated from 1964 to 1979. Through March 9. . . . ¶ A display of traditional folk-art textiles from Czechoslovakia and Russia. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ In a show of thirty ceramic tiles there is one from thirteenth-century Persia and another (a Moravian one) from twentieth-century Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, photographs, and other works by several artists, including Patricia Caire, who paints life-size silhouettes of figures on panels of translucent acetate. Through Saturday, Feb. 9.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Betsy Damon (performance), Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; handmade books by Lois Polansky and Saribenne Stone, through Saturday, Feb. 9.

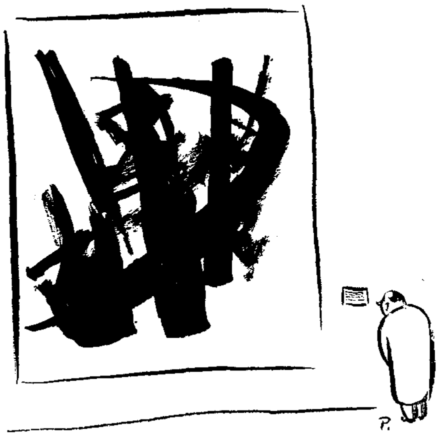
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Eric Bogosian's "Sheer Heaven," a play in Spanish and English, Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30 and 10; Judy Nylon & Kevin Fullen (performance with music), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, James Atherton, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Benjamin Luxon, and Wieslaw Ochman; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 4: A new production of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 5: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Vern Shinall, William Wildermann, Catherine Malfitano, James Atherton, and Julien Robbins; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Benjamin Luxon, and Wieslaw Ochman; Emil Tchakarov. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the première of Edward Barnes' "Feathertop." Staged by H. Wesley Balk, with members of the Juilliard Philharmonia conducted by Richard Dufallo. (Juilliard Drama Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief hiatus, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week. Henry Lewis conducting Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6-8, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Morton Gould conducting a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8, with Mark Kaplan, violin.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Richard Woodhams, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—James Conlon conducting, with Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: A Prokofieff-Sibelius program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3: A program that includes the New York première of Shostakovich's "The Execution of Stepan Razin," with Arnold Voketaitis, bass-baritone, and the St. Louis Symphony Chorus.

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Chopin-Schumann program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, with Masako Yanagita, violin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Lee Schwartz, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Massenet's "Hérodiade," in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and Juan Pons, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bach Aria Group—Robert Shaw directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Rita Bouboulidi—The second of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music performed by Robert Pollock, piano, and the String Quartet of the Composers' Guild. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Ann Zalkind—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider—Violin, with Jaime Laredo, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—A program of chamber music for winds. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in the second in a series of three joint recitals, this one with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Anthony Newman—Piano, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "England's Grand Masque Tradition," with the Court Dance Company of New York and the Madrigal Singers. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin, with Marc Neikrug, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb 3, at 3.)

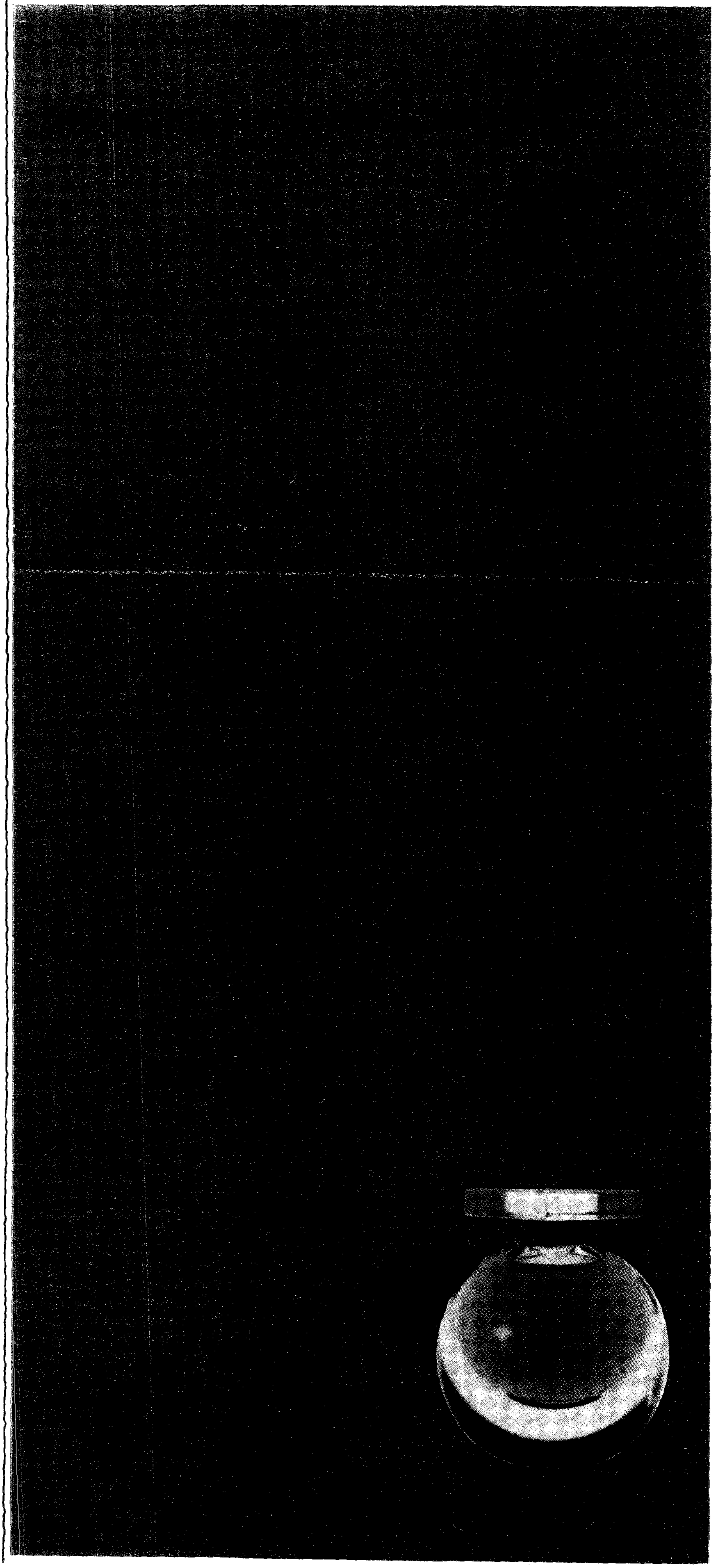
Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. With Gary Steigerwalt, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Music Before 1800—A recital of eighteenth-century music will be performed by Ruth Cunningham, flute and recorder; Sarah Brink, harpsichord; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and Julie Cumming and Margaret Schiele, recorder. (Corpus Christie Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

James Levine, Raymond Gniewek, and Jascha Silberstein—Piano, violin, and cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with Paul Jacobs,



piano and harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Artur Balsam—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 31. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Concerto Vocale—A program of vocal and instrumental music, with Judith Nelson, soprano; René Jacobs, countertenor; and William Christie, harpsichord. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Music New to New York—Bruce Hangen conducting a program of premières, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Edmund Niemann, piano; Curtis Macomber, violin, and others. Milton Babbitt will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Maurice André—Trumpet, with Alfred Mitterhofer, organ. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Grigory Sokolov—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

York Winds—A wind quintet from Canada. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Louise Schulman, Tina Chancey, and Robert Wolinsky—Violin, viola da gamba, and harpsichord, in a program of French and German baroque music. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon, Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 5.)

New York Consort of Viols—Chamber music, with John Olund, tenor. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Alexandra Hawley and Robert Hagopian—Flute and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30.)

Borealis Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 5:45.)

Alexandre Lagoya—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Feb. 2: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7: Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9: Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games begin at 8:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Stymie Handicap, Sunday, Feb. 3, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 8, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Derek Walcott reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Peter Matthiessen and Leslie Silko reading from their own novels. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Lecture—Derek Walcott speaking about West Indian poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the lecture.)

Winter Antiques Show—English, French, and American furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than seventy dealers. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 2, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 3, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, prints, silver, pewter, porcelain, glass, furniture, and folk art. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, chess sets, clocks and watches, and Continental and English silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 2, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture and Eastern rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 5-6, at 10:30 and 2: Paperweights and Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 16 (Utah), Feb. 19 (Portland), Feb. 23 (Cleveland), Feb. 28 (San Antonio), March 1 (Nets), and March 8 (Detroit). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Feb. 10 (Seattle), Feb. 14 (Utah), Feb. 24 (San Antonio), Feb. 27 (Golden State), March 2 (Knicks), March 4 (Indiana), March 7 (Houston), and March 9 (Detroit).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 11-12.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. March 8-9.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 10 (Quebec), Feb. 17 (Toronto), Feb. 20 (Edmonton), Feb. 24 (Islanders), Feb. 27 (Los Angeles), March 2 (Boston), March 5 (Buffalo), and March 9 (Minnesota). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Feb. 12 (Winnipeg), Feb. 19 (Toronto), Feb. 21 (Minnesota), March 1 (Detroit), March 4 (Edmonton), and March 8 (Boston).

Olympic Winter Games—At Lake Placid: Feb. 12-24.

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 29.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Feb. 14-May 22.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 19. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (877-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 21, with Rossini's "Count Ory," and will run through April 27. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Radu Lupu, piano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ St. Olaf Choir, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 5. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 9. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Igor Oistrakh, violin, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 13 and 16. . . . ¶ Monserrat Caballé, soprano, and Alèxis Weissenberg, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Handel Festival Orchestra, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Aldo Ciccolini, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Charles Treger, violin, and André Watts, piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 2. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony, March 4. . . . ¶ Oxana Yablonskaya, piano, March 9. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 17-19. . . . ¶ Misha Dichter, piano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Feb. 21 and 23. . . . ¶ Paula Robison, flute, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 2. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 4. . . . ¶ Continuum, March 8. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Judith Blegen, soprano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, piano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Orford String Quartet, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 23-24. . . . ¶ Sharon Robinson, cello, and Samuel Sanders, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Joseph Kalichstein, piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 4. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Ivan Moravec, piano, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 28.

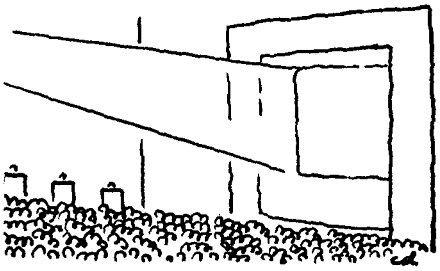
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Filumena," directed by Laurence Olivier, an Italian play by Eduardo de Filippo, translated by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse. The London import stars Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay. . . . ¶ The Equity Library Theatre revival of the musical "Canterbury Tales," taken from the Chaucer work, with a book by Nevill Coghill and Martin Starkie, lyrics by Mr. Coghill, and music by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein's musical "West Side Story," with a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Jossie de Guzman, Ken Marshall, and Debbie Allen will head the cast. . . . ¶ Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins re-create their roles in "Talley's Folly," a comedy by Lanford Wilson seen here last spring. . . . ¶ A revival of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," in which Rachel Gurney, Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, and Jon De Vries will appear. . . . ¶ Uta Hagen and Charles Nelson Reilly make up the cast of "Charlotte," a play by Peter Hacks, translated from the German by Miss Hagen and Herbert Berghof. . . . ¶ Mary Tyler Moore assumes the lead in a return engagement of Brian Clark's play "Whose Life Is It Anyway?"

Dance—Merce Cunningham and Dance Company, at City Center, Feb. 19-March 2. . . . ¶ Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, at the Beacon Theatre, Feb. 28-March 2.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, opens Feb. 16. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 16-24. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Feb. 23-24. . . . ¶ Spring Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 8-9.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Jan. 30: "Advise and Consent."
Jan. 31: "Such Good Friends."
Feb. 1: "Hurry Sundown."
Feb. 2: "Bonjour Tristesse."
Feb. 3: "Angel Face."
Feb. 4: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 5: "Que Viva Mexico!"

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 31: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."
From Feb. 1: "Don Giovanni."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 31: "The Battle of Chile."
Feb. 1-3: "Till Marriage Do Us Part" and "A Wedding."
Feb. 4-7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Cabaret."
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 7: "Hair."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 7: "Going in Style."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 31: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."
From Feb. 1: "American Gigolo."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 31: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."
From Feb. 1: "Stay As You Are."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Jan. 31: "Going in Style."
From Feb. 1: "Fatso."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 31: "Starting Over."
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 7: "Breaking Away."
From Feb. 8: "The Human Factor."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Gizmo!"

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"10."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Windows."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Jan. 31: "All That Jazz."
From Feb. 1: "My Brilliant Career."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Feb. 7: "The Silent Partner."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 7: "The Jerk."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Jan. 31: "Guyana, Cult of the Damned."
From Feb. 1: "The Black Stallion."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 31: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 1: "All That Jazz."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 31: "Starting Over."
Feb. 1-7: "Cuba."
From Feb. 8: "Going in Style."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Jan. 31: "In Search of Historic Jesus."
From Feb. 1: "The Europeans."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 31: ". . . And Justice for All."
From Feb. 1: "Stay As You Are."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Jan. 31: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."
From Feb. 1: "American Gigolo."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 7: "The Black Hole."
From Feb. 8: "Hero at Large."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Guyana, Cult of the Damned." From Feb. 1: "Silent Screams."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "The Jerk." From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 31: "Starting Over."
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 31: "The Jerk."
From Feb. 1: "Fatso."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Black Hole."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan." From Feb. 1: "The Europeans."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 31: "10." From Feb. 1: "Stay As You Are."
Theatre 4: "The Apple Game."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 31: "Apocalypse Now."
From Feb. 1: "Harold and Maude."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Tête."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine." From Feb. 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "10." From Feb. 1: "The Europeans."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 31: "Going in Style." From Feb. 1: "Fatso."
Theatre 4: "Starting Over."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 31: "Apocalypse Now."
From Feb. 1: "Stay As You Are."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 31: "In Search of Historic Jesus."
From Feb. 1: "Silent Screams."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Feb. 7: "In Search of Historic Jesus."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 31: "Going in Style." (†)
From Feb. 1: "The Black Hole." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 31: "Apocalypse Now." (†) From Feb. 1: "Going in Style." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "Apocalypse Now." (†) From Feb. 1: "Fatso." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 31: "Roller Boogie."
From Feb. 1: "Chapter Two." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 6: "The Electric Horseman." (†)
Feb. 7: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 8: "Hero at Large." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Jan. 31: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)
From Feb. 1: "American Gigolo." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Jan. 31: "The Black Hole." (†)
From Feb. 1: "Silent Screams."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Feb. 7: "Guyana, Cult of the Damned."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Windows." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Jan. 31: "Dragon's Executioner."
Feb. 1-7: "Roller Boogie."
From Feb. 8: "The Electric Horseman." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 30: "The Tomb of Ligeia" (1965), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price; and "Eyes Without a Face" (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage"), in French, directed by Georges Franju, with Pierre Brasseur, Alidi Valli, and Edith Scob.
Jan. 31: "Kanchenjungha" (1962) and "The Adversary" (1971), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
Feb. 1: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.
Feb. 2: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Feb. 3: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), di-

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rected by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Feb. 4: "Wind from the East" (†); and "The Naked Spur" (1953), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker.

Feb. 5: "Tokyo Olympiad" (1966); and "Samurai Joker" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kajiro Yamamoto.

Feb. 6: "The Sorcerors" (1967), directed by Michael Reeves, with Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey; and "Targets." (†)

Feb. 7: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, a six-episode animated and live-action film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto; and a group of Koko the Clown cartoons.

Feb. 8: "La Terra Trema" (†); and "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.

Feb. 9: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Rock Around the Clock" (1956), directed by Fred F. Sears, with Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, and other rock performers of the fifties.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 30: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "To Paris with Love" (1955), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness and Odile Versois.

Jan. 31: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar." (†)

Feb. 1: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Foul Play" (1978), directed by Colin Higgins, with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.

Feb. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" (†); and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Feb. 3: "Othello." (†)

Feb. 4: "The Killing" (†); and "Killer's Kiss" (1955), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Frank Silvera.

Feb. 5: "Monkey Business" (†); and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Feb. 6: "Gertrud" (†); and "Winstanley" (1975), directed by Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo.

Feb. 7: "Fists in the Pocket" (†); and "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.

Feb. 8: "Saint Jack" (1979), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott; and "Macao" (1952), directed by Joseph von Sternberg, with Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum, William Bendix, and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 9: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 31: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Feb. 1-2: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Inserts" (1976), directed by John Byrum, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jessica Harper, and Veronica Cartwright.

Feb. 3-4: "Swept Away" (1975) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Feb. 5: "Life of Brian" (1979), directed by Terry Jones, with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, and other members of the Monty Python group; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Feb. 6-7: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Feb. 8-9: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Feb. 2: "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller; and "Sweet Charity" (1969), directed by Bob Fosse, with Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban.

Feb. 3-4: "The Turning Point" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Giselle." (†)

Feb. 5-6: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†); and "Reveille with Beverly" (1943), directed by Charles Barton, with Ann Miller and Larry Parks.

Feb. 7-9: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 30: "Gun Crazy" (1949; "Deadly Is the Female"), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Peggy Cummins and John Dall; and "You Only Live Once" (1937), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, and Barton MacLane.

Jan. 31: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Desire" (1936), directed by Frank Borzage, with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Feb. 1-2: "Watermelon Man" (1970), directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Godfrey Cambridge and Estelle Parsons; and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.

Feb. 3: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Feb. 4: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar." (†)

Feb. 5: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The River and Death" (1954), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico.

Feb. 6: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "El." (†)

Feb. 7: "A Royal Scandal" (†); and "Dragonwyck" (1946), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan.

Feb. 8-9: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 30: "Gold Diggers of 1933," directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Ned Sparks; and "Ready, Willing, and Able" (1937), directed by Ray Enright, with Ruby Keeler, Wini Shaw, Jane Wyman, and Louise Fazenda.

Jan. 31: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Feb. 1-2: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Feb. 3-4: "Mädchen in Uniform" (†) and "The Saga of Gösta Berling." (†)

Feb. 5-6: "Sullivan's Travels" (†); and "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff, and Muriel Angelus.

Feb. 7: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Cobra Woman" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

Feb. 8-9: "Murder" (†); and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Catch of the Season" (1937), directed by Mary Field; "Barboni" (1946), in Italian, directed by Dino Risi, no subtitles; "Land Without Bread" (1932), a Spanish film, directed by Luis Buñuel, English narration; and "Trade Tattoo" (1937), an animated short. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 6: "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), a Russian silent film, directed by Wladyslaw Starewicz; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean and Olga Tschekowa; both with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8:30: "Les Charmes de l'Existence" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Gremillon and Pierre Kast, no subtitles; "Bluebottles" (1928), an English silent film, directed by Ivor Montagu, with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton; and "A Day in the Country" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Renoir, Sylvia Bataille, Jacques Brunius, and Marguerite Renoir, English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: Animated films from UPA, "Hell Bent for Election" (1943) to "Dimensions of Quality" (1976). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: Three Danish films, from 1910 to 1913, no inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at noon: A program of Mister Magoo animated films from UPA. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: A program of animated films made between 1949 and 1962 at UPA, including "Magic Flute" and "Grizzly Golfer.". . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5: Animated films from UPA, "Hell Bent for Election" to "Dimensions of Quality.". . . ¶ Feb. 3 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1950 and 1954 at UPA, including "Robin Hoodlum" and "Fudget's Budget.". . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: A program of animated films made between 1951 and 1956, including "Georgie and the Dragon" and "Captains Outrageous.". . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "Blood and Sand" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Rudolph Valentino, Lila Lee, and Nita Naldi. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at noon: "Seneca Glass" (1975), directed by Joe Gyovai; "Productivity and the Self-Fulfilling Prophecy" (1975), directed by Joan Owens; and "Labor Unions: A Question of Violence" (1976), directed by Norman Gorin. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "12 Shots" (1978) and "Paradise Spy or My Vacation" (1979), both directed by Dana Gordon. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6: "Divided Loyalties" (1978), "Amphetamine" (1966), "Hall of Mirrors" (1966), and "Where Did Our Love Go?" (1966), all directed by Warren Sonbert, who will be present at this showing. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at noon: "Seneca Glass," "Productivity and the Self-Fulfilling Prophecy," and "Labor Unions: A Question of Violence.". . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Blood and Sand.". . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "Germany Awake!" (1968), directed by Erwin Leiser. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Divided Loyalties," "Amphetamine," "Hall of Mirrors," and "Where Did Our Love Go?". . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6: "The Hobbs Case" (1979), directed by Allen Coulter (who will be present at this showing), with Guy Boyd and Ivy-Jo Naistadt. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8:30: "12 Shots" and "Paradise Spy or My Vacation." The director, Dana Gordon, will be present at this showing. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: A program of works by Tom DeWitt. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Sjöström and Edith Erastoff; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1950 and 1954 at UPA. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: A program of works by Tom DeWitt, who will be present at this showing. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5: A program of works by Jerry Tartaglia, who will be present at this showing. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 3: Two films by Warren Sonbert—"Carriage Trade" (1968-73) and "Divided Loyalties" (1978). Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 5: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "Tevye" (1939), in Yiddish, directed by Maurice Schwartz, with Schwartz, Rebecca Weintraub, and Miriam Riselle; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 7: "The Handmaidens of God" (1978), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Diane Létourneau; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Advise and Consent (1962)—Mindless "inside" story of Washington political shenanigans, directed by Otto Preminger. Accused of having been a Communist, Leffingwell (Henry Fonda), the nominee for Secretary of State, perjures himself. A senator (Don Murray) is victimized because of a homosexual episode in his past. (When he goes to a gay bar, it's such a lurid, evil place that the director seems grotesquely straight.) There are noteworthy performances by Burgess Meredith as Leffingwell's accuser, and by Franchot Tone as the President; Charles Laughton is entertainingly flamboyant as a Southern senator. With Lew Ayres as the Vice-President, and Walter Pidgeon, Gene Tierney, Peter Lawford, Paul Ford, George Grizzard, Inga Swenson, Will Geer, Betty White, and some actual Washington personages. The procession of people helps to take one's mind off the overwrought melodrama. Wendell Mayes adapted Allen Drury's best-seller. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 30.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Feb. 1.)

American Gigolo—With Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton, directed by Paul Schrader. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Feb. 1.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (U.A. East; through Jan. 31.)

Angel Face (1953)—With Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 3.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contribute to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30-31, Feb. 1-4, 6, and 8.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a plague of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (86th St. East, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Festival, and New Yorker 2; through Jan. 31.)

The Apple Game—The first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia in more than a decade seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but it is a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of film that deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiří Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling extremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (1/21/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 3-5 and 7-8.)

The Battle of Chile (1976)—A great two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. This cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr

Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2. . . . ¶ National; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Feb. 1.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; starting Feb. 1.)

Bonjour Tristesse (1958)—With Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 2.)

Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 31.)

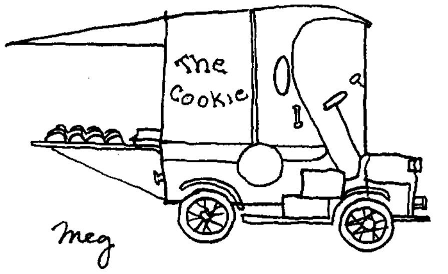
Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Feb. 7.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, made, miraculously, without compromise; taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy, yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; she has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. Adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler, from Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret." With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 4-7.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum; starting Feb. 1.)

Coup de Tête—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Paris.)



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Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art, Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 31.)

Cuba—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble Outward Bound campers) and dim love story—something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress (Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (72nd Street East; Feb. 1-7.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Art; starting Feb. 1.)

El (1952; literally, "He," but in this country it has sometimes been called "This Strange Passion")—Working in Mexico, Luis Buñuel made this mocking study of irrational love and jealousy—a film with suggestions of Freud and the Marquis de Sade, which, as one critic put it, is "an 'Othello' with the hero as his own Iago." Francisco (Arturo de Cordova), a wealthy Catholic, marries Gloria (Delia Garcés), and the symptoms begin on their honeymoon: imagining that her former fiancé is in the next room spying on them, he thrusts a knitting needle through the keyhole. As the symptoms mount in an absurd but frightening crescendo, Buñuel makes his own thrusts at the Church, and by carrying the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity to paranoia, he exposes the insanity that's inherent in it. By the time Francisco takes needle and thread to his wife, one is still not convinced that the movie isn't ludicrous, but in the final scene, when Francisco has gone to a monastery and we see his crooked little steps (they are like the movements of his thoughts), Buñuel's daring is fully apparent. Except for the well-edited anticlerical sequences, however, one must be prepared to enjoy the daring despite the careless, cheaply made look of the film. In Spanish. (Thalia; Feb. 6.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting Feb. 8.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 1.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30-31, Feb. 1-2, 5-6, and 8-9.)

Fatso—With Dom DeLuise and Anne Bancroft, directed by Bancroft. (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 1.)

Fists in the Pocket (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial débuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but *why* it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange-brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 31, Feb. 3-4, and 6-8.)

Gertrud (1965)—One of the most maddening films ever made, but in some ways it's also fascinating. Gertrud (Nina Pens Rode) seeks perfect love and is contemptuous of human weakness. Carl Dreyer's last film before his death is stylized to a degree that makes it seem insanely old-fashioned and at the same time innovative. From a play by Hjalmar Söderberg. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Giselle (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband; Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Regency; Feb. 3-4.)

Gizmo!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Manhattan 1.)

Going in Style—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 8.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Bay Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold falls in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly; maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Festival; starting Feb. 1.)

Hero at Large—With John Ritter, Anne Archer, and Bert Convy; directed by Martin Davidson. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Feb. 8.)

The Human Factor—With Richard Attenborough, John Gielgud, Derek Jacobi, Robert Morley, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson; directed by Otto Preminger. (Plaza; starting Feb. 8.)

Hurry Sundown (1967)—With Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, George Kennedy, John Phillip Law, Robert Hooks, and Beah Richards; directed by Otto Preminger. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 1.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1953)—One of the most glittering of the great Luis Buñuel's often neglected Mexican films, made on a shoestring. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, consigned to junk, on a last jaunt. The growing difficulty lies in getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Red plot; by butchers who hang sides of beef on the hand straps; by a woman combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Christ, arousing the very Buñuel remark that "it's always us poor who have to buy miracles." A bitter, wistful fable of the longings of the poor and constricted for the unlikely to happen. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thalia; Feb. 4.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30-31, Feb. 1-4, 6, and 9.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Feb. 7.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—With Ali MacGraw and Alan King, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and Criterion; starting Feb. 8.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were merely gaudy warmups: this is the real beginning of his career. He was only twenty-seven when he did this expert suspense film, centering on a race-track robbery. It has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; furtive little touches of characterization; and good, tense dialogue. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep you in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive in the leading role (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine little actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsica; Joe Sawyer; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted from Lionel White's novel "Clear Break;" cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

The Last Married Couple in America—With George Segal, Natalie Wood, Richard Benjamin, and Valerie Harper; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Feb. 8.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Nothing else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 4-7.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30, Feb. 2-5, and 7-9.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent, or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-4.)

BARY
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The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Monkey Business (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. With Hugh Marlowe, Larry Keating, Esther Dale, and George Wilson, the little boy with the foghorn voice. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

Murder (1930)—A carefully designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people. It's more languidly paced than his mid-thirties work, and the dialogue is spoken in stage rhythms, but there are inventive moments. Herbert Marshall, dryly amiable in his first talking picture, plays an eminent actor—a knight serving on a jury. Convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There's an experiment with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, there's an odd, perhaps partly improvised comedy scene involving some children invading Marshall's bedroom, and there's also a tricky sequence in which he listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time. It's a very class-conscious film, but in a somewhat snobbish way; we seem to be expected to identify with Marshall's stylish courtliness and to see the "lower orders" through his eyes. With Miles Mander, Esmé Percy, Donald Calthrop, Edward Chapman and Phyllis Konstam as the couple in the breakfast scene, and a glimpse of Hitchcock on a street. The screenplay, by Alma Reville, is taken from the stage version of Clemence Dane's novel "Enter Sir John." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8-9.)

My Brilliant Career—An Australian film, with Judy Davis and Sam Neill, directed by Gill Armstrong. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Feb. 1.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

Othello (1966)—A filmed record of the theatrical production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks; grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30-31, Feb. 1-2, 5-7, and 9.)

Que Viva Mexico! (1932)—Sergei Eisenstein's unfinished film, recently assembled by Grigory Aleksandrov, an associate of Eisenstein. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Feb. 5.)

Robert et Robert—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway possible screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Ruman, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Thalia; Feb. 7.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (*1924*)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-4.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II; through Feb. 7.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 30, Feb. 1, 3-5, and 7-9.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 72nd Street East, and Waverly; through Jan. 31.)

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Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Jan. 31.)

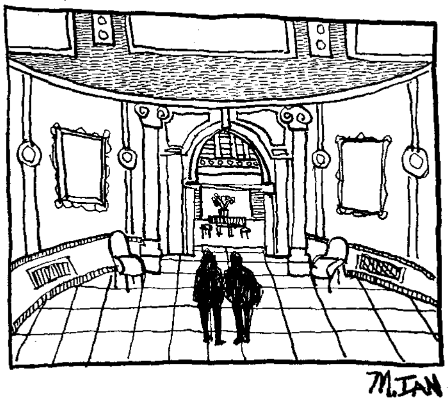
Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 2; starting Feb. 1.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—About the self-abasement of a modern mistreated woman (Dyan Cannon). The director, Otto Preminger, shows us the heroine's subservience to her demanding son-of-a-bitch husband (Laurence Luckinbill); we see that he exploits her and that he's sexually indifferent to her, but we never find out what she wants done about it. Why she allows herself to be used is the missing center of the story. When she makes snide remarks while an impotent man works away on her, and when she services a fat doctor (James Coco), is she getting even with her husband or proving her independence or just intensifying her masochism? "Sensitive" is not a word that is often applied to Preminger; still, one is unprepared for this rancid, fake-smart atmosphere, and the ugliness of the bitchy jokes. With Burgess Meredith, Jennifer O'Neill, Louise Lasser, Ken Howard, Sam Levene, Nina Foch, and William Redfield. From Lois Gould's novel, adapted by Elaine May, under a pseudonym. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 31.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and with William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, and many of the other actors whom Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. The director himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside a movie studio. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5-6.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 31, Feb. 1-2, 5-7, and 9.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naively made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 6.)



10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 31.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 1-3.)

To Forget Venice—With Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

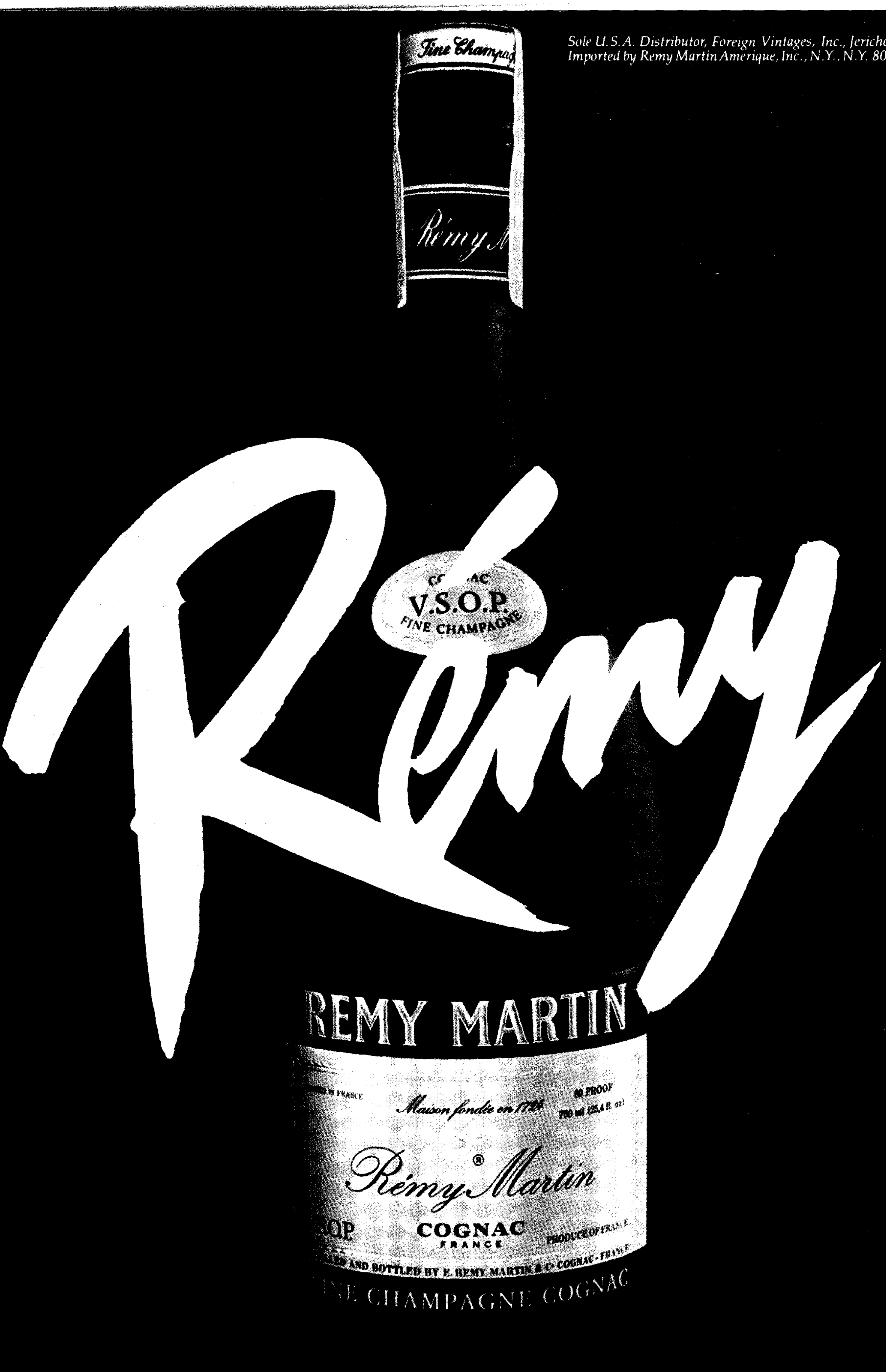
The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Quad Cinema.)

A Wedding (1978)—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (10/2/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 1-3.)

Wind from the East (1969)—Jean-Luc Godard directed this film (possibly in association with Jean-Pierre Gorin) from a script he (or they) wrote with Daniel Cohn-Bendit. As originally planned, the film was to be "commercial," and the profits were to help finance the international student movement. But it turned didactic, and there were no profits. Shot in Italy, it is about a group of Marxists who are making a Western while engaging in self-criticism. With Gian Maria Volonte, Anne Wiamzemsky, Glauber Rocha, Godard, and, briefly, Cohn-Bendit in a red sweater. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Windows—Gordon Willis, the distinguished cinematographer ("Manhattan," "Annie Hall," and both parts of "The Godfather"), suffers a disappointing directorial début with this slovenly thriller about a terrorized Brooklyn Heights museum worker (Talia Shire). Mr. Willis's breathtaking studies of the Brooklyn Bridge and environs are not quite enough to distract us from the deficiencies of a lopsided script (the one really scary moment comes in the first five minutes of the picture), which is modelled after earlier, better examples of the frightened-girl-in-the-big-city genre, such as "Wait Until Dark" and "Klute." With Elizabeth Ashley (panting and slavering as a grotesquely drawn psychotic lesbian) and Joseph Cortese. (1/21/80) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" on a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Regency; Feb. 5-6.)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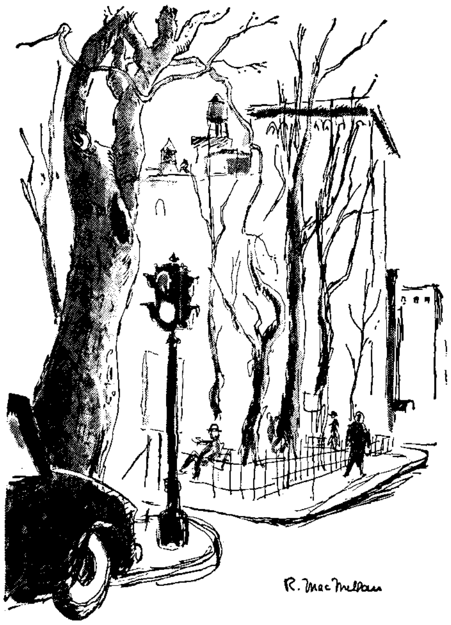
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN future generations—if any—some historian of our period may find it worthy of a footnote that during the weekend preceding the President's State of the Union Message viewers of television had the experience of being told by at least five normally sensible and reliable political commentators that under certain far from inconceivable circumstances the United States might shortly open nuclear hostilities with the Soviet Union. The five commentators—Jack Nelson, of the Los Angeles *Times*, who appeared on "Washington Week in Review;" and Hugh Sidey, of *Time*, and the syndicated columnists George Will, Carl Rowan, and James Kilpatrick, who all appeared on "Agronsky and Company"—were persuaded that if the Soviet Union should proceed from its invasion of Afghanistan to intervention in Iran, the United States, faced with a Soviet takeover of the Middle East's oil fields but lacking the conventional military means to do anything about it, might resort to the threat or the actual use of nuclear arms. Then, on top of these warnings of war, an article in Sunday's Washington *Post*, by Richard Whalen, announced that "World War III" had *already begun*. All that was left was for the United States to acknowledge it. Since future generations—assuming their existence, for the moment—will probably take a lively interest in how we, as gatekeepers of the human future, handled our nuclear responsibilities, it might be helpful for a member of this generation to set down a few observations on what it was like sitting around over the weekend thinking about the proverbially unthinkable "World War III." The phrase is in quotes here because in the circumstances each element of it sounded wrong, for one reason or another. "World" was misleading, because by implication it left the impression that after World War III there would necessarily still be a world. "War" was inappropriate, because historically wars have been fought for war "aims," but all imaginable war "aims" would be nullified in a nuclear outbreak; for example, the United States, it was suggested, might wage war to obtain supplies of oil, but of what use would the oil be without a nation to consume it? The numeral "III" was misleading, because it falsely suggested some similarity between nuclear "war"—a convulsion of meaningless destruction that would be over in half an hour—and World War I and World War II, which were actual wars, involving military campaigns and the like, and lasting several years each. The numeral "III" also carried the same unfounded implication as the word "world," for it suggested a continuing numerical series, with a possible IV and V to follow, whereas in actuality the series, together with the world itself, might end at III. It is this likelihood, weighing unceasingly on the minds of all responsible statesmen, that makes the nuclear age so different from any other. The phrase "go to war" was also used on television and in the press that weekend, and it, too, sounded wrong. In a nuclear clash, no one would go to war; war would come to us, in a twinkling, finding us at our breakfast tables, or in the bath, or on our way to work. Although the peril was in one sense remote—as far away as Afghanistan—it was also all around us and in us, among the coffee cups and in the silences of our conversations. Among other things that we Americans felt was a dim and helpless anger that somehow we and our families and friends and everyone and everything we saw about us had been judged expendable by someone, somewhere. What was particularly strange was that while it seemed impossible that anyone could ever decide that the world was expendable (expendable for what?), just this eventuality was now being discussed, without any signs of astonishment or dread, by the television commentators, who, having talked over a few strategic points, passed on smoothly to other subjects. At times during the weekend, some of us found that we were afraid, but ultimately we found that our thoughts and feelings were hopelessly unequal to the occasion. The incommensurability between the weakness of our faculties and the boundlessness of what they were being asked to apprehend simply could not be bridged. Instead of fear, or any other feeling suitable to great danger, we experienced, in the end, a feeling of mental and emotional defeat in the face of something that was perhaps unthinkable but was not, it seemed, un-doable.



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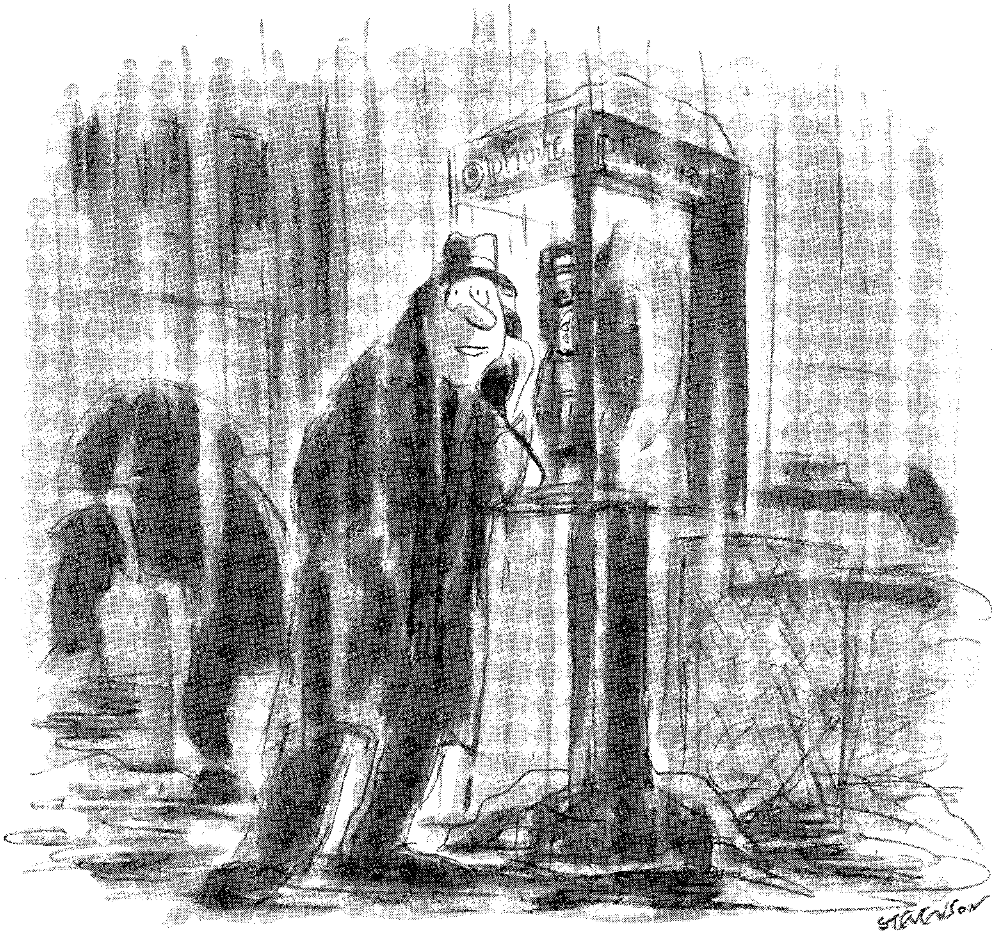
The Forest of Arden

SOMEBODY should notify Community Board No. 3 about the sudden arrival of the Forest of Arden, complete with pebble-filled pool, rustic footbridge, and real trees, on East Fourth Street between Second Avenue and the Bowery—an event that has greatly improved the block without rezoning and has had a positive environmental impact on the neighborhood. The Forest, which is inhabited by a rather odd group of people—shepherds, shepherdesses, a young woman who pretends to be a man, a young man who hangs verses on trees, an old duke, a wise fool, and a melancholy philosopher—is, of course, the setting for Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and its appearance in such an unlikely spot is the work of Andrei Serban, the young Rumanian director, who has just produced the play for the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club. Since Mr. Serban's concept involved pulling his audience physically into the heart of this enchanting Elizabethan comedy, the enormous, high-ceilinged playing space of the La Mama Annex has been converted into an ingenious double set. We attended a preview, and, after climbing a flight of back stairs, took a seat somewhat precariously at the top of a steep bank of wooden bleachers that had been constructed at one end of the hall. Below us stood a canvas set painted with the square pink towers and pointed Venetian windows of a mythical Renaissance city, and here, a few minutes later, Orlando and Charles wrestled and Rosalind and Celia hatched their plans to run away from the ducal court. When the action moved to the Forest of Arden, the city was folded up to reveal a vast sunken playing space backed by a shimmering silver curtain and containing a pool, a Japanese-style bridge, and lots of large green trees in movable pots. (If a tree interfered with the audience sight lines, one of the actors simply wheeled it to another spot.) About two-thirds of the way through the play (after the Phebe-Silvius dalliance that ends Act III), the actors invited the audience to walk through the Forest and finish the evening seated on benches and cushions around the edge. Having taken the walk, to the accompaniment of vaguely medieval music played on a guitar, a cello, a flute, and assorted percussion instruments, and seated ourself on a square red pad near the pool, we found that the sudden intimate contact with the actors—they were rarely more than six or seven feet away—gave us the odd feeling that we had moved inside the Elizabethan world and were looking back at a receding twentieth-century landscape. The "As You Like It" characters, who were dressed in a splendid assortment of thrift-shop bits and pieces (Serban had adopted the scholarly thesis that the duke and his court lived as gypsies in the Forest), became acquaintances. The elaborate Shakespearean language began to sound more and more like natural speech.

The next day, we returned to the theatre to ask Mr. Serban—a tall, thin blond man in his early thirties—how he had achieved this particular theatrical effect. He told us that he had chosen "As You Like It" for the experiment because it was a work of great inner harmony. "It celebrates love and generosity in man, and it's very important that we remember and cherish these ancient values," he said softly, in accented English. "They have been in us all the time, but we seldom have the chance to experience them suddenly and directly. The act of theatre is an act of creation that should take place *between* the actors and the audience, and the moment that this happens is in the performance itself. And so the actors must transmit some kind of very direct experience to the audience. In this play, I think, the message is the discovery of the possibility that we have it within us to live our lives more completely than we do. I'm not communicating that idea directly. It's just that at the end we try to send an energy, a vibration of intensified life, out to everybody in the room. This kind of shared experience is something that we are all thirsty for and, too often, are missing."

Mr. Serban continued, "Usually, when I go to the theatre, either I receive a play in the head—I get the ideas, I understand the message—or I'm moved, so that I receive it in my heart, my feelings, my senses. But it's rare to receive a theatrical event in the mind and in the emotions and the senses at the same time. Therefore, I've staged 'As You Like It' to try to take an audience from all sides. If we're successful, your mind works, your heart works, your senses work. And you feel alive. Technically, the problem is to be simultaneously precise and spontaneous. We must find a pace for the play, and also a free form that gives the actors a chance to discover something in their lines that is alive and different with each performance. As you



"I'd like to thank you for the time you kept me on hold. It was an opportunity for me to think things out. Long, deep thoughts. Searching, uninterrupted, peaceful."

could observe last night, it often seemed almost as if they were making it up as they went along. The problem is how to preserve this quality."

We asked Mr. Serban if it had taken a long time to develop that approach to Shakespeare, and he explained that although he had mounted this production in three weeks, the basic ideas had been worked out in two previous productions of "As You Like It." "The first one was done three years ago in La Rochelle, France, as a project sponsored by the French government," he said. "We presented the play in English, using American actors, to a largely French-speaking audience, and we used a completely natural setting. We started in a village just outside La Rochelle, playing the first acts in a square in front of the town hall. Then everybody—the actors and the musicians and the audience—walked a mile in a kind of medieval procession to an actual forest, where we played the scenes with the runaways in a setting of real trees, real grass, and real sky. The second production, which was done last spring in the beautiful Greek theatre at Taormina, was a little more circumscribed by geography. I couldn't march the audience very far in any direction or I'd have sent them over the edge of a rather steep cliff."

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Compliance

THE new, portable indoor running track at Madison Square Garden has a plywood surface and a plywood infield, and the whole thing has been painted in shades of orange, blue, red, and yellow to match the colors of the seats in the arena. It was set up the other day for its début, at the Vitalis/U.S. Olympic Invitational track-and-field meet, and it looked great. About twenty carpenters and laborers began working on a Friday night, right after the Knicks lost their sixth of seven in a row. First, the men dismantled the basketball court and carted it away, and then they brought in the track, which comes in two hundred and twenty-seven pieces. Ten hours later, they were finished. Ten hours after that, a runner named Fred Sowerby, competing in a five-hundred-metre race, set an American indoor record. The turns of the track are banked in such a way that the angle of the first, or inside, lane is steeper than that of the fourth, or outermost, lane. Usually, anyone who tries to walk around the inside curve falls off, but a runner can avoid this embarrassment. Anyone who can move fast enough to stay on for eleven laps will have travelled sixteen hundred metres—a shade less than a mile. It's conceivable that eventually the new track at the Garden will become known as the fastest indoor track in the world.

Thomas A. McMahon, a professor of biomechanical engineering at Harvard, who helped design the track—and who in the course of his research has been known to put a wirehaired terrier on a small rubberized treadmill, shout "Go, puppy! Yeah, go, go!," and film the procedure—won't say exactly what it is about the new track that makes it so special. He does, however, drop cryptic hints. Recently, we read an article by McMahon and an associate—Peter R. Greene, a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard—that was published in *Scientific American* and was titled "Fast Running Tracks." The authors included some photographs and diagrams with captions like "At mid-stance, when the body has traveled a distance of half a step length, the contact leg is flexed, that is, shortened by a distance of δ_0, which is taken to be independent of the track compliance. Hence on a hard surface, which has step length L_0, the distance from the hip to the track surface is $l-\delta_0$. On a compliant surface, however..." And so forth. In other words, in the interests of science Greene and McMahon don't mind a little obfuscation. Basically, it seems, they have been trying to figure out how to design running tracks so that superior athletes running on them will go as fast as possible.

Floyd Highfill has been trying to figure out the same thing. Mr. Highfill is a chemist with the New Mexico Department of Agriculture, in Las Cruces. When he isn't occupied with New Mexico agriculture, he builds running tracks. His designs emphasize getting a runner from the straightaway into a turn and back to the straightaway with maximum efficiency. He built his first track in 1964, in Albuquerque, and has worked on fifteen others since. When Peter Greene and Thomas McMahon planned their first track—an indoor track that opened at Harvard in 1977—they tried to design something with optimum compliance. A surface with optimum compliance is flexible in a way that gives a runner the ideal amount of spring with each step he takes. Poured concrete is not compliant enough; pillows are too compliant.

Some people at Madison Square Garden who had heard both of Highfill and of Greene and McMahon decided to wed their two schools of thought. Peter Greene told us the other day that the optimally compliant new track at the Garden contains "fibre glass and other exotic materials" in its support structure. When we asked him to tell us more about the exotic materials, he said, "Sorry, I can't. Patents pending." When we asked Highfill how he thought the collaboration had worked out, he said, "My first thought was that I've never especially liked Easterners and I've been in this business for a long time and here are two guys from Harvard trying to horn in." But he smiled in a way that indicated that, upon reflection, he hadn't had to suffer too much. Then he excused himself to go back to work.

By eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the infield was still unfinished, but only one curve of the track, a section about twenty-five yards long, remained to be erected. Peter Greene, who was on hand more to observe than to advise (McMahon hadn't been able to make the trip to New York for the installation), said, "The exciting part is about to happen. Floyd's warehouse in Las Cruces isn't big enough for him to put the whole thing together. So now we'll see whether it lines up right."

Highfill and Malcolm Shaw, a shop steward who was one of a crew of carpenters, supervised the operation, and in time the very last section, an eight-foot arc, was lifted with grappling hooks and set down in the very last gap. Four inches of it overlapped an adjacent section.

"We're gonna try to move this back," Shaw announced.

"We need the heavy hitters here," said Ted Bieniewicz, a red-haired carpenter, who looked like a heavy hitter himself.

The crew spread out along the inside of the curve, gripping about twenty feet of track. "O.K. Ready. HIT!" said Shaw. The carpenters gave a mighty push, and the entire curve budged about an inch. He took a deep breath. "Ready. HIT!" This time, the section fell into place, where it could be bolted and secured.

"Ain't nature wonderful?" said Bieniewicz.

There was still a couple of hours' worth of levelling to do—lining up the seams, and slipping shims beneath the two-by-four wedges that held up the banked turns—but Highfill and Greene seemed relieved. We wandered around the infield with Highfill and watched as a couple of heavy hitters, swinging rubber sledgehammers, banged the plywood in various spots to get the entire apparatus aligned properly.

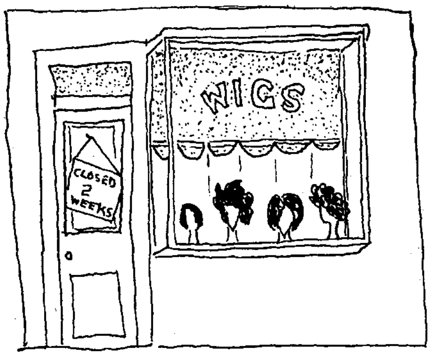
We asked, "Doesn't it bother you to see these guys hitting your track with sledgehammers?"

"It's not my track anymore," Highfill said. "It's Madison Square Garden's."

•

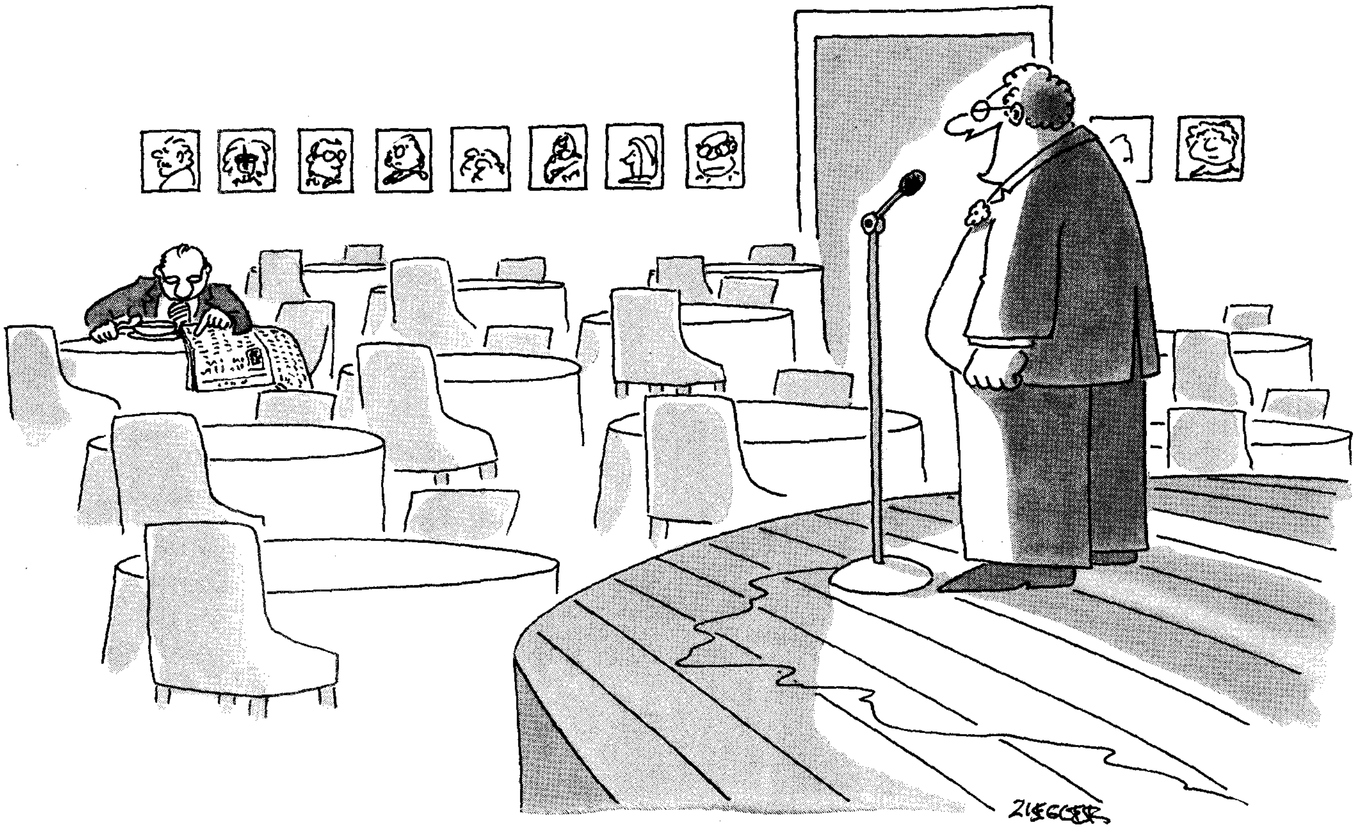
SUCH is this country's current preoccupation with sports that within hours of our visit to Madison Square Garden we received the following message from a woman we know:

I was roped into watching the Super Bowl XIV game last Sunday, because I accepted in good faith what appeared to be a straightforward dinner invitation, only to arrive and find the chairs, the bar, the eats, and the other guests lined up in front of the television set. Well. What I know about football is whatever I picked up in school and college when I went to football games because of the boys rather than because of any passion for the game. I understand the point of the exercise, and I have a rudimentary grasp of downs. Here's what else I knew at the start of Super Bowl XIV: the Rams were the underdogs, and are owned by Mrs. Rosenbloom, who was a showgirl, and who fired her stepson, Steve, after Mr. Rosenbloom's death; a Rams player named Wendell Tyler is inclined to fumble the ball; one of the Rams players writes poetry; a pre-med student named Ferragamo plays quarterback for the Rams, and was considered a weak link in the team, because of his inexperience; he also gets nervous playing in front of his parents; the Steelers are owned by Art Rooney (I got this from doing crossword puzzles) and have a very fine quarterback named Terry Bradshaw. The players' names alone are enough to win you over to the game—the variety that makes one proud of this country. Stallworth, Jodat, Brudzinski, Waddy, Saul, O'Steen, a pair of Youngbloods—Nabokov couldn't have drawn up a more authentic roster. (I particularly liked the name Frank O'Harris, but eventually discovered my mistake.) And the Rams' coach is no slouch, either, when it comes to names: Raymondo Guiseppi Giovanni Baptiste Malavasi (Ray to his friends).



Things got off to a good start with Art Rooney being driven onto the field in a magnificent blue touring car, a 1933 Duesenberg in perfect condition. No sign of Mrs. Rosenbloom. Then a young woman with the voice of a nineteen-forties chanteuse in some night spot out in the boonies sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." This was a surprise. I had always thought that at these events the national anthem would be sung by a very square tenor or soprano—someone along the lines of Kate Smith. No electric organ, either. When the players finally ran out on the field, I was reminded not of gladiators but of Brobdingnagians, with a touch of "Star Wars" added. Their size, weight, protective gear, and helmets, the black smudges under the eyes, and the Steelers' black jerseys made it all quite unreal until one of the players got hurt and threw up. When the camera's eye looked down on the Rose Bowl, it might as well have been one of those electric football games that children play.

The Rams did so well in the first half that some of my co-guests began making intricate and mysterious bets based on points. It is relevant that the Rams were "eleven-point underdogs." I was impressed to discover that those who really know about football are able to carry on a conversation about caucuses or Italian wine and miss nothing on the screen. Even though I concentrated on the game, if my eyes were on the right man at the right time it was mostly luck. Our host turned out to have played big-time football in his youth, and was a wellspring of information. Real grass is more slippery than artificial turf, but artificial turf is a hazard because the players catch their cleats in it. The cameras don't pan to the cheerleaders waving those pompons unless the game is boring. The medical bulletins on the injured are low-key because sometimes one of the injured shows up again, all taped and with the injury shot full of something, so he can carry on—which he wants to do. All major-league football players hurt everywhere all the time. After they retire, they hurt all the time only where there is a serious old injury. When a player is tackled, it is a good thing if he can manage to curl into a ball, because the convexity of the back acts as a shield, like a tortoise's shell—particularly when there are nine people on top of one. There was a heated discussion both in the Bowl and in the room over an official's call in the



"Hey, hey, O.K.! How many of you have done this? You go to wash your hands and there's this piece of spinach stuck in the soap. Right? Right? And how about this? You fall out of bed in the middle of the night and when you wake up you can't figure out why the ceiling is so far away and the only logical explanation is that you've suddenly become the incredible shrinking man. Right? Recognize that one? Huh? Am I hitting home? Huh? Huh?"

• •

fourth quarter. Then out came the Terrible Towels, beloved by Steelers fans for reasons that were never explained, and the game was over.

It was noted that Terry Bradshaw was voted Most Valuable Player, that Wendell Tyler may have been half killed but did not fumble the ball, and that Ferragamo did not blow it even though his parents were at the game. All present agreed that the pre-med student does not look like a Greek god but, instead, looks like an Italian god out of a Fellini movie. I hope to be invited to watch Super Bowl XV.

Product

GO to the Plus Discount Foods store. It's new; it just opened a few weeks ago. It's on Northern Boulevard in Flushing, out past Shea Stadium, past LaGuardia, out where you can almost begin to see the horizon. Park in the parking lot. Lock the car. O.K., when you walk in the door you'll see a sign that begins, "THE RIGHTS OF THE PLUS CUSTOMER: 1. A purchase in a clean and convenient store. 2. Quality product..." Read the sign, and also read the sign that tells how Plus has low prices because it doesn't have costly displays, games, or gimmicks. The shopping carts will be on your right. In Aisle 1, get Plus Really Fine Mayonnaise (99 cents for a 32-oz. jar), Nabisco Sociables Savory Crackers (79 cents for an 8-oz. box), Plus Vanilla Snack Pudding (79 cents for a four-pack of cans), and a box of Plus Red Raspberry Artificial Flavor Gelatin Dessert (16 cents for a 3-oz. pack). You'll have taken all these things out of the cardboard cartons they were shipped in; one side of the carton has been cut away with a razor. The idea of this store is a kind of controlled, legitimized warehouse looting. At the end of Aisle 1, a woman will say to you, "You want to get a pack of this, Frank? Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were my husband." In Aisle 2, get Plus Macaroni & Cheese Dinner (19 cents for a 7¼-oz. box). It comes in a blue-and-yellow box that looks a lot like the box that Kraft Macaroni & Cheese Dinner comes in. In this aisle, a woman will say, "Look! Wax beans!" At the frozen-food counter in the middle of the store, get Plus Quick Frozen Onion Rings ($1.39 for a 32-oz. bag), Morton Meat Loaf Dinner (66 cents for an 11-oz. package), and a frozen Plus Sausage Pizza (89 cents for 12 oz.). Up against the back wall of the store, near the frozen foods, you'll find Plus Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread, at $2.29 for a 2-lb. carton. Get some. And at the front of Aisle 5 get some Poise Cat Box Absorbent; a 10-lb. bag is only 89 cents. We forgot—also a Variety 6-Pack of Carefree Sugarless Gum (79 cents). Wait in line, pay for the stuff. You have to bag it yourself. Either bring your own bags or buy bags for three cents apiece or use the boxes they give you free, which are kind of hard to use with one side cut away. Follow the advice posted over the checkout counters: "Do not attempt to bag your order at the checkstand. Please use convenient bagging station." We guess that's the area beyond the checkstand, in the front of the store. Go out to the parking lot, put the groceries in the trunk, and come home.

NANA HAMI BA REBA

I HAD just motored the night shield over the dome and coördinated into the body pod to initiate sleep mode when the Chief Exec's audible crackled over the talk circuit embedded in my third upper-left molar. "Curt," it snapped. "Meeting in fifteen seconds in the Nute. I'll send a ray."

"Mmm," I said. "Mmm-hmm." I removed the foam pad I keep in my mouth at night to prevent teeth-grinding. I was already up and pulling a clean shirt from the dispenser. *Fifteen seconds!* Then my memory clicked in.

I lived forty years under Old Time, and long after metrification I still hadn't adjusted and sometimes took several rems to work out the Old Time equivalent. The hardest unit for me was the New Second, or centiwhile, which equals 86.4 Old Seconds, the O.S. having become the rem, or "twinkling of the eye" (tote). I was the only person in Long-Range Linguistics not wearing a digital watch, and the C.E. kept nominating to me as "one of the Old Hands" and would often quest, "What time is it?," hoping to catch me off-digital—hoping I'd read, "Oh, about quarter of eight" or "A little past noon."

It was two-ninety-six when I pulled on my pants. I stepped into the wave, particularized my face and hands, and brushed my teeth with salt. (I had a high-frequency dentalaxis, but it reminded me of a teething ring; besides, it didn't do a thing for the gums.) I tried to pre-think what the meeting would be in re (time? space? some continuum of both?), who would exist at it, whether my job was on the spectrum. Most of all, or ninety-eight per cent, I hoped the C.E. would not send a ray.

Rays had been a big item with him since his election—No. 4 on his ten-point program, the Big Rush, which overwhelmed his opponent (CBS declared him six totes after the board closed) and swept him into the Preemy Gaga. Of course, total metrification (weight, space, time, language) was No. 1, and for that I accept a measure of guilt.

Six months (O.T.) before he was declared, I published a book, "The Crisis" (still available in video chip), which read that the energy shortage (the crisis in the title) represented only a shortage of will and imagination, a momentary setback before the breakthrough, a brief commercial for despair before the scenario resumed. It was then almost 1984 (O.T.), four digits that, owing to George Arliss's book, were embedded in the national mind as the date of totalitarian onset, and productivity was declining and suspicion mounting as people turned inward. "We need a breakthrough," I output. "People are down on America. We need to change their minds." I thought metric could stop the drop and start the upturn.

The C.E. bought it (and, later, me). The Big Rush promised metric. It promised spinoffs and trade-ins. It promised every New Trend, Coming Thing, and Major Development that magazine writers had been touting for twenty years: cable-television sets with eighty channels that also retrieve information, pay bills, and make coffee; plus monorails, PicturePhones, CopterCars, disposable clothes, bubbletop homes, and everything else you used to see in *Boys' Life*, *Popular Science*, and the Sunday *Chronicle* rotogravure under the title "What the World Will Be Like in 1970."

As it turned out, of course, 1984 became a stepping stone, not a stumbling block—to use a phrase the C.E. used to like before he went to visuals. Everything changed completely, and I got a low-lying job in Linguistics verbalizing nouns, etc. "Language lags. Make updates. New it," the C.E. sentenced. (Or, in Metro, "Swakfon na wah to neba. Dit. Moto.") It wasn't a bad job. Mostly, I sat around relapsing and playing with UniSam, a DataBan 2000.

"HELLO HOW ARE YOU?" it keyed when I turned it on.

"SAM YOU MADE THE PANTS TOO LONG," I quipped.

Two rems later, it read me a national inseam analysis, trending possible seat-sag and crotch-drop curves and fixing coördinates of cuff-collapse. "WHO SAM?" it queried. "FIRST ONE TO TALK IS A MONKEY'S UNCLE," I replied, and back came a readout on the ancestry of every male primate in America and the line "WHO FIRST?"

"WHO'S ON SECOND?" I gagged.

Much as I enjoyed computers, rays were another matter. I had a ray pad in my bay, and it terrified me to step on it and be instantly materialized to a destination. "Lasers are safe. Kaba anoka" was the slogan of PopComm, which ran the rays, but they couldn't seem to iron out the wrinkles. PopComm included a good many executives from the old PennCent, and, just as in the Old Days, time was immaterial to them. You might wait for hours to be materialized and then be materialized into an alien sector, there to wait on hold for prioritizing; meantime you could have called a cab and been on-site and back and debriefed and in the pod. Sometimes you would not be materialized at all. Sometimes you would be materialized but not your pants. Sometimes you would be pre-materialized, or back-flashed—a ray malfunction known as a "retro," which, though uncommon, had materialized more than a few passengers into vaudeville, Canada, Reo roadsters, or Methodist theology.

THREE-TEN: I had been in the Nute often, but it never ceased to amaze me. Although on the surface it resembled an ordinary nutrition bay in any American home, the Nute was dissimulated, differential. The microwave could send a favorite dish anywhere in the world, also recept. The compactor reduced nonessentials to nothing. The blender could not only blend but also meld, mix, mingle, and associate. With its gleaming formats, and with the quotients and coefficients humming and the programs on the back burner, the Nute was a model of maximization. No wonder the C.E. liked to say, "If you can't execute, get out of the Nute."

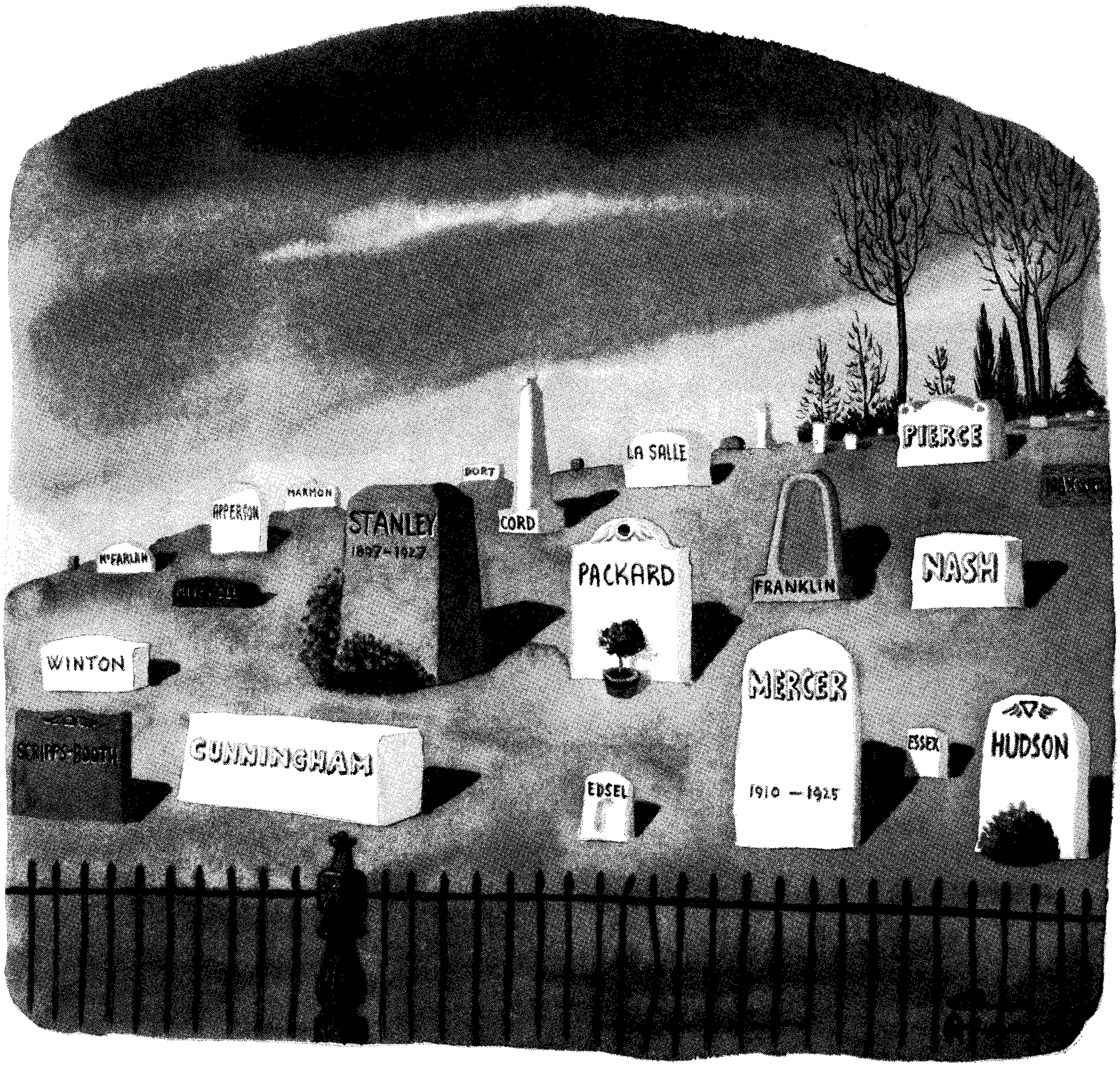
Now, however, he was saying, "Fremser. Fremser gana reno." As I did so, a tube emerged from the format and juiced me.

"Qataba no nee. Baba freem ba la bana. Luru wana to muni. Gogi baba ga tanda so nina fron."

Well-versified though I am in Metro—a language superior to English and more easily understood because it uniforms spelling and pronunciation, activates the passive, presents the past, subjects the verb, and singles meanings—I was stumped. Looped. *Baba freem ba la bana?*

"Nubi gana, bwana. Weeni lala," I stammered. ("I am not impacted by that which you have spoken. The number you have reached is not a working number.") At least, that's what I meant, although I was occurred to that I might have said that the elk were upwind of the river.

He sighed and drummed his fingers as he visualized me impatiently. He had always been impatient with those who could not keep up. After years of speaking English, some of us were accustomed to looking up strange words in Western's, but Metro had no Western's, of course, because it changed so rapidly. And the C.E.'s daily update chips gave no English equivalent for new modes and phrases. "Metro can-



not *be* equalled," he often stated. "It does not translate, it separates. Think Metro on its own terms. Don't relate it—*resonate*."

"Lana guru ma soni. Baba lu a runi," he said wearily. Then, slowly and irrationally, tilting forward and depressing his voice level so as not to trip the light on the warning board, he told me in plain English that my number was up.

I had enemies, he related—dozens of them—who were on him like a ton of bricks demanding a pound of flesh, and although he was willing to go the second mile, government was a game of inches, and an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. He was going to have to deep-six me. Terminate me with favor. A retro, in other words. I would be materialized out to pasture. The back forty. The hinter hectares.

"Nana hami ba reba," he murmured. "Nu?"

I stood up. How could I say "Nu" to my Chief Executive? With an empty heart, I worded in the affirmative.

"Is it safe to go back?" I asked. ("Olli olli infree?")

"Doni hemo ba sumo," he answered.

I will always be deeply gratified that he removed himself at that point, to allow my last moments in the future to have been private and self-oriented before my being retroed to a time in the past that I was then unable to have remembered.

I was to take a last look at the Nute and all it will stand for, the world I will help to make, and then, with fond and positive memories of the future, I was to take the final step and place myself upon the ray pad and be output.

I had just stepped on the pad and closed my eyes when I heard the shrill voice of a young boy as he came bounding down the stairs. "Hi, Dad! Hi, Mom!" he yelled. "What's for supper?"

"Meat and potatoes," I heard myself saying. "Wash up, son. Dinner's on the table in fifteen minutes."

"O.K., Dad," he cried. "Where's David?"

"Hey, let's keep it down to a dull roar," I said. "First things first. What'd you learn in school today?"

"Nuthin'," he said.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

FOGBOUND IN AVALON

NEITHER Laurel nor I will ever be certifiable, I imagine, though, having put in, between us, going on a hundred years in this world, we have inevitably had a brush or two with the darker side of things. So this will not be a story of alienation. And to put your mind at rest, right from the beginning, we have never been in love with each other, in spite of having been reared in the most repressive of girls' schools from the ages of five to eighteen.

Laurel and I, middle-aged, neurotic, still thin, still suffering, still fascinated by the world and ourselves in it, are friends. We were born on this rock, Newfoundland, and are fixed in the cracks of it, through and beyond the sparse topsoil, in a way that makes us neither want to nor be able to free ourselves, ever. Laurel, except for holidays in Europe and the Caribbean and occasional forays into New York, has been here all her life. I, Anne-Marie, onetime academic—Presentation Convent, Collège Sophie-Barat, Memorial, Oxford—am another kettle of fish.

For about twenty years we circled each other, meeting once a year when I came back from wherever I had been, tentative, polite, mildly admiring of each other, gradually spilling a bean here and a bean there until so many beans had been spilled that there was no going back from it. And we found ourselves, not unhappily, in that giggling communion characteristic of the passionate friendships of thirteen and a half. What we don't know about each other now you could put in your eye. What is more, what she and I don't know about the others on this rock isn't worth knowing. When we put our heads together, and we frequently do, we can pool enough of everyone's tatty little secrets to blackmail all the professions, including the oldest, the civil service, the clergy, and every House of Assembly back to 1855.

Just about everybody here is related by blood, marriage, or sheer tomfoolery to everybody else, and we all know our cousins to the third and fourth degree. At the rate we reproduce, emigrate, wander the world, and keep in touch, there is no secret service that can approach us. What may be called ESP elsewhere can be nailed down here by genealogy, and we are all expert. Yesterday morning Laurel was telling me that when they were five she and her twin brother took the diapers off the minister's daughter to get a look at what was so carefully concealed. In the afternoon I called her and said, "Hey, remember Daphne Green?" "Remember her!" said Laurel. "She's the one Leonard and I took the diapers off. What in God's name made you ask about her?" "I've been hearing little baby voices all day," I said, "whispering to me, *'Daphne Green, Daphne Green.'* "

The truth is, I'd been warming a bench at Canada Manpower most of the afternoon with one of the other rock-born overeducated, bilingual unemployed and Daphne's name came up, the way names do, because I'd asked who his wife was. All you need in this town to get a reputation for extraordinary powers is a large acquaintance, a few elementary research skills, and coincidence. Laurel, of course, being a thoroughgoing romantic, wants to believe in the spookies and so she does. I don't, but I like to cater to her. My own reluctant rationalism is one of the things that keep me from going mad, but I do break out from time to time.

Fern, Laurel's husband—surgeon, reliable backbencher, utterly devoted to her (christened, unfortunately, Ferdinand, because his mother was a great reader of the lesser works of Lord Beaconsfield)—is the only one of us who can pass muster as a healthy, well-integrated, well-adjusted dealer with life. If he weren't there to remind us unremittingly of health, sanity, hard work, and the old-fashioned values of the Church of England in Canada, I don't know where we'd be. He and Laurel have lived amid her storms and his calms for twenty years, and their daughters, both at college on the mainland, are beautiful and bright and loving and a credit to them. Actually, all our children are pretty good.

Though the men on this island are great talkers—never shutting up, as the rest of the country has cause to know—they don't talk much about themselves to women. If they do talk to each other of how they feel, they certainly don't let on about it. As a charter member of the Status of Women Council I should, I suppose, hack away at that, but I don't and won't. I am concerned with what people do. What they think in the inner recesses of their own beings is their own damned business. Unless they are moved to tell me, I will never know, and it is better not to ask. It wasn't very long ago that my children's father, Con O'Neill, told me what was in his head, at my request. It took him four and a half days, at the end of which I prevailed upon him to buy me four plane tickets from Vancouver to St. John's. I then resigned from the only really good job I have ever had and launched myself back to the rock, the Public Service Commission, Canada Manpower, the vagaries of Memorial University, and a dilapidated three-story

Introductions

"What have we here, Campbell? Pagliacci?"

frame dwelling fifty yards from where I had been born forty-two years before.

NOT five hours out of Vancouver, coincidence and further disaster overtook me in the person of Hugh Forbes, run into at Halifax Airport as I shepherded three dazed and baffled kids off one flight and onto another. Hugh, asking loudly, "Jesus, Annie, what have you got there, a travelling circus?" Hugh, whom I hadn't seen since the winter I was twenty-one, changed almost beyond recall but merging into himself, Cape Shore voice and all, as we talked on the two-seat side of the DC-9 and the kids slept, across the aisle, on the three-seat side.

I had braced myself for what had appeared to be only the first of many awkward but insignificant encounters with my past. After the usual stylized exchanges, I realized I had miscalculated.

"Going home on holiday, Annie?" asked Hugh.

"Not exactly," I said.

The feeling of being at a disadvantage with Hugh was familiar. Even the setting was eerily appropriate—Hugh and I, side by side in some vehicle, each wondering who would be the first to break the silence. I plunged in. "As a matter of fact, I am right this moment *leaving* home. I'm a bit punchy, so don't expect me to make too much sense."

"Annie, I don't remember your ever making too much sense. But I think I get the message. You blew it."

Lack of directness had never been one of Hugh's failings. I must have looked stricken, for he was immediately contrite and slightly embarrassed.

"Annie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be quite so blunt."

"It's all right," I said, making a face at him. "I find it reassuring that you haven't changed all that much."

He still looked embarrassed.

"Perhaps I'd better go sit somewhere else." He started to unbuckle his seat belt. "You'd probably rather not be bothered with me right now."

"Hugh, no," I said. "I'd like to talk. Please."

I looked at him. He seemed solid and friendly and, in spite of being annoyed with himself for his blunder, amused and curious. So I gave him fifteen minutes of the story of my life.

He listened without interrupting. As I talked, I watched his hands rebuckling the seat belt, unbuttoning his jacket, adjusting the tray, reaching for coffee from the stewardess, scratching his head, using a handkerchief, twisting his ring. Guilt and nostalgia flooded over me.

"Your hands," I said, "your arms, they're all right!"

He turned his palms upward, flexed his fingers, stretched his arms. "Yes," he said. "Good enough."

"How did you do it?"

"On hate, mostly."

There was a long silence. Nineteen fifty-nine had been the year of the last St. John's polio epidemic. Hugh, home from McGill, engineer's iron ring on his finger, job offer in his pocket, had found himself one August morning, after a weekend of pain and fever, flat on his back in the Fever Hospital with both arms immovable.

"September," he said quietly, looking at me with a face devoid of expression. "All September I spent two hours a day watching my girl Annie making a public spectacle of herself on bloody television. I told myself that I was going to get my hands and arms back, if only to wring your neck. I hated and Ma prayed. It worked like a charm. By Christmas I was going to dances. My arms were in slings, but the fingers were good. By spring I had the slings off. After eighteen months I was able to work After two years I was ready to pick a fight with Con O'Neill and break his jaw. After that I packed my bags and lit out for Ontario, all cured."

"None of it had anything to do with Con," I said.

"As I perceived it, it had a great deal to do with Con. And apart from everything else I was disgusted with your whole carry on."

"I was afraid of you," I said. "You scared me to death. All I could see was you beating around while I minded youngsters and forgot how to read and write."

"It wouldn't have been like that."

"Don't tell me," I said. "Anyway, what about my neck?"

"What?" He was momentarily puzzled.

"Do you want to wring it?"

"Hell, no, girl. I never wring ladies' necks when they're down and out. I kiss them instead. Better for everybody."

He leaned across and kissed me. The tears stung in my eyes.

"Oh my God, Annie, you're not still at that!"

"I always get tears in my eyes when in the grip of strong feeling," I said in my lecture-room voice.

He looked at me in amazed disbelief, then looked again and exploded into laughter. I could feel the hot blush climbing to my hairline.

"Dear Lord above! Every time I'd put my arm around you, you'd start to bawl. I thought you were afraid for your virtue. Well, I'm damned."

I blinked, sniffed, and smiled at him. "Well, now you know," I said. "Better late than never."

Hugh smiled back. "Thanks, Annie."

Sweetest Mother, I thought, I love him. "Hugh," I said quietly, "I think we scuttled the ship."

"Yes," he said. "We sure as hell did."

He turned to look out the window, then adjusted his seat to the horizontal and closed his eyes.

"My son Gerald," he said. "My wife Clare."

Again there was silence. He readjusted his seat to the vertical and turned back to face me. "Gerald died one night when he was six months old. Crib death, they called it; no explanation, no one's guilt, they said. Still, Clare took to the bottle and after three years of it I took to the girls. And there we are. But we're still married and we're going to stay married. Make no mistake."

I said nothing. Hugh's forthrightness had left me stunned.

"One thing more, Annie. If you and I are going to be friends, you will never refer to any of it again. But I want you to keep it in mind."

He pointed a thumb across the aisle at the sleeping children. "What about them? Were you good at it?"

TWO POEMS

THE GRAY HERON

It held its head still
while its body and green
legs wobbled in wide arcs
from side to side. When
it stalked out of sight,
I went after it, but all
I could find where I was
expecting to see the bird
was a three-foot-long lizard
in ill-fitting skin
and with linear mouth
expressive of the even temper
of the mineral kingdom.
It stopped and tilted its head,
which was much like
a fieldstone with an eye
in it, which was watching me
to see if I would go
or change into something else.

DAYBREAK

On the tidal mud, just before sunset,
dozens of starfishes
were creeping. It was
as though the mud were a sky
and enormous, imperfect stars
moved across it as slowly
as the actual stars cross heaven.
All at once they stopped,
and as if they had simply
increased their receptivity
to gravity they sank down
into the mud; they faded down
into it and lay still; and by the time
pink of sunset broke across them
they were as invisible
as the true stars at daybreak.

—Galway Kinnell

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"Yes," I said, clutching at a subject I could at least talk about. "Like falling off a log. It's in the blood."

He looked at me speculatively. "I should have stuffed you full of babies and stuck you down with Mom on Cape St. Mary's. She'd have learned you the five sorrowful mysteries all right."

"I learned," I said.

"I don't know. Seems to me you could still use some toughening up."

He took my hand, called the stewardess, ordered a bottle of champagne, and told her we had just got engaged.

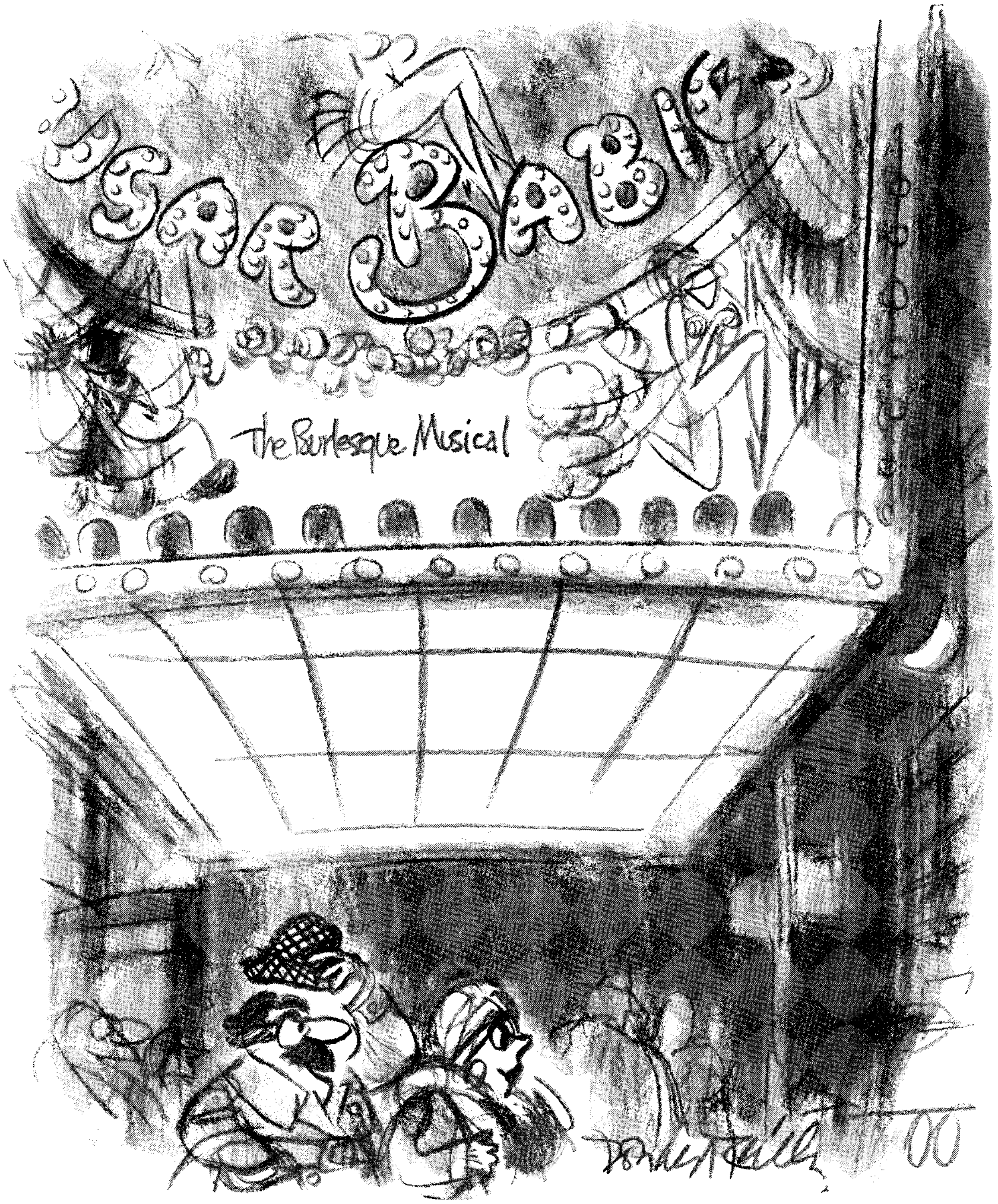
d. ehrenberg

"Forbes," she said, "if you get engaged on my flight one more time, I will personally drown you in champagne."

The landing was the worst I have ever had, even in Torbay fog. Passengers I recognized as old hands showed in the rigid set of their shoulders what I myself felt—too much airspeed, the runway overshot, and a violent touchdown with too many rebounds off the tarmac. I was trying to remember if the runway ended at a cliff, a hill, or the woods, when we came to a shuddering stop. There was absolute quiet and then the captain's voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, as you may have noticed, we have just landed at St. John's."

A ripple of laughter ran through the aircraft and an audible communal sigh of relief. Hugh stood up, collected his briefcase and raincoat, and touched my shoulder with his free hand. "That time, Annie, it almost ended happily ever after." He smiled bleakly. "I'll call you."

I watched him as he headed up the aisle, and then I busied myself with the children. My sister Catherine met me in the crowded terminal. We went to Mother's, put the still groggy children to bed, took care of half a bottle of Captain Morgan, and turned in ourselves. The next morning I was going to have to turf my tenants out of my house on St. Columb's Street and start job hunting.



"You know what I like about Mickey Rooney? You always know where Mickey Rooney is coming from."

• •

WHAT happens when you bolt after sixteen years, four universities, three kids, the whole of Eng. Lit. read together, Paris, Florence, London, Oxford, Toronto, Lisbon, Washington, Vancouver, and hundreds of friends held in common? What I did was stash my books in Vancouver and go back home. I went because I wanted to do nothing else. I didn't want to face another city, another group of strangers. My ears hungered for the accents of the island. I wanted the smells and sights and sounds of St. John's Harbor, my father's grave, my mother's tenacious grip on life, old people I had known when they were young, middle-aged people I had known when they were children. I wanted my house on St. Columb's Street, groceries from Belbin's, gas from Fred and Eric Adams, vitamins from Stowe's Pharmacy, understanding from Laurel and Fern, and the children of my friends for my children. I wanted to terrify myself climbing up Barter's Hill in the sleet, to drive to Corner Brook and back in a night and a day, seeing if I could still evade the Mounties and not kill myself, to lie on the grass listening to the blessed silence in St. Mary's, and to breathe on the embers of old friendships and see if the flames would light my way out of the dark.

In spite of the encounter with Hugh, I was in good shape when I arrived. "Am I not the very picture of the wronged wife?" I said to Fern, and he laughed and hugged me and we all had a drink to celebrate. Five months later I had lost twenty-five pounds I could ill afford losing, my temper was unreliable, and I was still unemployed, but my children were happy and my house was looking less like a slum.

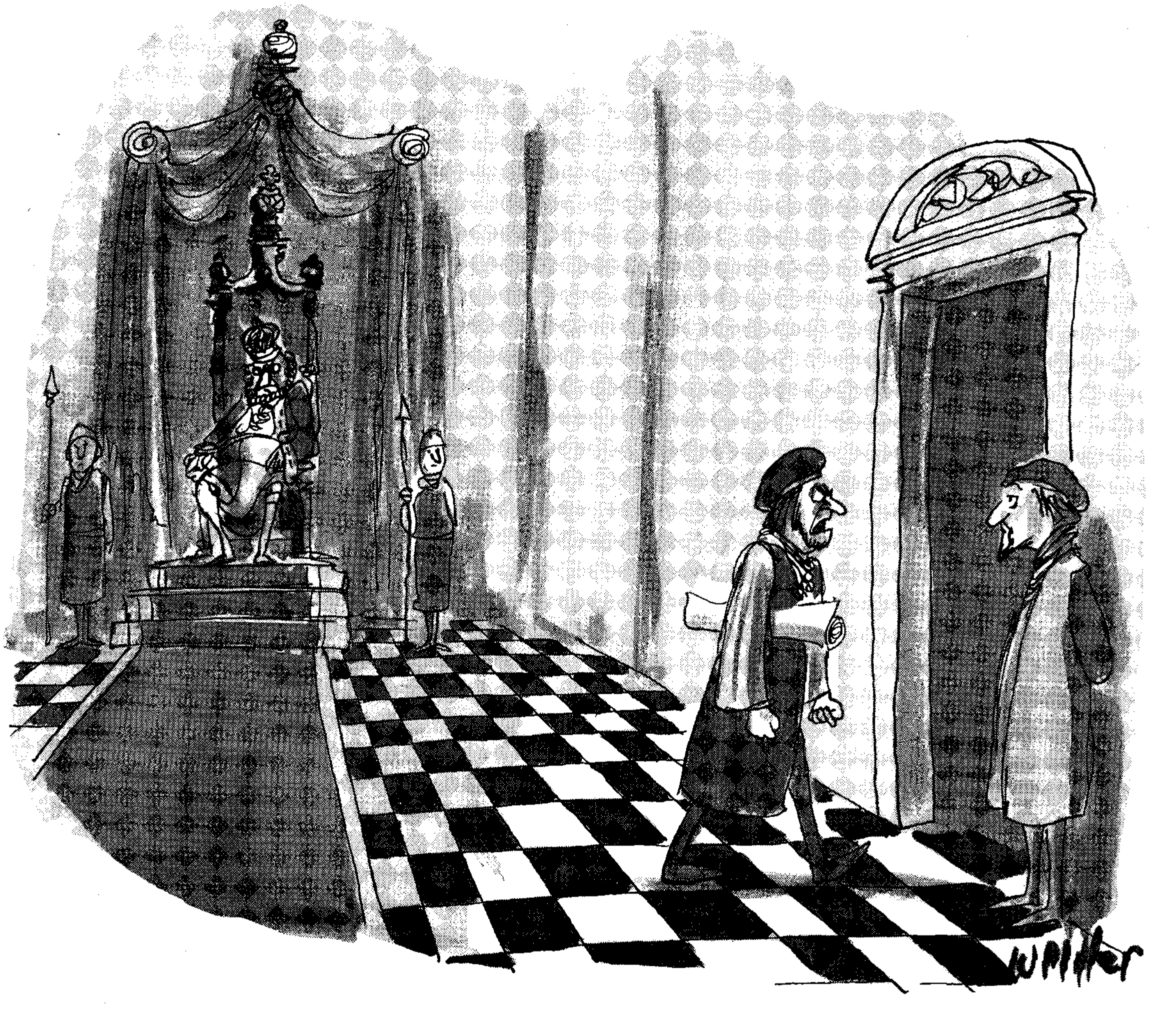
St. Columb's Street used to be solidly middle-class, occupied by people associated with the ships and stores of the port. My own house once belonged to a ship's chandler. Some of the others were built by captains and shipowners who lived here because of the incomparable view of the town and the harbor—every ship that comes and goes can be seen from my kitchen window. Now many of the bigger houses have become "multiple-family dwellings," the pretty, decrepit terraces are occupied by the poor, and some foreign entrepreneur has put up a yellow brick apartment house directly opposite me. The roadway is potholed, the sidewalks crumbling and cracked. Rough-looking teen-agers skylark and catcall outside the corner stores, speaking a dialect that suggests a lengthy inheritance of infected adenoids and bad teeth.

But at the top of the street is the hospital where I was born; farther down is St. Columb's Church, which my grandmother's grandfather helped build; and beside it is St. Columb's Convent, which houses an elderly nun who taught me to read and write and made me, over six years, memorize the whole of Butler's "Catechism" and MacLaren and Campbell's "Grammar." These are the things I think about on the days when I struggle with the idea that I do not really belong here. And, try as I may, I cannot see myself old, with my grandchildren visiting, in this house on St. Columb's Street. It makes me unbearably, unutterably, sad. The Heritage Foundation is interested in us now and determined to improve us. I am afraid I may have to move, along with the other poor, since I cannot afford to be improved any further. Sooner or later someone with the money to repair the roof flashings and the rotting window frames and the exterior paint and the leaking laundry room will make me an offer and I will have to accept it.

The house—my house for the moment—is a narrow, plain three-story with bow windows and a peaked roof. It must have been intended for a large family with no servants, for the kitchen is the biggest room and there is only one bathroom and no back stairs. Built the year that I was born, it just misses being good, even of its kind. I suppose the ship's chandler ran out of money, too. The house has that look. The exterior walls and the floors are sound and strong and draftproof; the fireplaces are pleasant thirties neo-classical; the doors are panelled and the windows big and generously framed. But the walls are surfaced with painted or papered fibreboard instead of plaster, and the wainscoting and the additions made over the years are ill-conceived and cheap, running to plywood and wood-grained Arborite and acoustic tile.

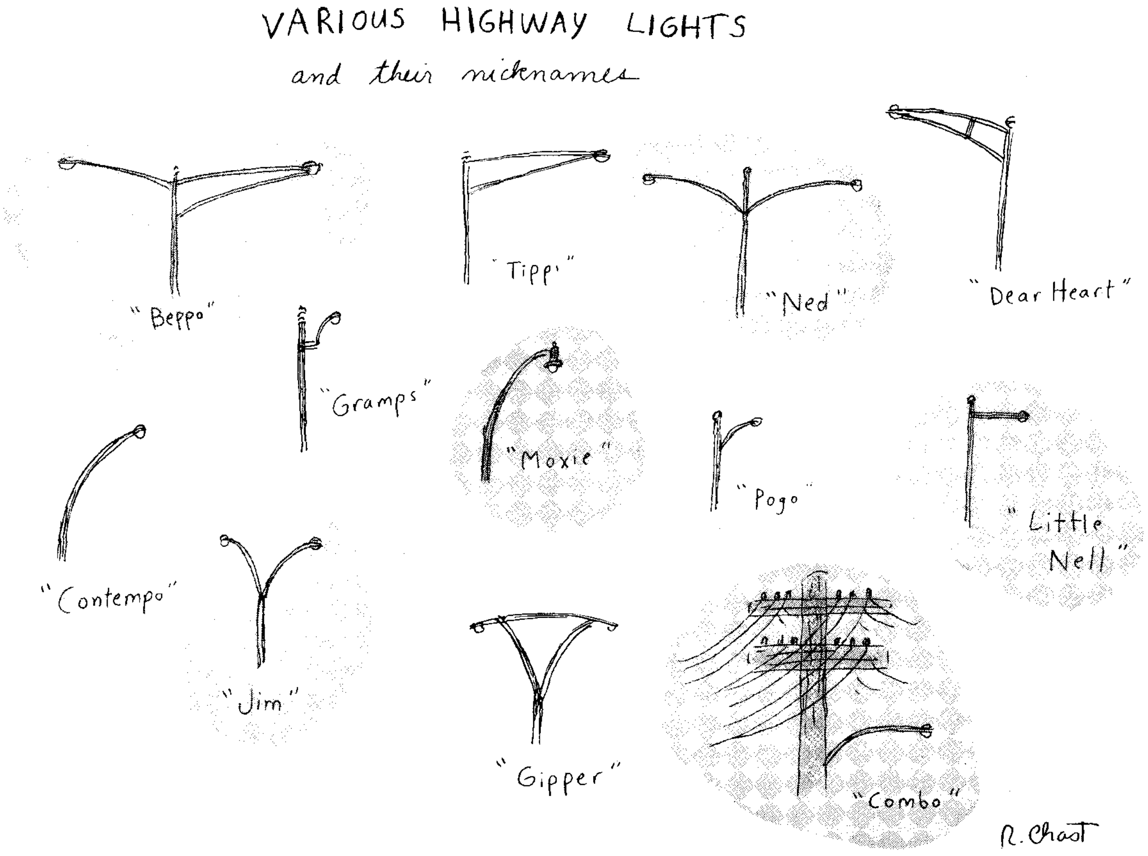
How I acquired the house at all is an earnest of the emotional myopia with which I am afflicted. My marriage to Con had gone through one of its intermittent crises following a move from Toronto to Vancouver. Con suggested that since we hadn't much capital, certainly not enough to buy a house in expensive Vancouver, it would be sensible to invest in a house in an older part of St. John's, live in it for a summer, and then rent it. Our children would then have a base of operations, a home that would exist in their minds wherever they happened to be in actuality. To me the proposal made perfect sense. I had never seen myself as an emigrant, merely a traveller. The idea of a home on the island appealed to me and I liked the implicit promise that we would eventually all return. When the break came, the house was there, with boxes of old toys and baby clothes in the attic, discarded prams and pushchairs in the cellar, clothes hooks with the children's names on them in the bathroom, and odds and ends of furniture from my own childhood home in the bedrooms and living room.

By then responsibility for the house, for keeping it insured and tenanted, had gradually devolved on me. I was mildly mystified but not displeased. I saw the process as being one with the independence I was gaining as the children grew older and I settled, once again, into a full-time job at the university. The years during which I had been, uncomfortably and resentfully, a financial dependent faded away and I assumed, along with the house on St. Columb's Street, responsibility for paying for almost everything to do with myself and the children, except keeping the Vancouver roof over our heads. Food, clothing, dentistry, toys, Christmas, birthdays came out of my income from my job. We had been setting the stage for years. When the curtain went up, I said my lines and made my moves. We all did, even the children. "We knew it was a matter of time," my daughter



"*Kings!*"

said. "We just didn't know when. We thought it wouldn't be so soon." Nor did I.



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MY first morning in St. John's, Laurel met me at Mother's and came with me to look at the house. All my tenants had been university students, so I assumed that not much housekeeping had been done. They had rented rooms to one another in a complex set of permutations that I had never tried to keep track of as long as they paid the rent punctually. Time and the salt air had worked their will on the exterior paint of the house, but it had been fairly shabby to begin with. When I opened the door, Laurel went rigid with shock. An effluvium of Victorian dimensions assaulted us. The hall was crammed with old boots and dust-laden cartons of empty beer bottles. The windows were opaque with dirt, and where the panes had been broken, on either side of the door, pieces of plastic had been stretched over them and secured with bits of rough lath nailed into the moldings. The walls and floors had not been washed since I had left. The carpets were stained and felted with dog hair. Filthy and half furnished, without curtains or pictures, with its paint scabby, its wallpaper peeling, and its plastic tile discolored, the house was tawdry. "You cannot propose to live in this," Laurel said flatly. But I could and I did.

The children, when I moved them in, wept over their shattered fantasies. I attacked what I could with bucket and mop, Glass Wax and cloth, crowbar and paintbrush. The children, after their initial distress, channelled their energies and their disappointment into working with me. They took apart the broken fences and cut them into kindling. They lugged out sheets of wallboard and plywood and eight-foot two-by-fours as my crowbar did its work. They carried mattresses and bedsteads down from the attic and up from the cellar. I had not realized how strong ten- and twelve-year-olds can be when they have a job they want to do. When a semblance of normality had been achieved, they just quit and concentrated once again on their private concerns—school, games, hobbies, squabbling, television, and eating.

They were puzzled by my evident lack of pleasure in just being alive, in having a house to live in and enough to eat and wear and them to love me. I overheard one saying, "Why is she unhappy?" and another answering, "Life gave her a raw deal." I felt ashamed of not being happier and tried to smile more, but they asked me why I had that funny look on my face. I opted for the truth, which they found odd but uninteresting.

The process of recovering the house was alternately uplifting and depressing. "I refuse to lie here and watch you seesaw," said my mother, but she did it nonetheless. When I had got one room fit for human habitation I persuaded her to stop for lunch on her way back from a visit to her doctor. "This is perfectly respectable," she said, on looking around my sitting room. "I fail to see what you are making such a fuss about." At that point, I found myself wanting not even to think about another tin of paint. I let the brushes dry and the children revert to their usual slovenly practices. I began, in spite of myself, to think of what it was going to mean to be on my own with no one to bitch at, no one to protect the kids from my habitual anxieties, no one to lean on, no one to sleep with, and, above all, no one to tell me, perhaps for the rest of my life, that I was essential to his breathing and being. Hugh? It was two months before Hugh turned up.

I was hammering palings into the front fence when a Land-Rover stopped at the curb and Hugh got out. I wanted to put my arms around him, but he had a very don't-touch-me look about him, so I just said it was good to see him and held on to my hammer for security. He said that he had just swung by to see how I was getting on and that I should write or call if there was anything he could do to help. I replied dryly that there were more accessible sources of help than his sweet self but that I would be glad to see him any time he got tired of doing whatever it was he did. He gave me his card, said he'd be back to share a dinner the following weekend, got into his Land-Rover, saluted, and drove off. I looked at the card and put it in my pocket. It had a Toronto address, and I thought how for seven years we had probably lived no more than fifteen blocks from each other in Don Mills.

I threw down the hammer and went into the house to make tea. I drank it too fast, burned my tongue, and fired the mug viciously against the fireplace, smashing it and splattering tea over the newly scrubbed hearthrug. The mug had had a motto painted on the side. Later, I fitted the bits together, and read, "A house is made of bricks and stone but a home is made of love alone." I put the pieces on the hearth and bashed them to powder with the poker.

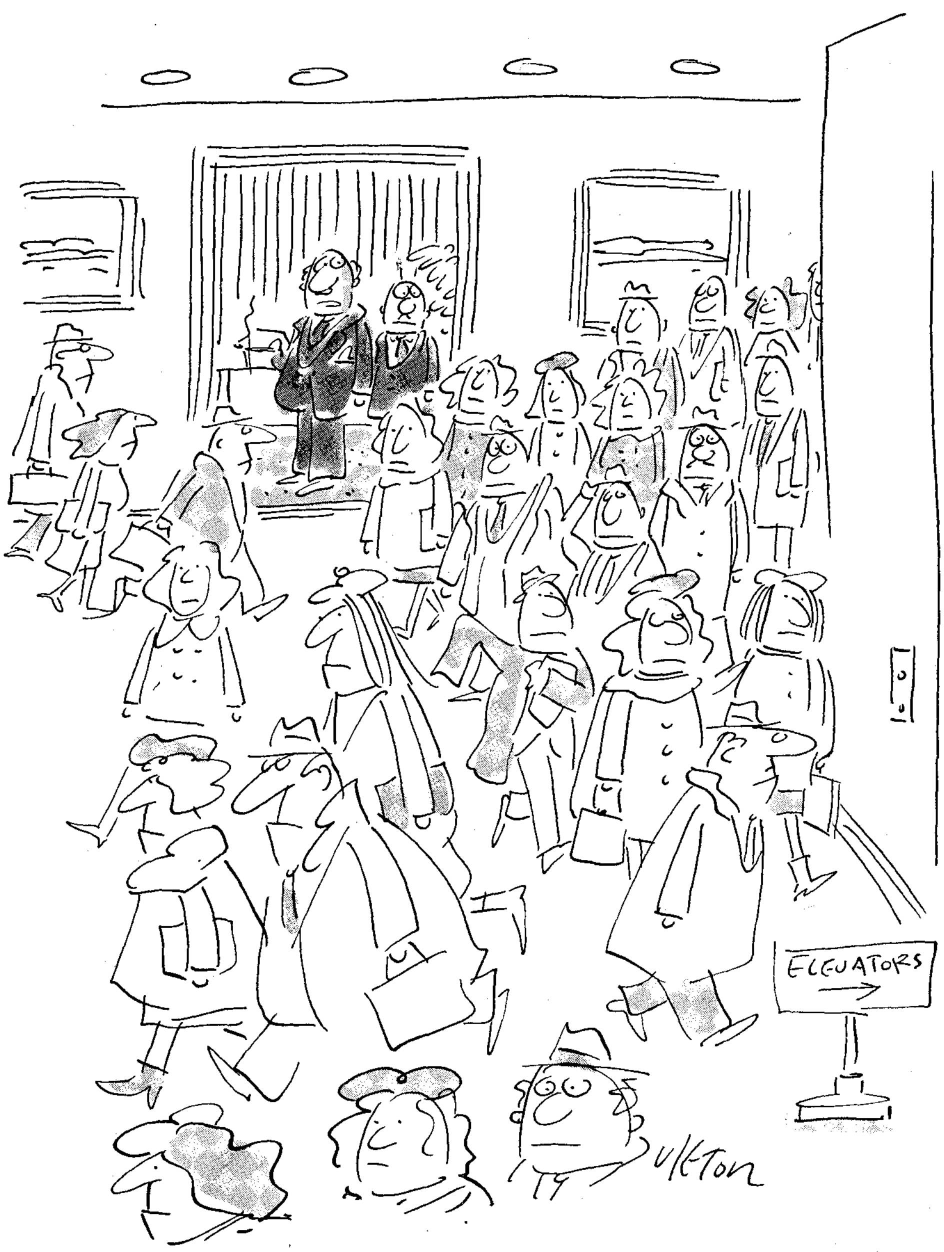
Hugh then appeared out of nowhere every two or three weeks, only to disappear into nowhere again. It seemed he did something with fish and oil and airplanes for the federal government. That made for a connection with Fern and Laurel. Sometimes he arrived on my doorstep monumentally plastered, mirthful and bawdy, two quintals and a fathom of black-hearted, cod-fed bayman. Sometimes, rarely, he was sober and subtle, all civil servant and about as friendly as a cobra. I would hear his acquired Toronto accent overpowering the dental "t"s and fog-soft vowels of the Cape Shore, and it served to remind me of what I would have preferred to forget.

I didn't ask questions of Hugh. He was there or he wasn't. He was sober or he wasn't. He loved me or he didn't. When he was drunk, I told him how beautiful he was and how I adored him. When he was sober, we talked politics and oil and mutual friends; I was careful not to show temper, and we tacitly avoided discussing how we felt. Either way, I was put into a state of elevation that sometimes lasted for days. The rest of my life the cats could have. But what was there to do? Making things happen was not my line. I watched, I listened, I cared. Nothing else was possible for me. I was through with moral imperatives: I care, therefore I am. I think, therefore I will make mistakes.

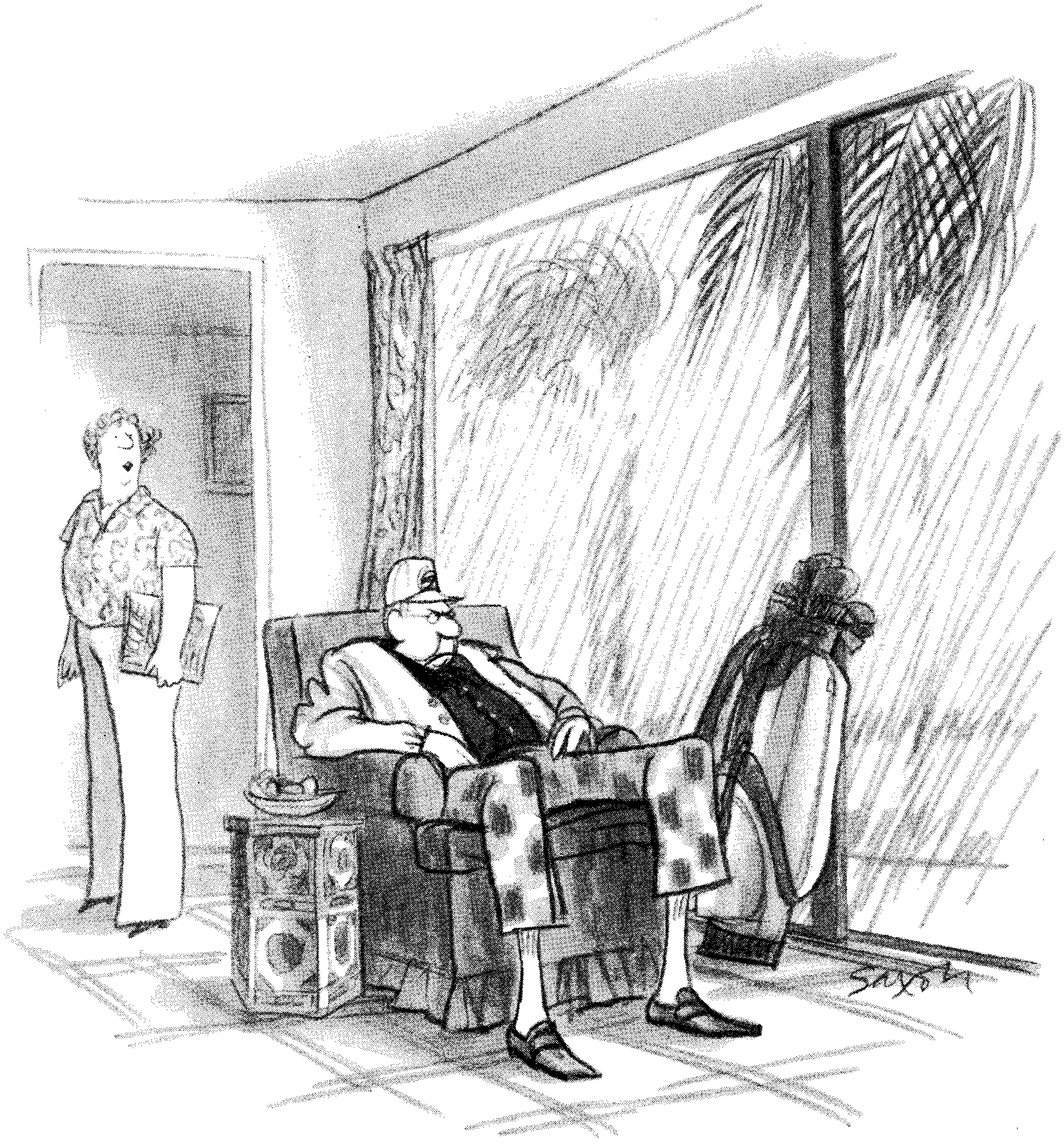
Though jobless, I was neither idle nor solitary. There was, if anything, too much to do, too many obligations, hordes of visiting children, and endless chores. I was ruthless about protecting my privacy, however, and my three hours of peace after the children were in bed and before midnight had overtaken me. I did not, except on very rare occasions, turn on television or stereo or take to drink. Except for smoking, I tried to do myself as little physical or spiritual harm as possible. Sometimes I even went to Mass at St. Columb's, just in case. But I did, all the same, spend many days and nights in domestic squalor and intellectual tedium. I would go as much as six or eight weeks without balancing my checkbook, reading nothing but old copies of the *Atlantic* and the *Saturday Review*, washing the children's clothes in the bathwater and hanging them to dry on the bannister rails because I couldn't be bothered calling the repairman to fix the washer and dryer. I was sick to death of being bullied by ambition, concepts of efficiency, the demands of an academic conscience, fear at being out of work, or even my own convenience.

Laurel held Hugh responsible for my otherwise unaccountable behavior. I was a veteran of unrequited love, though, and surely familiar with its symptoms. I diagnosed, rather, some unease of the soul. Muddled and grubby, I read third-rate fiction and fourth-rate biography, thought fifth-rate thoughts, and felt sixth-rate emotions. And I was not at home on St. Columb's Street. I was, instead, like a bird on a bush, waiting for whatever would happen next so that I would know what to do.

I talked a lot to Laurel. We were on the phone for at least thirty minutes a day. She visited me only rarely, for both the house and the neighborhood were in a world she did not care to inhabit and they made her uneasy. More frequently I visited her, early in the morning after I let the children off at school. I entered her world more easily than she did mine. We would sit in her ordered living room (oh, the relief of it!), me in jeans and sweater, with untidy hair, she combed and brushed and tidily made up but in an ugly green fuzzy dressing gown, hands shaking from insomnia and cigarettes and not following the diet required by her mild diabetes. We would ask each other if we were, as people told us, eccentric or simply mad as hares. We considered our acquaintances and determined that by and large they were even more appalling than ourselves, apart from the few saints who were



"Where do all these people go at night, Wilkins? Do we have a place for them somewhere?"



"There's no sense wasting the day sulking. Why don't you get out your nice new fountain pen and write some thank-you notes?"

out of our league and therefore irrelevant to the discussion. We concluded that we did not want to be other than who we were. What we were was another question. We spent a scandalous amount of time talking it out. I talked about my past, my emotions, unemployment, the current state of my house, my mind, or my bank account. She talked about her depression, the causes of which had never emerged. I talked about my rages, the causes of which had been only too evident. We compared childhoods, holiday trips, attitudes, fantasies. I suggested that she got depressed because of hunger, perversity, boredom, and the indulgence of an excess of sensibility. She suggested that my malaise could be cured by Hugh. I told her that it was just as likely to be cured by the Atlantic Loto, the Riding of Placentia-St. Mary's, or the Henrietta Harvey Professorship. Even as I said it, I thought it was probably not true. But if I had lived my life as Hugh said I should have done, I should now be like Laurel and be hankering after the kind of life I had had and botched.

Laurel knows that everyone assumes that she is lazy and self-indulgent and ought to have a job to do. But I am aware of how scared she is and how her mind and energy are drained by fear, so that she stays in bed for days and weeks at a time. Her concern for Fern makes her come awake long enough to straighten the house and get the meals, and she always seems to deal with any emergencies, including the most trivial social ones. Her usual waking time, though, is between three and eight in the morning, when she reads, makes notes, writes letters and poems in her head that never see the light of day, thinks of killing herself, and tries to stop the shakes by force of will. Her will power is irresistible, and sooner or later anyone who has much to do with her will be made to dance to her tune. Though she has had virtually every psychogenic symptom known to medicine, she succeeds always in looking as healthy as a chestnut in blossom.

Once Laurel actually did swallow sleeping pills and then, in her wayward fashion, followed them with a tin of anchovies and was sick all over the kitchen. She cleaned up while Fern continued to sleep the sleep of the just. As she tells it, he had one of his rare fits of furious exasperation when she refused to get up and prepare his breakfast. There is no questioning that in Laurel's life the farcical element continually intrudes.

All the same, her headlong emotionalism may be one of the things that make Laurel a superb political wife. She and Fern attract a variegated tribe of friends, because he is true blue and she is beautiful and amusing and enormously sympathetic. Some of her enthusiasms have led to dinner parties that could bring the government down, and Fern has learned to keep a covert eye on their guest list. Because Laurel takes everyone at face value, she is the repository of a multitude of confidences, which frequently inspire her to quixotic action. One Saturday, early on, she dropped in at my house without calling first and encountered Hugh. Hugh will inflict his adventures on anyone he can pin down, but even when well oiled he tends to keep himself to himself. Laurel got more out of him in ten minutes than I had done in as many weeks.

After she had left, he turned to me indignantly and said, "Why do I tell Laurel all that stuff? I must be cracked."

"People do," I said, and shrugged. "They spend five minutes with her or get her when they've dialled a wrong number and she has their life stories, just like that."

"I suppose she knows enough of both of us now to write the book."

"No," I said. "But she has eyes in her head. And she loves me. She may try to help things along. I can't stop her, you know."

He made a particularly vulgar comment.

When Laurel gets upset and concerned about someone, she has the gall of a robber's horse. Last February, I had an especially trying couple of weeks, with frozen water pipes, an ill-functioning furnace, kids home from school with the flu, and three job interviews at which I had been told I was overqualified. I was tense and miserable and jumpy. I had been expecting Hugh and looking forward to seeing him, but he hadn't turned up. Laurel called to say that she and Fern had met Hugh at a government function the previous night and that he had been in great form. One of the crosses I was having to bear was being unable to prevent Laurel from reporting on Hugh's whereabouts. I heard her out and then I ventilated for an hour and used some fairly extravagant language, including a reference to slitting my wrists Roman style so that I wouldn't leave too much mess behind.

That evening Hugh was at my door. I had temporarily dismissed him from my mind and had been attempting to concentrate on sick, crotchety children and on the dirt and snow and oily handprints left by furnace men and plumbers. I needed a bath and was red-eyed and sleepless from nights of keeping coal fires going in the bedroom grates and was in no mood for dealing with Hugh's usual attitude of detached amusement at my ridiculous plight.

"Come in," I said. "If you can get in." A gust of icy wind accompanied him—and more snow. "Don't bother taking off your boots. The mess is past the point where I even care about it."

"You're all right, though?" he asked, looking at me warily.

"Sure," I said. "Dandy." I jammed my coal-blackened hands into the pockets of my jeans and leaned against the newel post.

"You look done in," he said.

"Beat to a rag. Want some coffee?"

"No, thanks. I just took a notion to stop by. I've got a meeting to get back to. You're sure you're all right?"

"Perfectly fine." I tried what I hoped was a cheerful grin. "I'm cold, I'm tired, I'm unemployed, and the house is falling down. Don't expect Pollyanna in this climate."

"Kids O.K.?"

"Sick as pigs," I said. "And crooked as sin."

KIRKPATRICK PLAYING BACH

A white thread led him to the harpsichord,
and when he played we, too, were blind,
following nothing but the fugues
into a dazing of the ear,
where figures of a grand configuration rang
uncoiling through the all but deafened mind.

Coming out into the night, we listened
for an after-sound, as though the sky itself
might be a whispering bell.
The music had already folded
silently upon itself,
the player traced his way into the dark,
and we, like Echo in the quiet air, were left
to turn and return, fading until noiseless
as a coin descending softly in a well.

—Peter Sacks

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"Anything I can do? You've only to ask."

"I know," I said, "I know. But there isn't anything, truly. I just need some sleep and a change in the weather."

"Don't overdo it, Annie." He put his hand under my chin and made me look at him. "Anything on your mind? You're sure you're all right?"

This sort of solicitude was unheard of from Hugh, who would normally only inquire about my state of being if he found me with my head under my arm like the ghost of Anne Boleyn. I had a sudden shattering glimmer of understanding.

"Have you seen Fern lately?" I hazarded.

"Not this trip," he replied blandly. "Too busy." He looked at his watch. "I'd better get back. Take care, Annie."

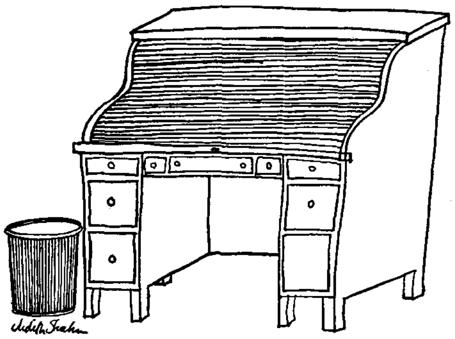
"Sure," I said. "Pray for a thaw."

As soon as I'd closed the door on Hugh, I called Laurel.

"What did you tell him, Laurel?" I said. "That I was about to hang myself in my garters because he done me wrong?"

"An-nie, you puz-zle me," she said in her most nervous and distinct Bishop Spencer College accents.

"And you are a damned liar," I said.



"You know I ne-ver tell an untruth, An-nie."

"Laurel," I said, "I can tell when you're lying within five syllables. I'll see you in the morning if I don't die of shame first." I hung up.

After another night of sleeplessness, half a bottle of Irish whiskey, and a packet of lethal American cigarettes from our all-night pizza parlor, I went to Laurel's to tell her to get off my case. It wasn't easy. In twenty years we had never had a serious difference. With the help of a couple of pints of Strongbow, I managed to enlighten her on the enormity of what she had done. By lunchtime, when Fern got home, I was wandering the house barefoot, hugging the cider mug and humming a dirty song that I'd learned from Hugh when I was a freshman. Fern patted me on the head, said it must be great to have nothing to do, and went back to the hospital to see someone whose legs were in traction. Laurel took her telling-off far better than I dealt it out, and promised never to interfere again.

Then she asked me how my life was going and how I thought it would all work out. I turned the question back to her, and she said she should never have thrown up the pills. I said that perhaps she and Hugh would be killed in a car crash when they wickedly, and in heedless contravention of all the ground rules of friendship, slipped off to Clarenville for a weekend, leaving me and Fern, given a decent interval of mourning, to console each other. Her eyes widened and she laughed with delight.

"An-nie, you are naugh-ty," she said. "How per-fect!" And I knew I had not been all that far from the truth.

"It won't work," I said. "It's a horrible cliché."

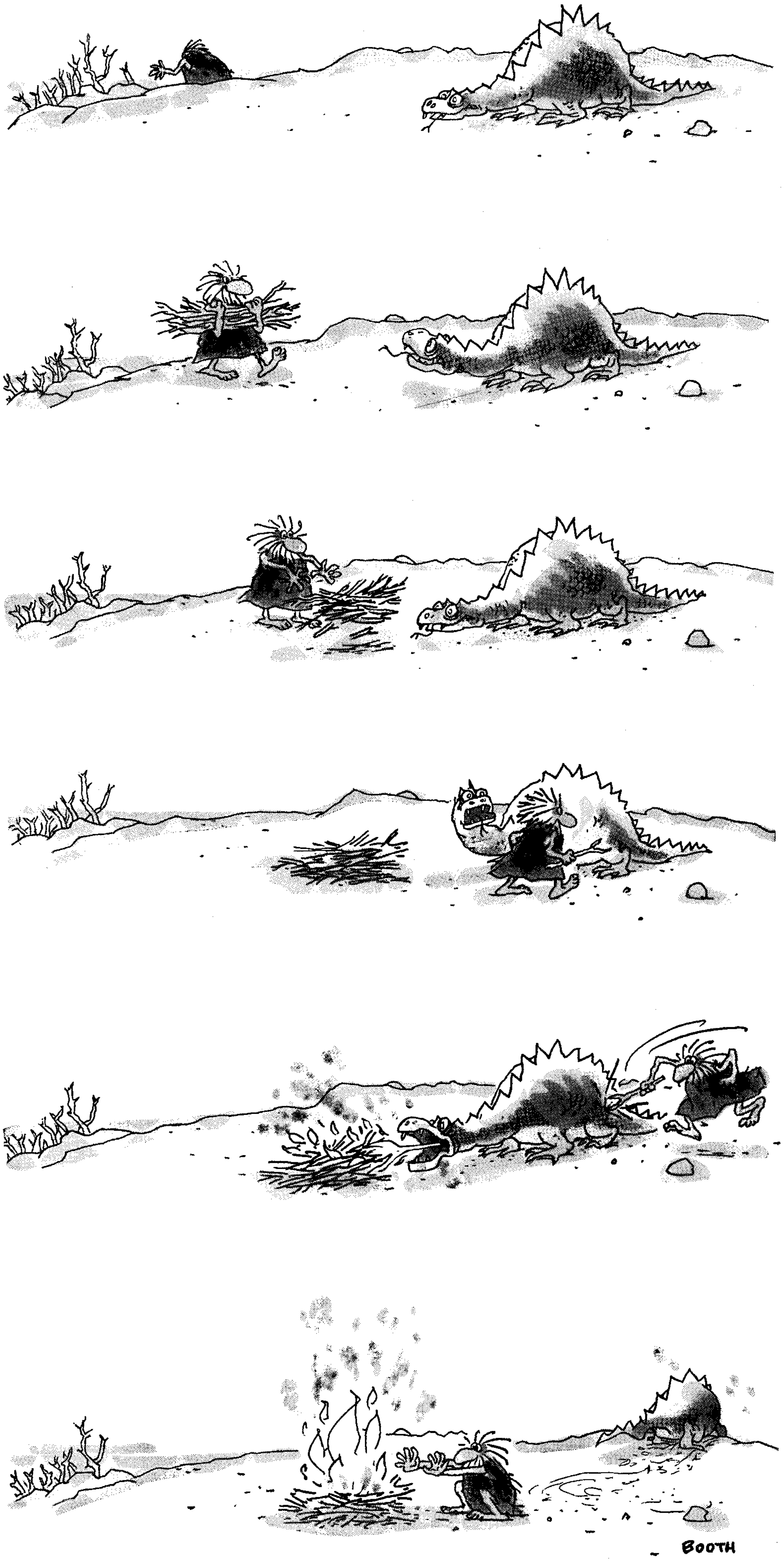
"No, no," she said, and laughed again. "I can't wait to tell Fern."

What actually did occur was one night in early spring, having read myself into a stupor, fully clothed in my bed, along with dirty ashtrays, my accounts and calculator, carbons of job applications, the phone, an alarm clock, unanswered letters, unsent Christmas cards, "The Oxford Book of Oxford," unread, "The Pauper's Cook Book," and an illustrated essay on the paintings of Edvard Munch, I fell asleep smoking a cigarette and woke at dawn to find that I had burned a hole through two carbons, a book bill from Blackwell's, and my only pair of sheets.

For some minutes I stared at the burn without moving, then I headed for the bathroom. My hands were shaking and my eyes were large and dark and frightened. My impulse was to wrap myself in a blanket, crawl back into bed, and go to sleep—deeply, deeply to sleep—when one of the children knocked at the door and asked the time. I snapped to attention, cleaned out the sink, called the others, and went downstairs. I made an unusually big breakfast and insisted that it be eaten. After I had taken the children to school, I returned home, washed the dishes, then gathered up all the loose papers I could find—the year's small collection of books and the 1669 Donne I had brought in my pocket from Vancouver. I put them in the ashcan, and carried it out to the sidewalk. I washed my hair, had a bath, and dressed in a silk shirt and a suit. I called my mother's cleaning woman and arranged for three days of her time. As I left the house again, the phone rang, and while I stood in the doorway, not answering it, I saw that the ashmen had been and gone. I got into the car and drove slowly down St. Columb's Street.

The fog was coming in through the Narrows, but the sun was still shining and the town and the harbor were brilliant with color and beautiful beyond the reaches of fantasy. My throat hurt and I could hardly see. I thought about my grandmother's grandfather leaning out over the unfinished walls of St. Columb's, watching the arrival of the White Fleet. I thought about Sister Columba in her convent and about the day I was born in the hospital at the top of the street. I thought about Hugh and Laurel and Fern and the Heritage Foundation. My heart was breaking, for I knew inescapably that I had already, once again, set out on my travels.

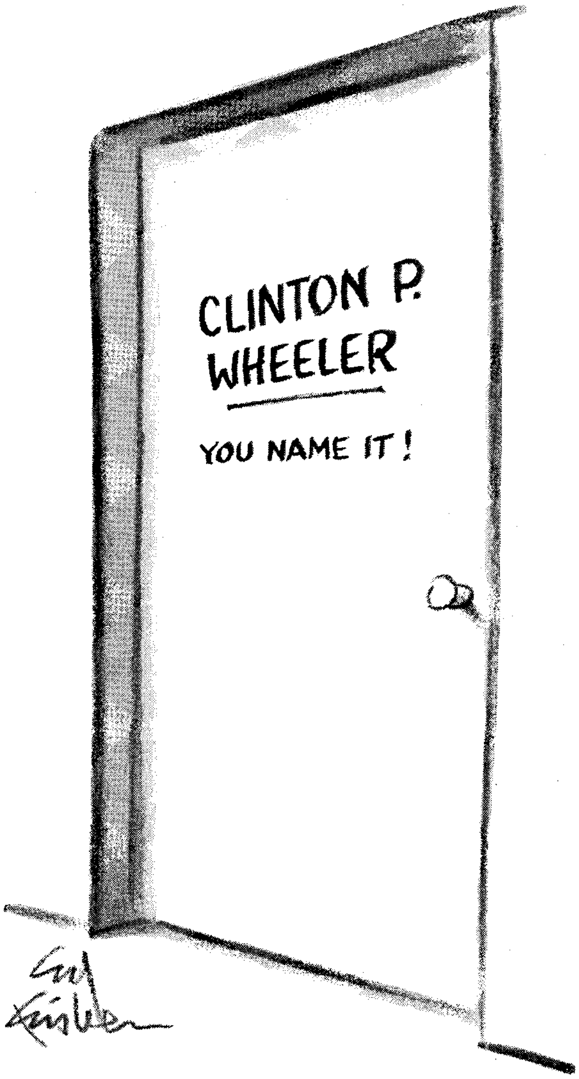
—Elizabeth McGrath



A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: KENNEDY

WHEN Edward M. Kennedy set off for a week's campaigning in Iowa in early January, he and his closest advisers understood that far more than the outcome of the state's Democratic precinct caucuses was at stake. By then, it was recognized within his campaign organization, despite what was being said publicly, that what was at risk politically was not only the result in Iowa but, perhaps, the entire enterprise of the Kennedy challenge to President Carter. On the day Kennedy left for Iowa, one of his advisers told me that, despite what was being said publicly, before long the Kennedy campaign could collapse. Among other things, it was running out of money. If Kennedy did poorly in Iowa, contributors were not likely to be lining up. Politicians whose support had been expected were holding back. Moreover, the Kennedy people knew, on the basis of their own soundings in Maine and their poll in New Hampshire, where the next contests would be held, that it was not at all certain Kennedy would do so well in those states. "We could easily lose Maine and New Hampshire—why not?" the adviser said. And at the moment Kennedy was in terrible trouble in Illinois, whose primary, the first of the large industrial states' contests, would be held on March 18th. As for Iowa, the Kennedy organization's own poll there, taken in December and being kept secret, showed Kennedy losing by almost three to one among those who said they planned to attend the Iowa precinct caucuses. The caucuses were the first of four steps in choosing the state's fifty delegates to the Democratic National Convention; the fourth step will not come until mid-June. As Kennedy began his Iowa swing, one of his advisers told me bluntly that it was possible Kennedy would lose to Carter there by two to one—a dire prediction, and one that turned out to be accurate. What the people in Kennedy's organization were saying publicly was that their goal was simply to hold Carter to less than fifty per cent of the vote. It was assumed, incorrectly, that the size of the vote for "Uncommitted" and for Governor Jerry Brown would make fifty per cent impossible. They wanted people to accept the premise they put forth: that, given international events, and given Carter's refusal to join the political debate, and given Carter's history of ties to Iowa, this was the best that Kennedy could be expected to do. They said that Kennedy would do well in the large industrial states, whose primaries would begin in the spring, and that, after all, "it will be a long year." But in fact they knew there was some question whether the campaign would make it to those industrial states.



Within the Kennedy organization, there was an assumption that the protective bubble around Carter—a bubble produced by the crises in Iran and Afghanistan—would burst, but there was concern that it would not burst in time. And, for all their complaints about the difficulty of joining issue with Carter, members of the Kennedy camp also recognized that questions about Kennedy's personal life were having far greater impact on the campaign than had been anticipated. "Chappaquiddick and the whole moral question have hurt him very badly with the American public, and maybe irreparably," one of his advisers said to me in early January. "It isn't that they don't think he would be a better leader than Carter—our polls indicate that even a lot of people voting for Carter feel that he would be. They're just bothered by these other things. They don't trust his judgment. Everybody underestimated it—inside, outside the campaign. People thought it was going to be a big problem, but they didn't see it as a determining factor. It may already be fatal."

Another problem for Kennedy was that the Kennedy campaign's polls indicated that the public did not react well to personal attacks on President Carter: that people believed that Carter was a decent man who was trying hard. The feeling within the Kennedy campaign was that some of Kennedy's direct attacks on Carter had misfired. This raised the question of what, exactly, Kennedy could say. And it was also recognized that Kennedy had yet to establish a rationale for his candidacy. The original rationale had, of course, been—as of last summer—that Carter was on the ropes, his poll ratings at an all-time low for any President, and his Administration in chaos. Now, with Carter doing very well in the polls, Kennedy had to establish a new rationale. He also had to find coherent themes for his campaign. And he had to pull himself together as a campaigner. The Kennedy campaign had a good organization in place in Iowa, but more was needed in order to motivate people to actually go to the precinct caucuses to vote for him. At the time Kennedy left for Iowa, the motivation was not believed to be there. It was up to Kennedy, through what

"Can't you forget for one second that you're a concerned scientist?"

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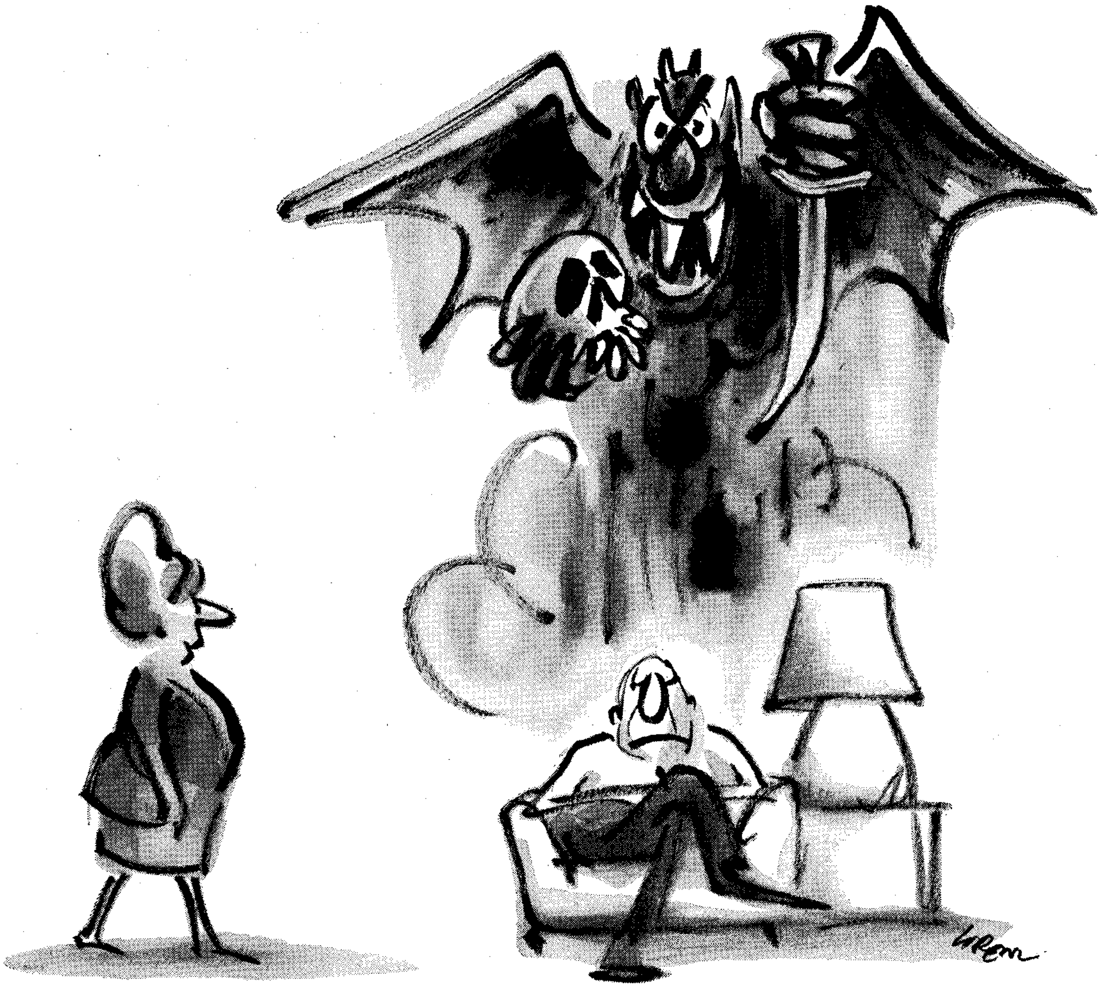
he did that week, to provide it.

But almost lost in all the talk about organization and themes and polls and who-is-going-to-win-where was the high drama of what this effort was really all about: A fight for enormous stakes, the Presidency of the United States. Not just any fight but one between two men who had everything to lose; between a man who had scrapped from out of nowhere to gain the Presidency and one about whom it had long been assumed that the position was his for the asking; between a man of modest origins and an American prince; a struggle of Shakespearean dimensions. Other men could run for the Presidency and lose and go their ways, with whatever degree of disappointment or bitterness. But Edward Kennedy, the last of the Kennedy brothers, was, in making this challenge, laying on the line a legend, and a legacy for which he felt responsible. Once he had decided to run, he had opened himself to the most painful public scrutiny and to a contest that was far more difficult than had been imagined. He and his rival had already undergone an extraordinary reversal in the political standings. His failure, if it came to that, would be of a different magnitude, historically and personally, from that of others. It was with all of this hanging over him that Kennedy set off for Iowa.

THE theory behind Kennedy's swing through Iowa, which was to last six days and was his fifth trip there since the campaign began, was that he should go not only to the largest cities, where he had already spent some time, but also to the medium-sized cities and to some of the rural areas around the larger cities. The belief was that the Kennedy campaign was well organized in the cities (it had backing from the United Auto Workers and the International Association of Machinists) and that Carter was stronger in the rural and small-town areas, which account for about half the precinct delegates, and therefore Kennedy had to try to cut into Carter's rural strength and then give one last boost to the organizations in the cities. Kennedy was scheduled to return only one more day after this week: his campaign officials wanted him (and the numerous members of his family who have been in the state) out of the way, so that they could devote their energies to organizing; the one day was to consist simply of stops at airports, where he would appear before the media. This week, Kennedy was scheduled to make twenty stops in all. On his previous trips, he spent nine days in Iowa and made twenty-three stops. In 1976, only thirty-eight thousand five hundred Democrats, or seven per cent of the eligible Democratic voters, attended the precinct caucuses. As it happened, "Uncommitted" received the most votes, but Carter came in second and claimed victory, the press went along, and Carter was on his way. Carter's discovery of the potential of the Iowa precinct caucuses—until then largely ignored by the candidates and the press—started a whole new industry. (This year, the turnout was two and a half times what it was in 1976.) Iowa may send to the Democratic Convention only fifty of the three thousand three hundred and thirty-one delegates—about a sixth as many as New York will send—but these precinct caucuses have become important because people think they are important. Moreover, when Kennedy realized that the unofficial organization backing him would lose a non-binding preliminary vote in caucus in Florida last October, he said, apparently without giving it much consideration, that Iowa—where the "Draft Kennedy" movement was strong—would be the first real test. After a while, he stopped saying that.

ON Wednesday, January 9th, the third day of Kennedy's swing through Iowa, he is touring small towns south of Des Moines. Yesterday, he travelled north of the capital. Today began in Indianola, a town of about ten thousand people, with a stop at the Crouse Café and then at a farm. In the county in which Indianola is situated, four hundred and eighty-seven people participated in the 1976 precinct caucuses, and it will elect 1.27 per cent of the state's delegates to the National Convention. Kennedy is being accompanied by his wife, Joan, and their two eldest children—Kara, who is nineteen, and Teddy, who is eighteen. As Kennedy, dressed in a gray tweed overcoat, and his wife, dressed in a bright blue-white-and-red plaid coat, toured the farm, which was covered with two inches of snow, Kennedy asked polite questions about the age of a combine, about hog prices, about how much hogs eat and where their feed comes from. He didn't seem very comfortable with this small talk, but it is essential, of course, to show an interest in farming here, and such visits also provide "visuals" for TV. After meeting in the white clapboard farmhouse for a half hour with about six farm couples, Kennedy came out and talked briefly to the press. He has opposed President Carter's move, which the President announced in a television address last Friday evening, to impose an embargo on the sale of grain to the



"A penny for your thoughts, hon."

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Soviet Union in retaliation against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. (The invasion occurred just when the Iranian crisis was beginning to drag on in a way that might have caused people to become bored with it or impatient with the President's handling of it. And, at least so far, Carter is the recipient of a kind of wartime support in the Afghanistan crisis. He has called the invasion "the most serious foreign-policy crisis since World War II.") Iowa would, of course, be especially hard hit by the embargo, and, moreover, Carter had promised in 1976 that he would not embargo grain. Kennedy needs issues against Carter, and in several respects he is in irons. Frontal attacks on foreign policy are still considered out of bounds (especially in the case of Iran, on which Kennedy got in so much trouble for making critical remarks about the Shah), as are attacks on Carter himself. The international crises and Carter's rise in the polls have diverted public attention from the question of the competence of the Carter White House. The grain embargo looked to the Kennedy people like an opening, and they jumped in. But there is some question how the issue will actually fall out across the state: some conservative political organizations and the American Farm Bureau Federation have supported the embargo, and even Lowell Gose, the president of the Iowa Farmers Union and a Kennedy supporter, has said he was "taking another look" at his decision to support Kennedy, because of Kennedy's position on the embargo. Gose said, "It's the only thing President Carter can do." The issue is subject to strange crosswinds: Iowa is heavily dependent on its agricultural economy—farm-equipment dealers, bankers, and exporters are involved as well as farmers—and the farm segment of the state has an intuitive dislike for embargoes. On the other hand, there is a sense of patriotism which tempers the farmers' anger this time (previous embargoes were imposed to hold down prices) and even a certain amount of pride that when it comes to retaliating against the Soviet Union they are the ones with the weapon. Yesterday, Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, attacked Kennedy for opposing the embargo and said that a search of Kennedy's record turned up no evidence of past opposition to embargoes. When Kennedy was asked about this by reporters outside the farmhouse, he said, "We've never had those votes in the Congress of the United States. I've stated my position on this: it's going to hurt the taxpayers and the farmers and it won't stop the transgressors. All it means is that the Soviets are going to eat a little more chicken and a little less meat."

Now, shortly before noon, Kennedy is doing a walking tour of a drugstore, a bank, a drygoods store, and a ten-cent store in Knoxville. (Three hundred and four people in this county participated in the 1976 Democratic caucuses, and it will elect .99 per cent of the state's delegates to the National Convention.) He tours the Baker Drug Store, accompanied by his wife and children and by Secret Service agents, a few reporters who form the press "pool" for the event, a television crew, and the mayor of Knoxville.

Kennedy asks the woman behind the cash register, "How's business been?"

She replies, "Very good." The woman asks him, "How do you like Knoxville?"

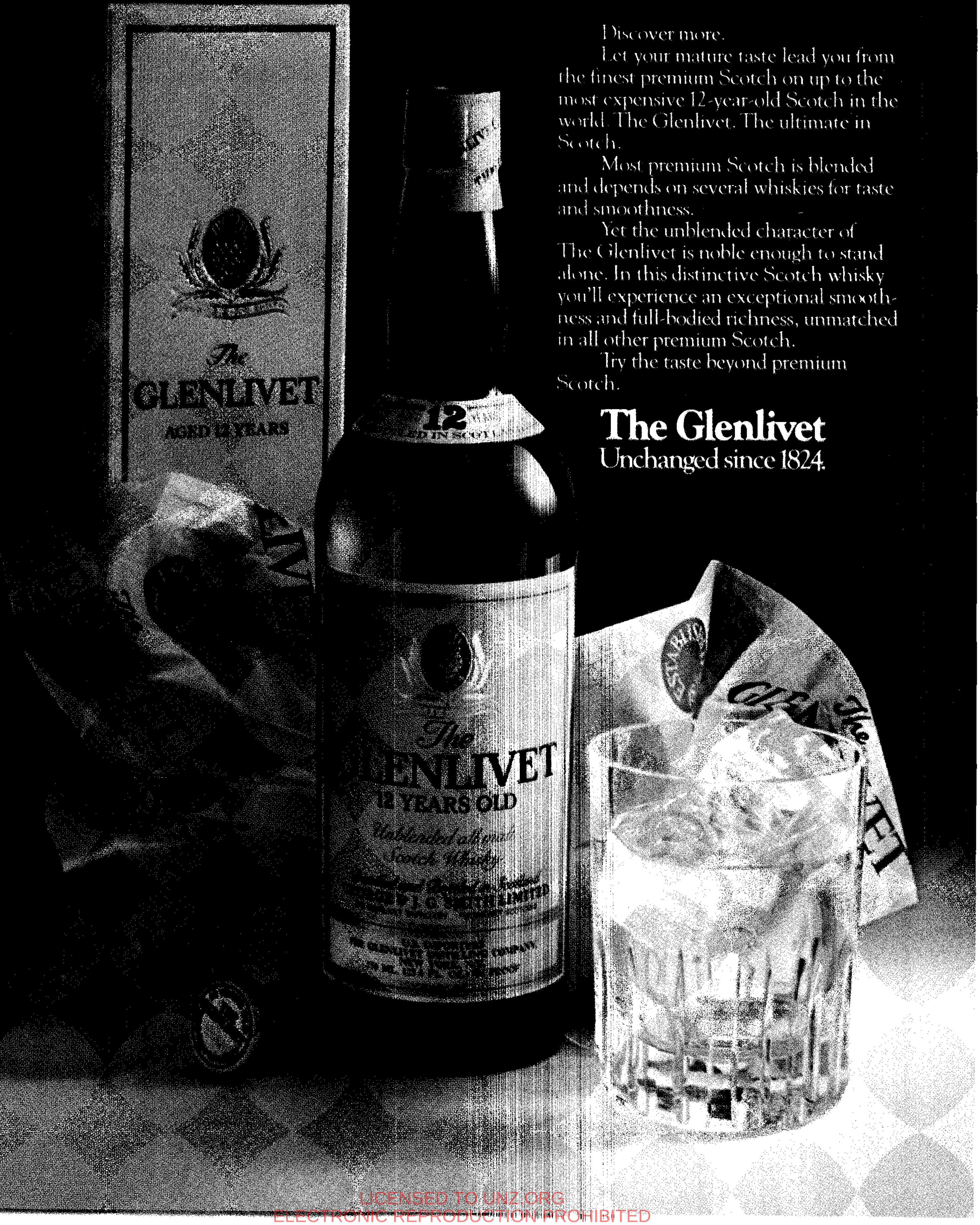
"Nice. Nice," Kennedy replies. And he adds, smiling, "Nice and cool." It is two degrees outside.

As he walks up and down the aisles, past the Max Factor cosmetics and the Russell Stover candy, Kennedy makes small talk, somewhat stiffly, with the few customers in the store, and says his familiar "How *ah* you? Good to *see* you." For all the Irish pol in him, Kennedy is not an easy conversationalist with people he does not know. Hubert Humphrey, for example, would have flooded this drugstore with talk. Every once in a while, Kennedy says to someone, "Say hello to Joan." It is not at all routine for Presidential candidates' wives to tour with their husbands, but it was felt that Joan Kennedy's presence was required, for obvious reasons.

As he continues his tour, a number of Iowans ask Kennedy how he likes the cold weather. "Love it, love it," he replies, laughing.

Then Kennedy goes to the 4 Cor-

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD PREMIUM SCOTCH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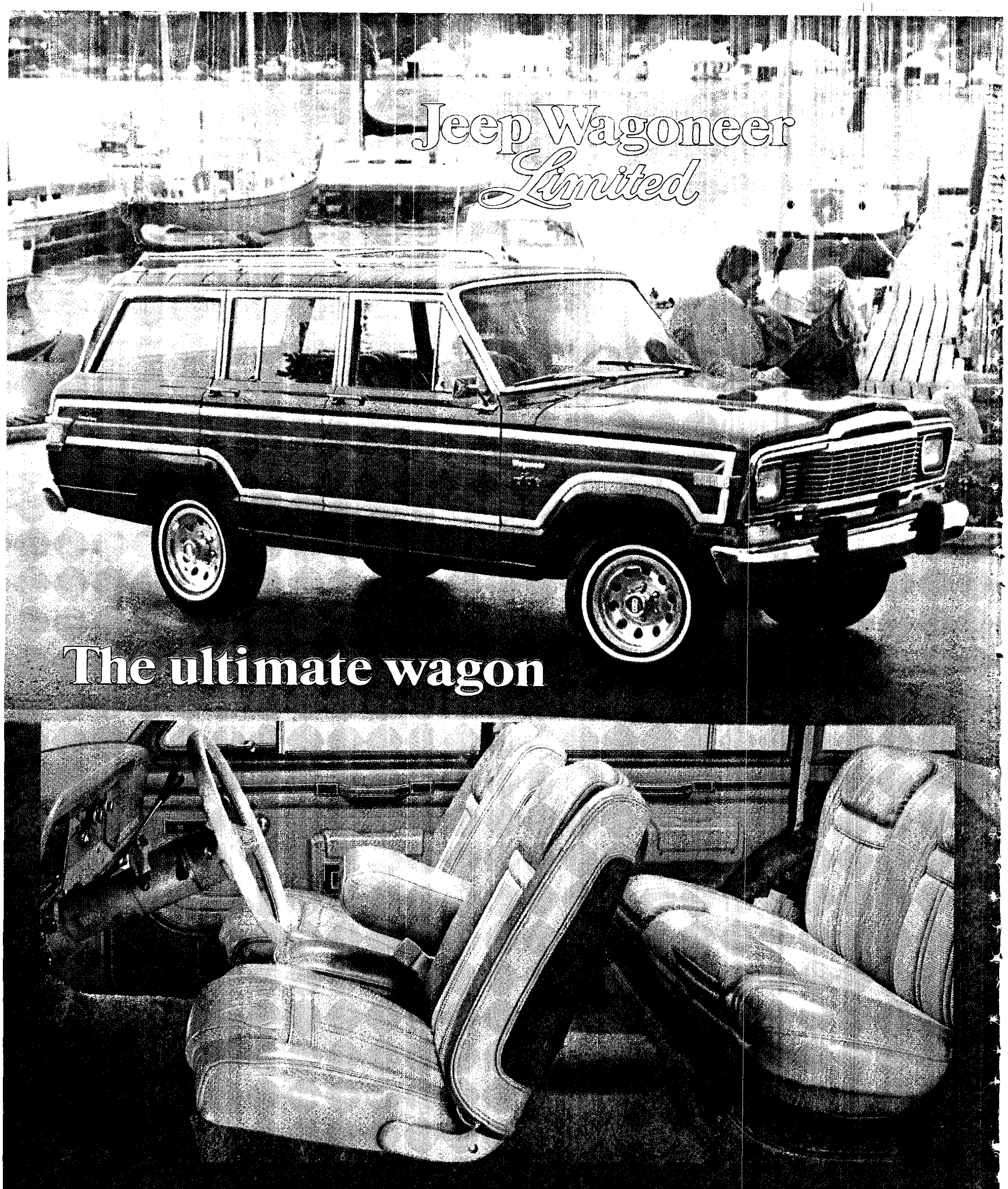

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ner Bingo Parlor for a meeting with people whom his organization has identified as actual or potential supporters, and anyone else who has happened to turn up, out of curiosity. Now Kennedy has removed his overcoat and, wearing a navy-blue suit, sits behind a table in the front of the room. This is a calculated strategy. Some of his advisers had argued that Kennedy's natural, booming stump style might be fine for a union hall but would not work before the middle-class people of Iowa, particularly rural Iowa, and that it was also, as the expression goes, "too hot" for television. So a new approach has been devised. Kennedy is to sit in a chair, rather than stand at a lectern, and is to talk for just a few minutes and then take questions. This is, in effect, the third approach of the campaign: the early stump speeches caused problems, because Kennedy seemed uncertain about his themes and sometimes stumbled when he spoke, and this was given great play in the press; then he read speeches, and came across as wooden. Most Presidential candidates take some time working out their themes and applause lines, largely out of sight of the press. Some, as Jimmy Carter did in 1975, have almost a full year before the press starts paying much attention. But Kennedy had no choice but to start out full blast and in full view. And, as experienced a politician as he was, he was not prepared for this experience. Kennedy can be one of the most effective stump speakers in politics today, but, for one reason or another, he has not yet made good use of that talent since he started running for President, and now the impression is abroad that he can't talk at all. Another reason for this new approach is that Kennedy's very celebrity—that which his competitors have most feared and envied—has its drawbacks: it is believed by Kennedy's people to cause a certain sense of remoteness among the voters here. Even the glamour seems to work against him, make people suspicious. So the idea of these meetings is to let people see him up close—to present him not as a movie star who has landed in their midst but as a nice family man who wants to meet them and talk things over with them. People tend to think of Carter as a family man, religious, a good man; of Kennedy as a man from a different world and with a questionable past. (The Carter campaign is running a thirty-second television ad that has Carter saying, "I don't think there's any way you can separate the responsibility of being a husband or a father or a basic human being from that of being a good President. . . . What I do in the White House is to maintain a good family life, which I consider crucial to being a good President.") So Kennedy has to try to back off from his glamour and campaign one-to-one, humble, just folks. But that is Carter's routine. Some within Kennedy's campaign organization do not agree with this new approach. They argue that he should be more forceful wherever he goes, because that is what he's most natural with and therefore best at.

"No, Mr. Branmiller, I don't like you. But I'm a professional, and I don't let my personal feelings interfere with my work."

• •

Now Kennedy goes into his little talk. He introduces his wife and his children, who are seated behind him. He has before him note cards listing, in a word or two, the themes he wants to touch on, but he talks virtually without reference to the notes. He looks very young (the lines in his face are not visible at a distance), although, at forty-seven, he is older than his two brothers were when they sought the Presidency, even older than John Kennedy was when he died. He speaks slowly, carefully, deliberately. "I come to your community because I believe what happens in Knoxville and other small towns and villages of Iowa is very important to the future of our country," he says. "I had looked forward, my friends, to debating the President of the United States in Des Moines, to having an exchange of ideas. I think that would have been valuable for the people of Iowa and the people of the United States." He points out that he accepted the invitation to debate Carter in Iowa when he himself was far ahead in the polls. As the time for the debate approached, the polls had switched around and Kennedy needed the debate, which undoubtedly was one of the reasons Carter cancelled out. Now Kennedy hopes to make an issue of that. "Let me just touch on some of the matters that we would have touched on in that debate," he says, and he urges his audience to watch a half-hour television ad that his campaign will be running statewide at six-thirty next Monday evening. Ordinarily, a campaign would not go to such an expense in a caucus state, but this contest is different. The Carter campaign is also running a half-hour ad.

In Kennedy's ad and in his little talks this week, he will stress the themes that were developed and honed during meetings over the Christmas holidays to prepare for the debate (and for the ad). The essential theme is

"This persona of yours. Is it ad hoc or the real McCoy?"

that under Carter events are out of control domestically and internationally; the sub-theme is that there must be a renewal of the American spirit, so that we can get on with dealing with our problems. Another theme is the rationale for Kennedy's candidacy: Iowans, in particular, are believed to be troubled by the idea of insurgency, and to wonder why Kennedy did not wait.

Now, to answer the question in an anticipatory rather than a defensive way, he says, "I think one of the questions on the minds of Iowans is why I challenged the President of our own party. I campaigned for Mr. Carter in 1976 and I worked on his legislative program in the last three years. But in the last year I became very concerned about the failure of the Administration to deal with the problems facing Americans at home." After talking about energy and the economy, he adds that he also became concerned about "the failures of foreign policy," and he continues, "I think people would have asked why is it that American hostages are held, that American Embassies are burned, that there are Cuban troops in Africa and Soviet troops in Cuba and Soviet troops in Afghanistan. I can remember when our allies and our adversaries respected the United States." On the basis of what he has said in the past, it would seem that Kennedy knows it's all a bit more complicated than that; and what he has just said could comfortably have been said by Ronald Reagan or John Connally. But now is not the time for complexities, it appears, and Kennedy is using whatever he can. He goes on to say that American foreign policy "has been lurching from crisis to crisis," and that it is "constantly reacting to events." He attacks the grain embargo as a response to the invasion of Afghanistan. "We can show the Soviets we're strong by beefing up our military presence in Southwest Asia, and stopping the sale of sophisticated technology to the Soviet Union; we can provide military assistance to countries in that part of the world"—steps that the Carter Administration is taking—"but I don't think food ought to be a weapon." He is applauded.

He moves to another theme—another way of going after Carter, which takes into account the polls' showing that people think Carter is trying hard. "Secondly, I think good intentions are not enough when dealing with the central concerns of Americans," he says, and he identifies the central concern as inflation. The idea is to try to go at Carter through issues rather than through attacks that can be construed as directed at the President personally. He points out that four years ago the inflation rate was less than five per cent and now it is thirteen per cent, and that then interest rates were six per cent and now they are fifteen per cent, and he goes on to spell out what those statistics mean in "human terms"—that high interest rates make it difficult for people to buy homes, for young families to get started, for people to send their children to college, and for the elderly to pay rising home-heating bills and to purchase prescription drugs. He says, "One mark of a society is how it treats its elderly people." He gets applause. "Now, my friends, I don't believe inflation is inevitable," he says, and as he continues he starts speaking more rapidly and his voice becomes louder, as if he were edging toward his natural style. "There are no problems—energy problems, health-care problems—that we cannot deal with. After all, this is America, and we have faced up to such problems effectively." Now he talks with more emotion: "There is no reason we cannot face up to those problems and restore respect and dignity for the United States." He gets applause, and then, realizing that he has strayed from the plan, he lowers his voice and says, "We're getting all excited here." And he cuts off his talk and asks for questions.

He is asked what his position is on defense. The Carter Administration has tried to portray him as "weak" on defense.

"We need a defense to meet our national-security interests," he says. "We need to strengthen conventional forces, but I am opposed to gold-plating." He adds, in an effort to get the argument away from one simply over numbers, "I don't think more is necessarily better; I don't think less is better. Better is better."

A woman asks him what he would do about establishing more faith in the federal government.

Kennedy replies, "This means to me more than just good slogans," and he draws an analogy with what he has said about defense. "What we need is not more government or less government but better government. Four years ago, we had a candidate who ran against Washington, against the institutions. What we need is a working partnership between the Congress and the American people and the President. I think the American people would like to see that." This is another of Kennedy's themes: that he would be better able than Carter to work with the institutions to get things done. The es-

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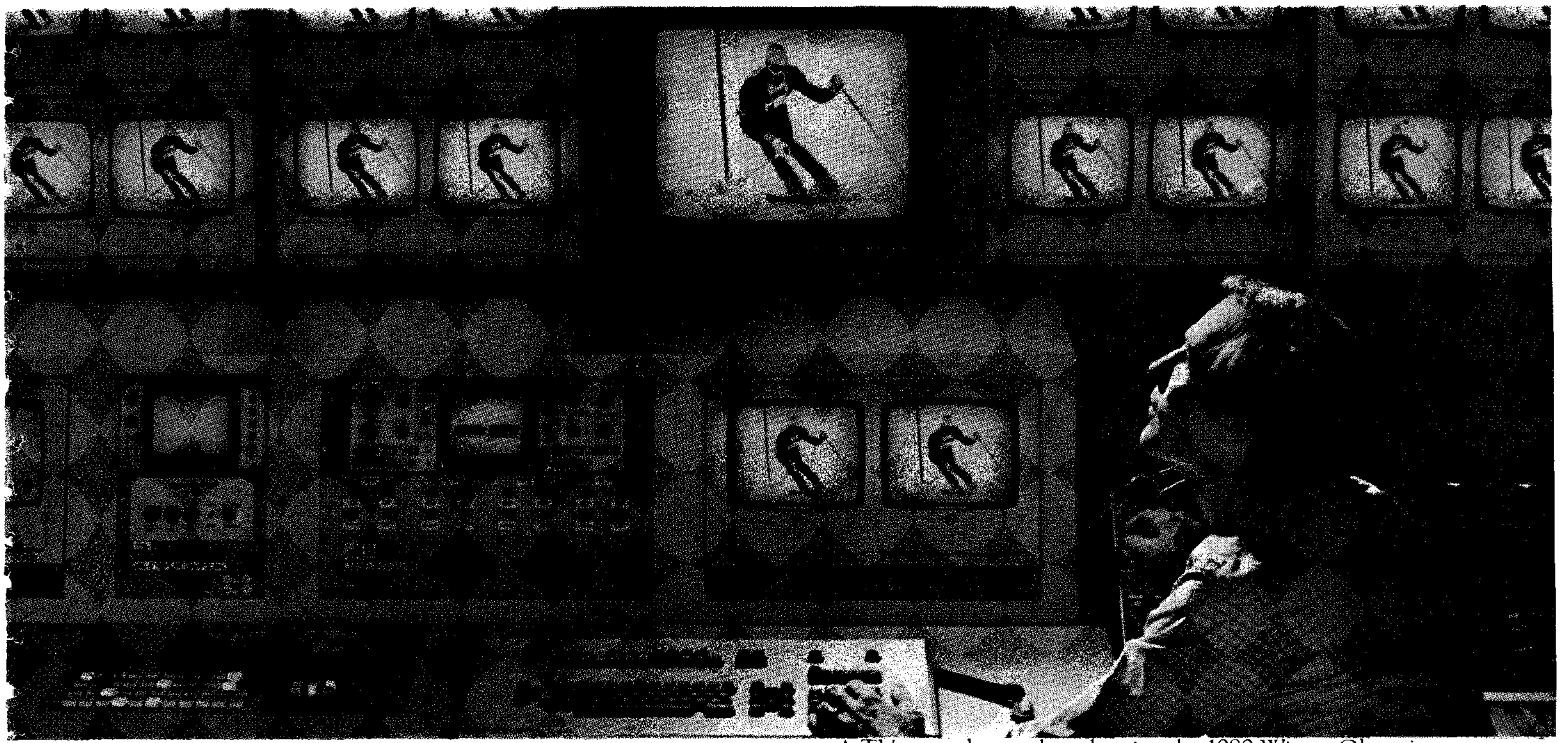

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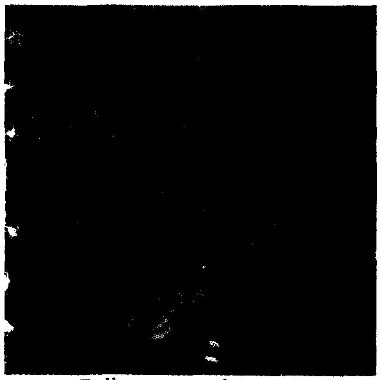

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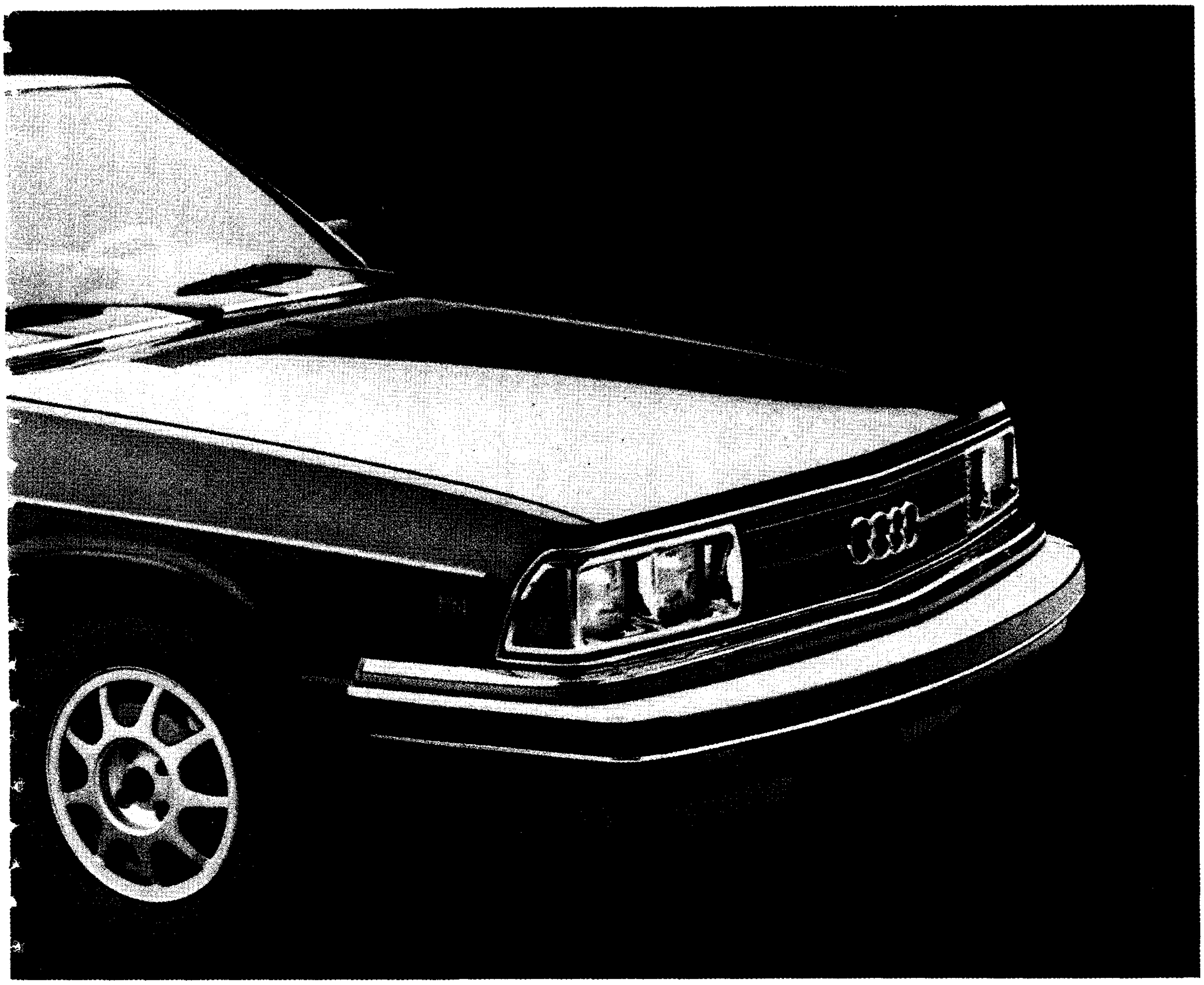

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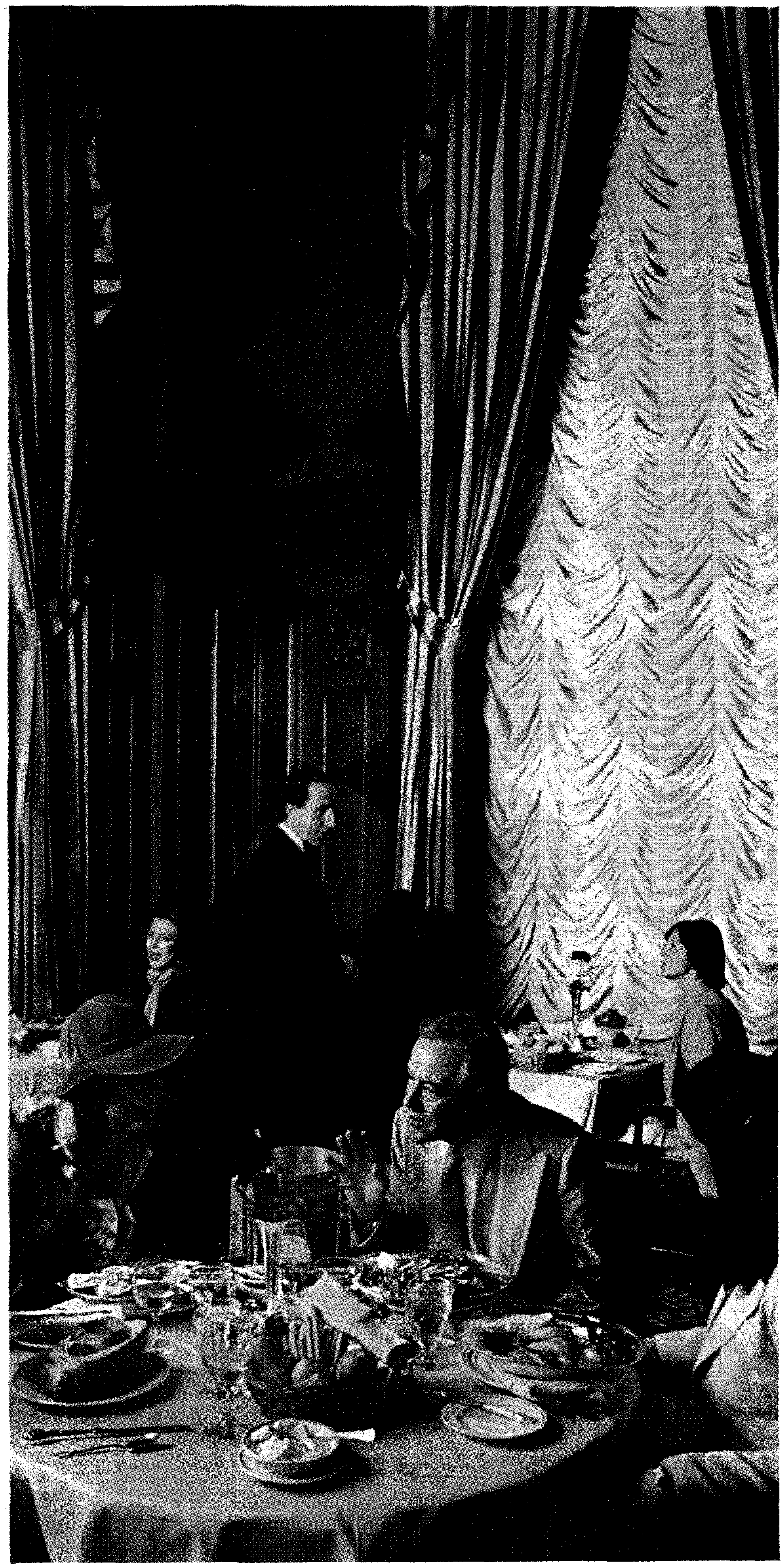

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sential challenge for Kennedy, which he approaches in a number of ways, is to get across the idea that he would be the better leader. This is the idea at the heart of his campaign—not his differences with Carter over energy policy or national health insurance. The problem is how to show that one is a better leader; essentially, that is something people have to feel intuitively. People ask what the differences are between his policies and Carter's policies, but that is not really the point. The word "leadership" has become a cliché in this Presidential campaign, but there is something to the idea: that a President should have a capacity for, and even enjoy, the gritty business of working with and fighting with the political institutions, of marshalling coalitions and taking on interest groups; and that he should be able to set the agenda and stay on a steady course and command the attention of the people. But this is a difficult thing for a candidate to spell out. Kennedy is onto something, but is also a bit trapped in the position of seeming to say that with a little more oomph we can get things done, that with him things would be, well, better.

A questioner points out that Rosalynn Carter has been a big part of the Carter Presidency, and asks what part Joan Kennedy would play.

"I'll let her speak for herself," Kennedy responds, and the audience applauds.

Mrs. Kennedy, obviously nervous, approaches the microphone and says, hesitantly, "This wasn't rehearsed." She goes on, "I have done a great deal of campaigning with my husband and for my husband—for seventeen years, as a matter of fact. All I want to do is be a very good campaigner. I would very much like to be First Lady, but that's a long way down the road." Joan Kennedy is obviously a fragile and vulnerable woman, and one cannot help wondering about the cost of this. The members of the audience applaud her heartily, as if they had been pulling for her, and Kennedy himself leads the applause. She is treated as if she were a frail creature.

After taking a couple more questions, Kennedy thanks the audience and says, "If it's agreeable with you—I see a lot of people getting hungry here—we would like to greet you. Let me again say how much I need your help at those caucuses. I hope you'll take the time, and I pledge to you, when I am elected President I'll try to be the very best President the United States has ever had." While the Kennedys shake hands with those present—about three hundred and fifty people—campaign workers hold Kentucky Fried Chicken buckets in which people are to drop cards they have been given to fill out, indicating that they will support Kennedy at the precinct caucuses or help with his campaign. These people will be called later. Getting people to a precinct caucus traditionally is no easy thing. They have to show up at a specified time—8 P.M.—sometimes after travelling long distances, and, in front of their neighbors, take a position for a candidate, rather than simply cast a ballot in the privacy of a polling booth. In the caucus balloting, people supporting different candidates stand in different parts of the room, and because of the requirement for having the votes of fifteen per cent of those present in order to win delegates to the county convention, horse-trading and recombining go on. Actually, Iowa has had one of the highest turnouts for caucus voting; the national average for caucus states in 1976 was just under four per cent.

Here in Knoxville, the crowd has applauded Kennedy, but with no great outburst of enthusiasm. It is hard to tell what that means. These are stolid, rural people, not given to emotional displays, and Kennedy was not being natural, and there is some question whether it would have worked if he had been. One can better imagine Jimmy Carter talking to them quietly, talking of their shared origins, telling them that their values are his values, and getting their quiet assent. Jimmy Carter isn't in Iowa now, of course, but he is present. He spent a great deal of time here in 1975 when he was stealing a march on his rivals, staying in homes and making his bed. Since his election, he has returned to the state several times—he rather spectacularly took his summer vacation here last year—and Iowans have been especially cultivated. In 1978, there was an Iowa Day at the White House, commemorating the second anniversary of Carter's "victory," and on many other occasions a large number of Iowans have been invited to briefings and dinners at the White House. And the President has been assiduously phoning Iowans in recent weeks. This morning's Des Moines *Register* has a story headlined "FROM THE BLUE, CARTER PHONES IOWA TRUCKER," which tells of Carter's calling Thomas Pelham, of Marshalltown, Iowa, who, it turns out, is not even a Democrat. (Pelham is quoted as saying, "We had a nice chat, I guess. No big deal, though. . . . It's kind of funny. He knew all about me. He asked me about being a truck driver and things like that.") Kennedy has been making calls, too, but not to the degree Carter has, and these handshaking sessions are as close as he can come to catching up with Carter's years of personal courtship of Iowans.

AT Kennedy's next stop, at the Y Community Center in Oskaloosa (three hundred and seventy-three people voted in the 1976 Democratic precinct caucuses in this county, which has .84 per cent of the state's delegates), Kennedy seems a bit more comfortable with his new approach, and develops some of his themes further. This time, he sits in a chair on a low platform (the idea is that he should not be on a stage, removed from the audience), with just a microphone in front of him—no table. A fairly large crowd has gathered—so large that an overflow has to listen to him from another room. He still talks slowly, in a sort of singsong. His arms are folded as he talks. He adds Nicaragua to the foreign-policy challenges that the United States has had to respond to, and asks, "Why is it that we don't have more notice about these challenges to the United States' prestige and influence? And why is it that we're not more effective in responding to those challenges? Why don't the Russians take the warnings of the United States seriously?" He mentions "the decline of the dollar overseas." He talks more about the role that senior citizens have played in fighting our country's wars and building the nation, and how they ought to be able to live in economic security. He talks about these things quietly here. He says, "You see, I don't believe that inflation is inevitable in the United States of America. I reject that view. There are some of those in government today who say, 'Well, it's a difficult problem.' Sure, it's a difficult problem; but we can deal effectively with it, and we can fashion an energy policy that is going to be fair and equitable." He criticizes the Administration's policy of decontrolling the price of oil, and he holds up a pamphlet published by the Community Services Administration (the remains of the old poverty program) which tells people how to stay warm: "It talks about if you don't have long johns or pajamas which you can wear under your clothes for warmth, then you can use cloth or newspaper." Putting on his glasses, he reads from the pamphlet about how to wrap the cloth or newspaper around one's body for warmth, and the warning "Do not use rubber bands to hold the cloth or newspapers in place because they might cut off blood circulation." He says, "I don't think it should be necessary to expect elderly people, needy people to go to those kinds of extremes in this country of ours. . . . We shouldn't expect citizens in this nation of ours to undergo this kind of indignity." He continues, "So I come here because I believe that as difficult as the problems that we face, overseas and here at home, that we can be effective in dealing with them." He says that every other industrial nation in the world is effective in dealing with its problems. He talks about restoration of respect for the United States—"the American eagle, which in the one hand holds the olive branch and in the other hand holds the arrows." Other politicians have used this symbol, but they were not the sort who shared Kennedy's politics. Kennedy rolls the domestic and foreign issues into one ball and hurls it, gently, at Carter by saying, "What I'm basically talking about is for the United States to regain a control over its own destiny. Good intentions are really not enough. What we really have to do is to establish a vision for this nation of ours, what we have to do is marshal the forces within this country and develop a working partnership between the executive and the Congress and the American people, to come to grips with the central problems of our time." He is applauded politely.

In the question period, he is asked what his energy program is. He says that he opposes the Administration's eighty-eight-billion-dollar synthetic-fuel program, because it is untested, and that he would support a more modest program and would encourage more conservation.

Asked to be specific about how he would handle inflation, he says, "The President should be involved in every single step in the fight against inflation. You cannot assign this to Cabinet officials and sub-Cabinet officials and expect the job to be done. . . . I believe a President has to be in the thick of things." He criticizes the wage-price policy that has allowed prices to go up thirteen per cent and has tried to hold wages to a seven-per-cent increase. He

"Don't ask any questions. It's one of the new foods of the nineteen-eighties."

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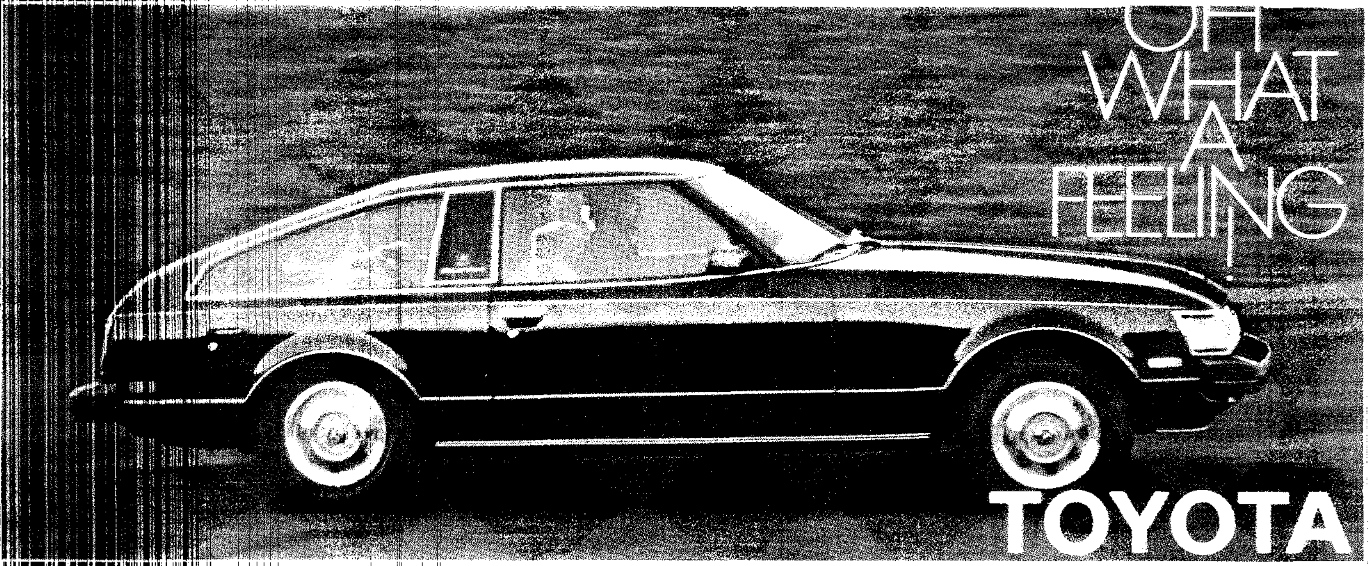
refers to "a President of the United States in the early nineteen-sixties" who rolled the prices back on steel, and to other actions to roll prices back taken by John Kennedy and by Lyndon Johnson, and he says that he "can't think of a major instance in the last three years where we have had a rolling back of the prices." Kennedy does not support mandatory wage and price controls. He says it is "incredible" that oil refiners haven't been called in to the White House and asked to roll back the price of home-heating oil. He calls for an increase in productivity and for a reduction of regulation "over economic areas of our economy" (he does not explain this, but he did work for the airline deregulation that was passed by Congress and he has worked on trucking deregulation), and he calls for a program to develop foreign trade. He talks about the inflationary impact of the decontrol of oil and gas. He tells, as he often does, of how the oil companies said they needed decontrol—"that means taking all the controls off the oil and letting the sheikhs in the Middle East set the price for oil overseas and, effectively, natural gas overseas"—as an incentive to find more oil and gas, and says, "And what does Mobil Oil do with the profits they received from decontrol? They go out and buy Montgomery Ward department store." And he adds—he clearly knows that it is an effective line, because he has used it earlier in the campaign—"Now, how much oil do you think they're going to find drilling in the aisles of Montgomery Ward department store?" (Actually, Mobil bought Montgomery Ward in 1976, before oil was decontrolled.) He calls for a more rigorous anti-trust policy. And he calls for moving toward a balanced budget—he is trying to overcome his image as a "spender"—and adds, his voice trailing off, "We're doing that by statute in the Congress of the United States. We should be balanced by 1981 under a budget resolution which I have supported." He does not explain how a balanced budget is to be achieved.

In the area of foreign policy, Kennedy says, "we need a spokesperson, which ought to be the President of the United States, who speaks with a single voice, not a Secretary of State who speaks with one voice and a national-security adviser who speaks with another voice." He calls for "an intelligence capability to anticipate problems as they arise in different parts of the world rather than lurching from crisis to crisis," and adds, "And once you get the information you have to be able to interpret it correctly."

The way Kennedy talks about foreign policy fits a number of ideologies. It is his way of dealing with his problem of talking about foreign policy at all right now. One of his advisers says, "I think the public is getting tired of surprises, and senses the Administration is either naïve or knows better." But because of the constraints on attacking Carter, Kennedy does not take advantage of the opening that Carter provided when he told a television interviewer on New Year's Eve that the Soviet move into Afghanistan "has made a more dramatic change in my opinion of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done in the previous time that I've been in office." When Kennedy met with staff members at his home last Sunday night, he mused aloud that he was running for the Senate at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, that he was in the Senate when the Soviets tried to blockade Berlin and when they invaded Czechoslovakia—that he understands what the Soviets are about. Some staff members expected him to talk to this effect in the campaign this week, but, given the restraint he has decided is politic, he has not done so. He is also still weighing the question of how strongly he should attack the grain embargo. And because of the constraints, and because of the furor over his remarks criticizing the Shah of Iran, Kennedy does not take up the question of how the mess in Iran came about. His own record and the remarks of his associates indicate that he is critical of our past support for the Shah, and of the Shah's being let into the United States for treatment—at least, without precautions being taken to protect the Embassy in Teheran. Instead, he tosses the seizing of the hostages into his list of things he says came about simply because of the decline in respect for the United States. Of course, there are many who subscribe to this theory and other (Republican) politicians who suggest it, but Kennedy's record indicates that his thinking runs along quite different lines—or, at least, that it used to. The adviser continues, "There are a lot of things about which you can find fault, but at the moment I think people are genuinely concerned about the hostages, and now the Administration is calling Afghanistan the greatest crisis since World War II. So, although they're worried, they historically look to a President in this kind of situation, and if, the first thing out of the box, a political candidate starts to tear into him, it's a very difficult business. I don't think for a moment it's altered the rationale for his candidacy. If anything, it's underlined the founda-



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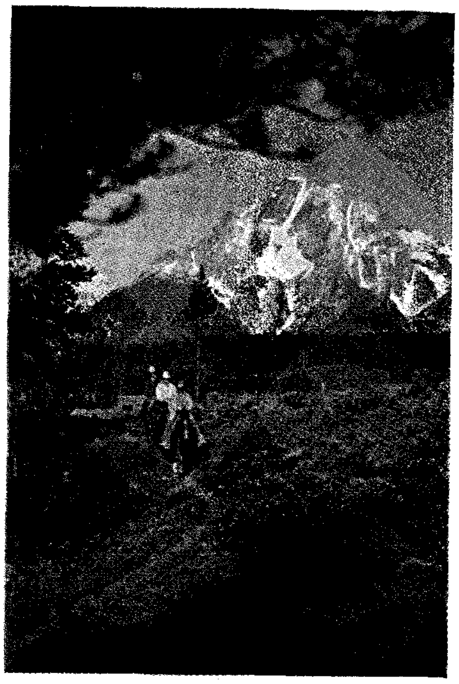

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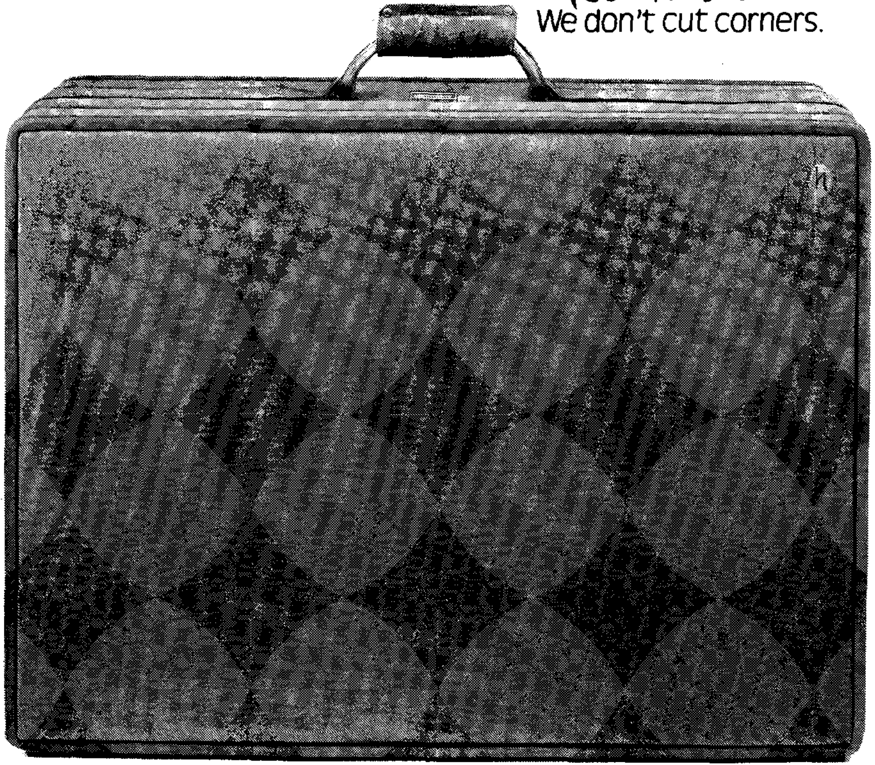

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tion. But the question is, what can you do for the moment? If the surprises continue, then the obligation might fall the other way—to talk about these things more directly. It's a tough call in a campaign. You look like you're carping or criticizing. That's the toughest thing right now."

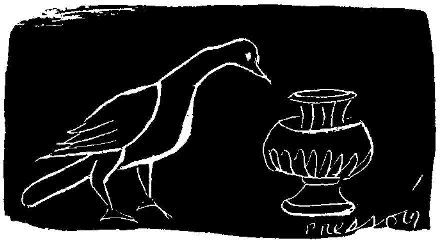
AFTER three events in Oskaloosa, Kennedy goes on to Ottumwa, where he addresses a crowd of about seven hundred and fifty gathered at the Ottumwa High School. (Joan Kennedy has left to return to Boston.) Four years ago, only five hundred and twenty-seven people attended the county's Democratic precinct caucuses, and the county elects 1.67 per cent of the state's Convention delegates. Once again, there is no way of knowing whether people are here because they support Kennedy or because they simply want to see him. This crowd, which contains labor people—there is a John Deere plant here, organized by the U.A.W.—as well as farmers, shows more enthusiasm for him than the others today have shown, and Kennedy responds. What he says is not very different from what he has been saying all day, but it sounds different. There is a symbiotic and somewhat mysterious relationship between speaker and audience: as the audience responds to the speaker, the speaker becomes more confident and his delivery improves, and the audience responds; when the audience does not respond, it is difficult for the speaker to work up any enthusiasm, or even deliver a speech very well. Now, standing before this audience, Kennedy speaks more forcefully than he has all day, and he adds some new touches, but one still senses that he is holding something in. He says, alluding to Carter's famous speech of last July, "I refuse to accept that there's a malaise in the spirit of the American people. I have not found it to be so." He says that next week "the eyes of America will be on Iowa." He says that he has travelled five thousand miles in Iowa during the last nine weeks. He says, "I think that this is going to be a judgment not only on the past but really on the future of our nation. I'm not satisfied with the status quo. I do not believe that we should accept the status quo in foreign policy or domestic policy for the period of the next four years. And I do not believe that the American people want the acceptance of the status quo." He talks about what they want of a President, and he concludes, "And I believe very sincerely that we in this country that have the natural resources in abundance, have the greatest political system that has ever been described by mankind and womankind, that we who have the genius to unlock the atom and to put man's footprints on the moon"—now his voice is rising as it has not all day—"that none of the problems that we are facing here today in the United States can defy our application and our commitment and our energy and our efforts. And that is why I am a candidate." He receives enthusiastic applause. He refers to the fact that Ottumwa is an "All-America City"—a title bestowed by the National Municipal League—and, appealing to the city's pride, he says, "I would like to work with the citizens of this community that have made this city the All-America City and to take that spirit and that enthusiasm and that concern and that commitment for your fellow-citizens and for your fellow-human beings all across America"—now his voice is fuller still—"and make our country once again the All-American country we know it can be."

Kennedy has come closer to his natural style now, and several of the reporters who have travelled with him for some time say that this is the best speech he has given so far. But does it make any difference now? It is as if he were finding himself again. He isn't actually saying very much, but he is hitting on themes, touching nerves—in some instances not very responsibly, in others in a way meant to inspire. Like his brothers, he is appealing to the national spirit. In an odd way, Kennedy here and Carter in his "malaise" speech were getting at the same point—that the nation's morale must be lifted if we are to get on with things; and there is something to it, but Carter mishandled his material. When Kennedy finishes his speech, he offers to shake hands with everyone in the audience, and for the next hour and fifteen minutes he does so. After this, he will fly to Wisconsin to attend a fund-raiser this evening in the little resort town of Delavan for Les Aspin, a member of the House of Representatives who has supported Kennedy's candidacy. What he is doing is incredibly gruelling, but, having started at all, he has no choice.

These days, Kennedy doesn't generate the excitement that John Kennedy did or the electricity that Robert Kennedy did, and now he's being advised not to try to stir the excitement that he in his own way can, and he is following that advice. The reputedly most natural and experienced politician of the Kennedy brothers is being programmed and reprogrammed. When he's at his best, he goes with his instincts, speaks from his gut, and can also be very funny. Now he seems battened down and unnatural. Kennedy enjoys politics and loves a good political fight, and now he is going around essentially with his hands tied behind him—in part by circumstance and in part by choice. From time to time, he expresses his frustration to his aides. ("Geez, when can we go out there and have some fun?") Occasionally, briefly, the naturalness comes through—a quick bit of banter with an audience. But the feeling that one gets is of a man on the defensive, tentative, explaining himself. He is asking his audience for help because he really needs it. There is no way of knowing now whether what he is doing will work; in any event, this is not, as yet, a joyous quest.

ON Thursday, January 10th, Kennedy is in Springfield, Illinois. Each time he goes to Iowa, the campaign tries to make a stop in Illinois, because some of the media there reach Iowa and also because Kennedy has big problems in Illinois. The support of Mayor Jane Byrne, of Chicago, which both Kennedy and Carter sought and Kennedy won, has turned out to be costly. Along with the Mayor's support came the considerable number of political enemies she has acquired. As Chicago's problems have grown, so have the Mayor's—and Kennedy's; and her demands for power within the Kennedy campaign have made for awkwardnesses. Meanwhile, the Carter organization in Illinois, headed by lieutenants of Vice-President Mondale, has been merrily lining up support.

Kennedy, in his answers to questions at the fund-raiser last night, spoke with more feeling than before on this trip about why he is for national health insurance, and in defense of his liberal record. Asked why all he wanted to do was "spend, spend, spend," Kennedy showed some annoyance at the question—his campaign assumes that certain questions are planted by the Carter organization—and then he said, "I'm proud of a record in the United States Senate of seventeen years of being a voice for the voiceless and a source of strength for the weak in our society. I'm proud of a record of working with the handicapped and the disadvantaged in our society. And I am proud of the record in the Congress of the United States of trying to help those who have been shunted aside in our society. I run for the Presidency with that record, and I'm proud of it." He went on to deal in a vague way with the argument that new approaches are needed, saying, "Now, having said that, I do believe that as we come to grips with the problems of the nineteen-eighties we need new solutions to the problems that we're facing. And we need solutions to the problems, to these issues and questions, that are going to take the best minds and the most concerned individuals in our society. And I'm open-minded about the ways that we should proceed and the way that we can proceed in order to meet the challenges of our time." His answer sounded like one that might have been prepared for the Iowa debate, and today a staff member told me that it was. This staff member said that the campaign strategy at the moment was to stay away from programmatic details—he said the field organizers had urged this—and to avoid coming across as defensive about his record; to the extent possible, Kennedy is trying to speak in general terms of what he would be for.



Today, in Springfield, he has held one press conference, met with some labor leaders, and addressed a U.A.W.-sponsored meeting of senior citizens and a large meeting of supporters and others who have expressed interest in his campaign, including about two dozen state legislators. In both of his addresses this morning, he seemed to grow more assured and more comfortable. His theme line became more precise: "The issue that is really before us as a people is whether we are going to continue a policy of drift here at home and a policy of lurching from crisis to crisis overseas." Like entertainers, politicians and others who speak publicly with some frequency try out lines to see how they go over, polish them, work on the timing. When they see that a line works well, they incorporate it in their repertoire.

When Kennedy spoke before the political group, he jokingly commended the legislators for their courage in showing up, and cracked that Neil Goldschmidt, the Secretary of Transportation, was outside taking down their license numbers. (After Mayor Byrne endorsed Kennedy, Goldschmidt said that he would look for opportuni-

"For this I gave up a lifetime of wine, women, and song?"

• •

ties to deny discretionary federal funds to Chicago.)

At this morning's press conference, Kennedy failed, as he has all along, to explain how, except for the grain embargo, his handling of the crisis in Afghanistan would have been any different from Carter's. In fact, he has specifically agreed with Carter's other moves—cutting off the sale of sophisticated technology to the Soviet Union and strengthening our military presence in the area and our ties with China. He turned the question, as politicians do when they can, into an opportunity to make his own statement—in this instance, about "lurching from crisis to crisis" and "deterioration of respect for the United States." He said, "American foreign policy has been one of reacting too little and too late."

He was asked about a poll taken by WBBM-TV in Chicago and released early this year which showed Carter defeating Kennedy among Illinois Democrats by sixty-nine per cent to eighteen per cent, and among Cook County Democrats by seventy-three per cent to fifteen per cent.

Kennedy replied, "I'm encouraged by the way the campaign is going in Illinois, and I think we'll do better."

Asked if he found the poll believable, he said, "I don't question that . . ." His answer trailed off.

Now, in the early afternoon, he is holding another "press opportunity." (The earlier one was added on to give local reporters time to make deadlines.)

He is asked what he thinks of the idea, which Carter broached in his Friday-night television appearance, that the United States might not participate in the Olympics in Moscow next summer, as planned.

He replies, "I think the best way of participating in the Olympics is to go to Moscow and whip their—" He stops and smiles. (Last June, Carter said to a group of congressmen that if Kennedy ran he would "whip his ass," and the Carter White House made sure that the world knew he had said it. At the time, the world generally assumed that this was a case of bravado.)

Kennedy is asked about his previous statements that Iowa would be the first real test, and whether, if he loses, his campaign is in jeopardy.

He replies, "I say that Iowa is clearly important. I think that the President has to gain at least fifty per cent of the vote in that state or it would be a clear reflection that at least half of the Democrats would support an uncommitted slate . . . or are supporting Governor Brown or supporting my own candidacy." He has been telling reporters recently that Iowa is not a real test, and that there probably cannot be one until the hostages are released and the subjects of energy and the economy can be debated—unless the hostage situation goes on too long. Kennedy and his associates are painfully aware that people around the country are reading the polls and withholding their contributions and endorsements and hedging their bets. The hope is that if Carter wins, his margin will not be so great and the Kennedy people will be able to say that, given international events and so on, Kennedy did not do so badly. Among those whose endorsements had been expected, and are still being awaited, are Governor Hugh Carey, of New York; Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington; and Senator Harrison Williams, of New Jersey. Some people encouraged Kennedy to run and then said that they would have to wait and see or, recently, said that this is no time for them to split with the President. One of Kennedy's associates says, "He has to wonder, 'Where are my troops?' It's not just the endorsements—what's even more important is someone's word. That's what's discouraging."

Kennedy dodges a question about whether he agrees with Brown's charge that Carter is exploiting the hostage situation, responding that he thinks a debate would illuminate the important issues.

He is asked about Afghanistan, and this time he says, "I do think that it is appropriate to consider how we get into a particular crisis, and not only consider what we are going to do when we are faced with a crisis. And I think that part of the facing up to the crisis in Afghanistan is to consider the failures of American policy today. I think that if you have a disjointed American foreign policy, a foreign policy that doesn't connect the foreign-policy statements of the President with the national-security or intelligence capabilities, or even at home an effective economic policy, you're going to continue to see the types of crises that we're seeing in different parts of the world."

He is asked about remarks made by Vice-President Mondale in Iowa today which, the reporter says, suggest that Kennedy and others who are not supporting the grain embargo are not patriotic.

Kennedy seems surprised by this. "I would certainly reject that suggestion," he says, and he adds that he has never supported the use of food as a weapon. He says that there are other ways for the United States to show its resolution.

Kennedy is standing on a platform in the front of a room at the Springfield Hilton, where he has just addressed his political supporters. He has answered the reporters' questions with an air of certainty, even sternness. Now some of the shadows over his

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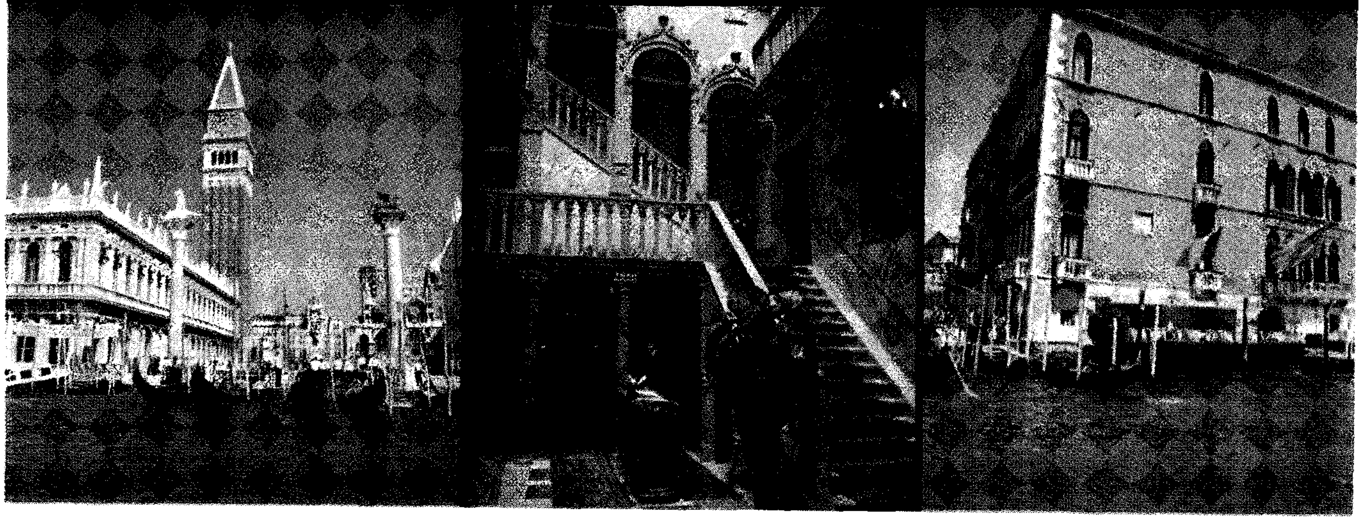

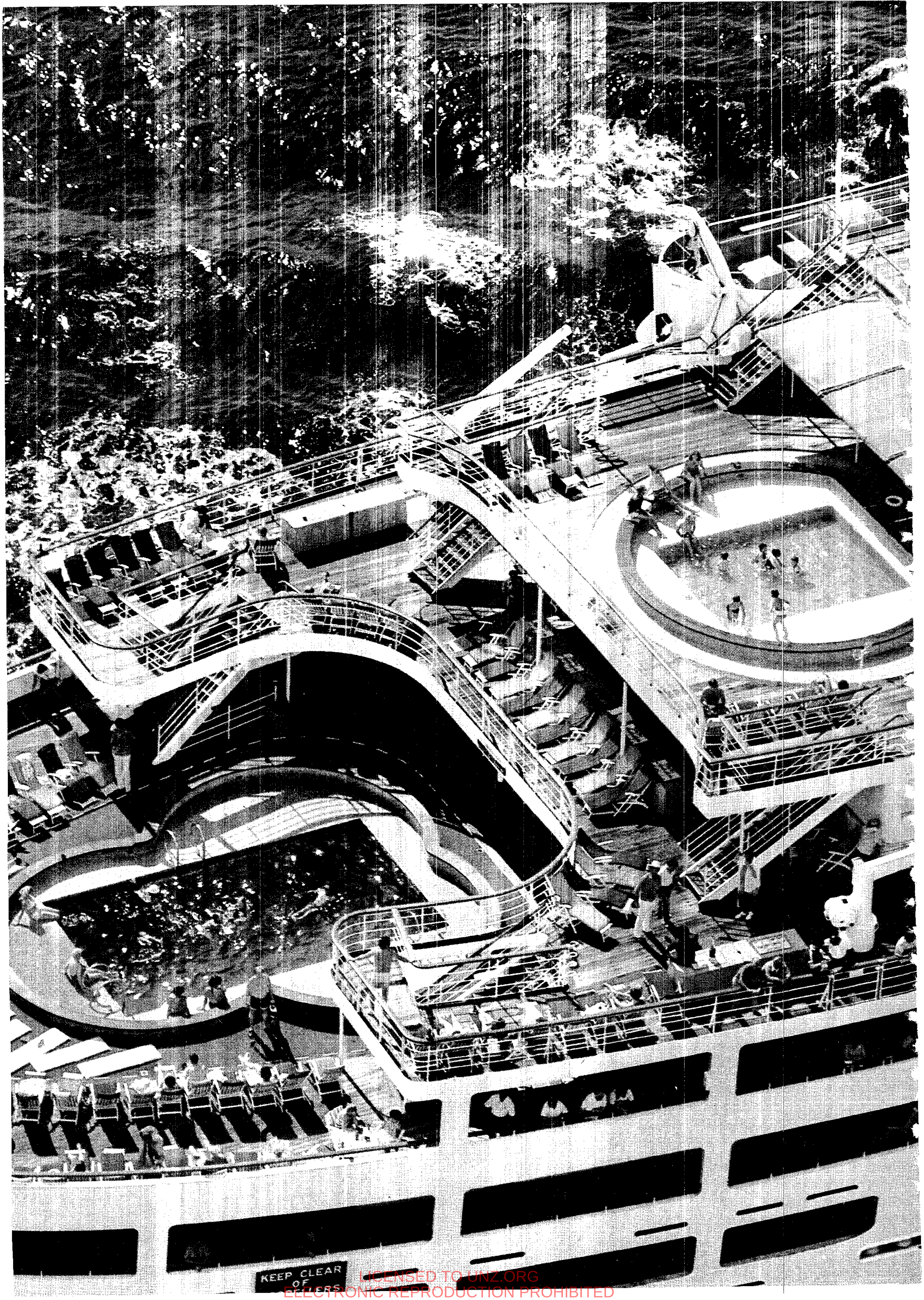
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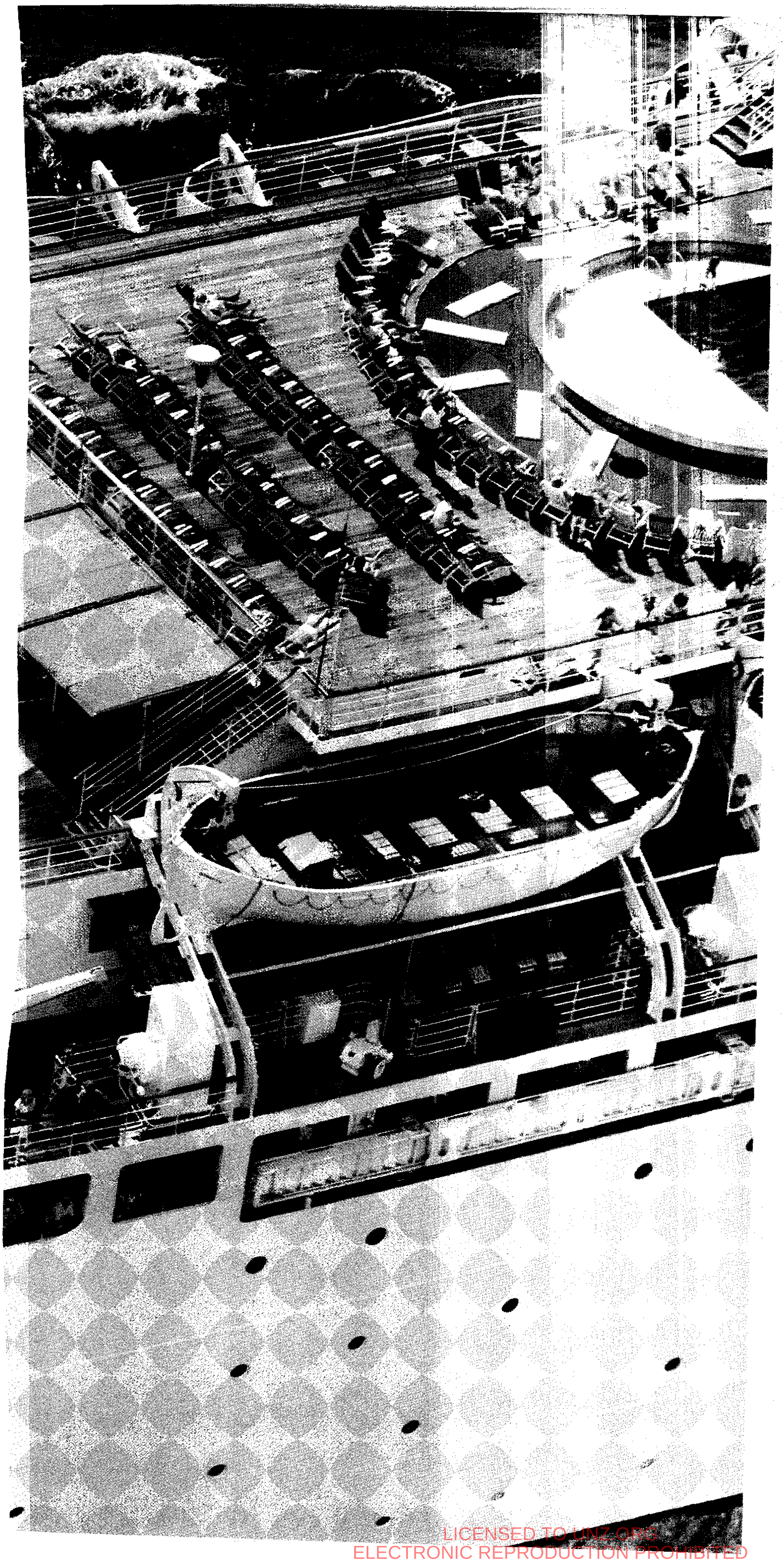

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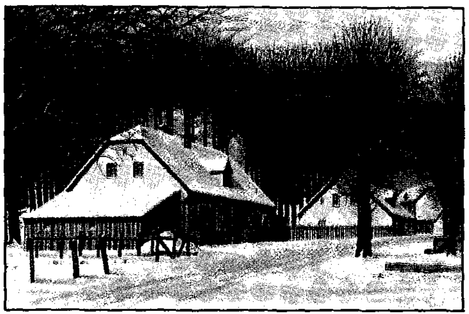
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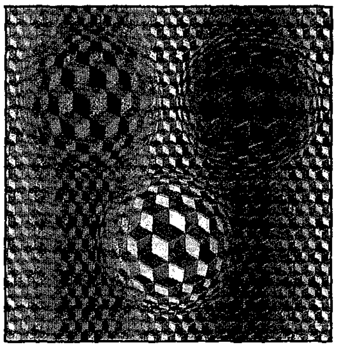
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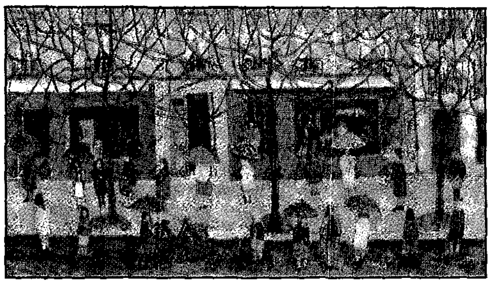
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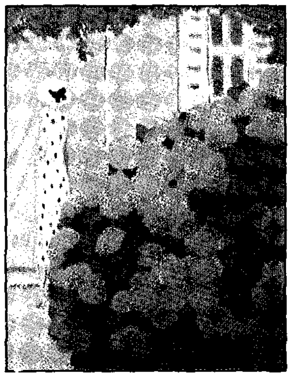
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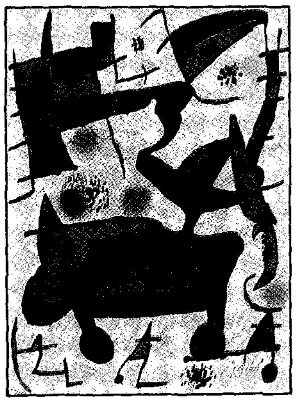
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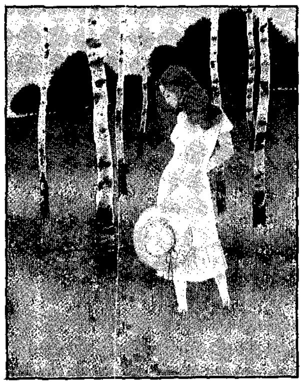
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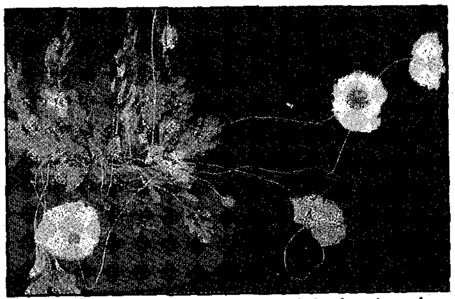
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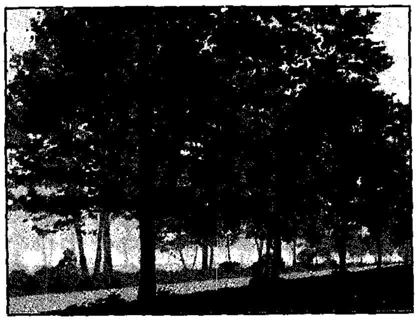

Wilbur Streech's *The Path*, original serigraph. Signed limited edition of 250.

campaign materialize into questions.

A reporter says, "Millions of Americans cringed when they found out that Ted Kennedy was going to run for President. . . . I say that sincerely, because of what happened to your two brothers. I'm wondering, How do you live with that every day? People just don't understand how you can take it."

As the question is asked, Kennedy's jaw tightens and he stares off into space, and then he replies, hesitantly, "Well, I'm mindful of the dangers of remaining in public life. I've been extremely fortunate in having the cooperation and the support of the Secret Service, which I and my family are very grateful for, and they're an outstanding group of men and women." And he goes on, "And so, uh, we're getting our message across and hope to be able to do that in the course of the campaign," and so on.

The same reporter says, "A recent poll, Senator, said that fifty-five per cent of the American people think that you handled Chappaquiddick improperly," and he asks Kennedy how he would respond.

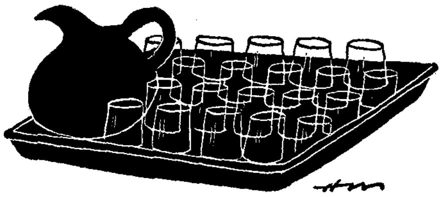
Once again, Kennedy's jaw has gone tight, and he replies, "I would hope that the issues which affect people's lives will be the issues which will be the most decisive in the course of the campaign. I believe that will be the case."

Don Rothberg, of the Associated Press, ends the press conference, and Kennedy says to the press, quickly, "Thank you very much," and hurries off the platform.

ON the campaign plane, on the way from Springfield to Omaha, Nebraska, just across the Missouri River from Council Bluffs, Iowa, Kennedy relaxes in a front compartment over a lunch of cold cuts while his aides work on a statement in reply to Mondale. The plane, a leased 727, is equipped with phones and office machinery and is of the sort usually used only by Presidential nominees. Although members of the press are charged two hundred and twenty-five per cent of first-class fare (this also covers ground transportation and such amenities as coffee in the pressrooms), Kennedy aides say that the plane is very costly to the campaign and is part of what is draining the treasury. (After the Iowa caucus, the campaign switched to commercial and charter flights.) The Kennedy campaign started out big, perhaps top-heavy—a large staff of experienced and expensive people, a large plane, and a large group to handle logistics. During these flights, Kennedy ordinarily confers with aides, makes phone calls, or prepares for his next stop, but from time to time he needs to simply relax. Given everything he has been through and is going through, he is remarkably resilient. He also appears to have more sheer physical stamina than most candidates. Today, Kennedy has a glass of wine before lunch and a cigar afterward (he finds that the cigar is dried out, and makes a rueful remark about that being just one more thing one has to put up with in a campaign), and these, plus some casual conversation, help him to unwind a bit, to put a little normality into his schedule.

It is clear that Kennedy knows he's in trouble in Iowa, and he seems a bit surprised that the Administration has sent so many people after him there. Rosalynn Carter, Vice-President and Mrs. Mondale, Secretary of Agriculture Robert Bergland, and even Muriel Humphrey are campaigning there against him this week. Obviously, the Administration would like to beat him as badly as possible, and perhaps even knock him out of the race soon. Despite all the apparatus and all the aides and all the advisers—of which there may be too many—the fate of the campaign lies with him. A misstep, an ill-considered statement could end the whole thing, and only he can put himself over. No matter how surrounded a candidate is, he is essentially on his own. And sometimes the more surrounded he is the greater the possibilities for confusion are, and the greater the strain, and the less the opportunity for peace.

While Kennedy is having lunch, a phone on the wall next to him rings—loudly—and an aide takes the message. Another aide is calling from Washington to say that it is urgent that Kennedy phone a certain senator who is concerned about a certain provision of the criminal-code-reform bill that Kennedy is sponsoring. Kennedy says that he will make the call from the ground. Now he wants to go over with his aides his response to Mondale. Of all things, the question of "patriotism" has entered the campaign. Mondale is a decent man, and not the sort to throw such charges around lightly, and there is some question as to what he actually meant to say. But he is an experienced politician, well schooled in implications. After Mondale said that those who opposed the embargo were pursuing "the politics of the moment," and that supporting the embargo was "the patriotic thing to do," reporters pressed him about whether he was saying that Kennedy was unpatriotic, and Mondale, instead of simply putting an end to the matter, said, "I've said what I've said." Actually, Kennedy and Mondale, while they have never been close—their temperaments are different—get on amiably and were frequently allied in the Senate. Had the political fates arranged themselves otherwise, the two men could be allies today. There are really no great differences between them on the issues, but, as it happens, because Mondale and Kennedy represent the same constituency within the Democratic Party, Mondale is used by the Carter Administration to take Kennedy on within that constituency. A "press opportunity" is on the schedule when the plane sets down in Omaha (whose media reach into Iowa) and now Kennedy is preparing an answer to the inevitable question about Mondale's remarks.



AT the airport, Kennedy opens with remarks about how happy he is to be in Omaha, and then comes the inevitable question. Kennedy replies firmly, carefully, without reference to notes, "I would reject any suggestion about questioning my patriotism. I have too high a regard for Vice-President Mondale to question his decency or his loyalty or his patriotism, and nothing that happens during the course of this campaign will alter the high regard that I have for the Vice-President." He is apparently trying to show that he is not interested in personal brawls, is above such things. He continues, "But, as one who took strong dissent to the war in Vietnam and was joined by the Vice-President in that dissent, I am used to the suggestion that unless we conform with Administration policy one might be suggested—one might make the point that someone is somehow unpatriotic." (Actually, Kennedy did not publicly oppose the war until February, 1968—two years later than his brother Robert did—and Mondale did not oppose it until September, 1968.) Kennedy continues, "I don't think the farmers of Iowa or Nebraska who believe as I do that the grain embargo will harm the farmers and the taxpayers and the people of this country more than it will harm the Soviet Union, the transgressors in Afghanistan, are unpatriotic. There are many farmers, many public officials in Iowa who share my view. There are many mem-

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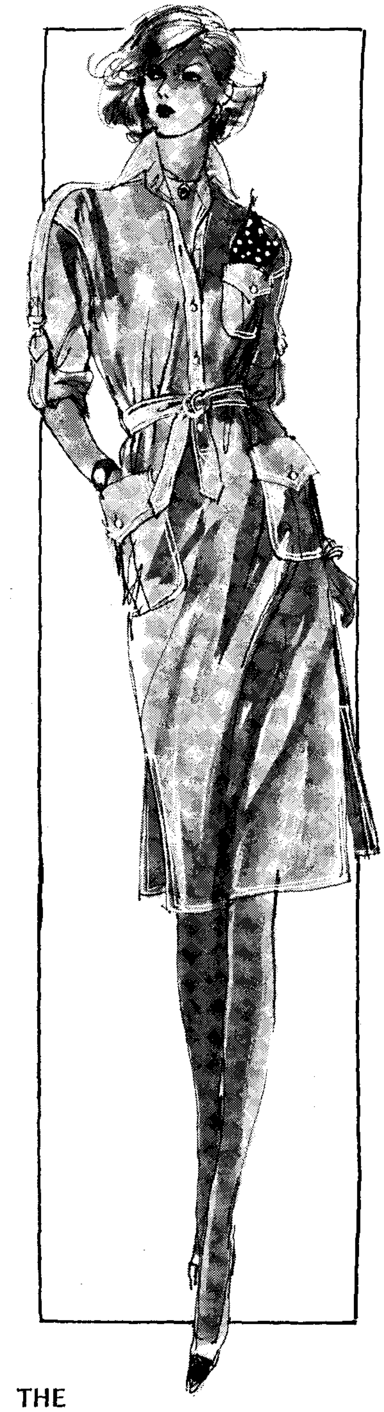

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bers of the Congress and Senate who share my view, and I think those people are loyal Americans but Americans who take serious exception to this aspect of Administration policy. And I don't think that I or the members of my family need a lecture by Mr. Mondale or anyone else about patriotism." It is a skillful statement, touching a number of bases, and delivered coolly and with dignity—without forced indignation or outrage.

The "patriotism" story made tonight's news. The television correspondents who follow Kennedy say they have trouble getting on the air unless there is a story about some contretemps involving Kennedy and the White House. So, across the country, not many people know what Kennedy is saying. Yet there are two campaigns going on simultaneously—one for precinct delegates in Iowa and one for national opinion. People seem to be more aware that he said "fam farmily" last fall, and that he can stumble around when he speaks—which he has essentially stopped doing in his public appearances—than of anything else about the campaign he is conducting. And there is a time lag: two of the networks ran stories about his verbal stumbling after it had greatly diminished. ABC talked about it in its story on Kennedy tonight. (ABC also ran Mondale's charge but not Kennedy's response.) He still uses a number of "uh"s in answers to questions and on occasion when he is getting warmed up in a speech—this is a habit—and sometimes his syntax gets confused. But Kennedy, who can be both inarticulate and articulate, is still being portrayed as essentially inarticulate on the trail, when that is no longer the case.

IN the gym of the Lewis Central Middle School in Council Bluffs, in the early evening, a band is playing before Kennedy enters—band music usually raises the spirits of a political crowd—and the crowd gives him a warm welcome, and Kennedy himself seems buoyed by the enthusiastic reception. He raises his fist in the air happily and breaks into a big smile. He is given a blue-and-white T-shirt, and he holds it in the air and says playfully, his voice rising to a roar by the time he reaches the end of the sentence, "I was just saying to myself as I travelled six thousand miles that what I really wanted was a Lewis Central T-shirt." (Now his Iowa mileage has gone from five thousand to six thousand miles.) He continues, "I may not have been able to debate President Carter this week"—he is smiling broadly, and his voice is going up in pitch as well as volume—"but I have a Lewis Central T-shirt." This is one form of Kennedy's humor. It is a kind of playful, high-spirited humor, a rambunctious humor, as compared with a dry wit or a contextual humor. It is robust, and he gives the impression that he is thoroughly enjoying himself. There is also a streak of self-mockery, and of recognition of the absurdity of situations he is in. Kennedy can be quiet, and thoughtful, but he also needs humor: he enjoys banter and kidding and being kidded.

Tonight, he stands at a lectern and gives his talk confidently and vigorously and without any apparent reference to notes, and the crowd, of about five hundred people, is utterly still and attentive. He says, "There are those who question whether any of us should express any dissent from Administration policy." He says, "I think we can bring a restoration of the American dream," and he links this to, and develops, a theme he began working in Ottumwa. He appeals to Iowans' pride in their state, in their educational system (which is one of the best in the country), in their sense of themselves as a hardworking people, in their agricultural productivity, and he says, "So I believe that the people of Iowa are going to send an important message to this country." He concludes, his voice ringing, his rhetoric carrying unmistakable echoes of John Kennedy, "My fellow-citizens, we have been effective over the history of this nation in coming to grips with the challenges which are before us, and I, for one, refuse to believe that we cannot do the same for the problems that we're facing here at home. . . . We can establish a goal and a vision for America; we can marshal the resources of this country and the most important resources of the genius and the technology of its people, and the willingness to supply those energies in a direction to respond to the challenges of our time. And I think that we can see the restoration of the United States as a proud and noble country that is a source of strength for its friends and the world, and is respected by its adversaries. That is what I want to achieve. That is why I hope that you're here this evening: because you share this kind of dream with me for this country and for what this country can mean for the people around the world. . . . That's what I believe that this election is about. . . . I hope that together that we can send a message to this country about what we want to achieve for it here at home and around the world. Daniel Webster, one of the great senators, who held the seat from Massachusetts and whose seat I hold, said it best a number of years ago when he said, 'Let us develop the resources of our land, promote its interest, let those of us of our generation perform something worthy to be remembered.' My fellow-citizens in Council Bluffs, my fellow-citizens in Iowa, my fellow-citizens across this land, let it be said of our generation that we, too, have performed something worthy to be remembered."

The band starts playing, and suddenly over the loudspeaker comes Kennedy's voice saying, "We're not leaving until I've shaken the hand of all of you." So, as he has done at every meeting, he shakes the hand of everyone in the audience who wishes to greet him. Kara Kennedy, who has been travelling with him all this time, stands beside him, also shaking hands. Teddy, Jr., is elsewhere in Iowa. Kennedy has chronic back trouble—his back was broken in a plane crash in 1964—and is frequently in pain, and when he stands for these long receiving lines a Secret Service agent holds the back of a chair against Kennedy's back, for support. Also, because of the obvious dangers that his campaign runs, a doctor, who serves on the staff of the health subcommittee Kennedy heads, and a nurse, who is specially trained in emergency procedures, travel with him on the campaign. Both are unobtrusive, and are not identifiable by their dress or by what they carry, but both are usually near him. There is also an ambulance nearby.

At the Best Western Village Inn, where the Kennedy entourage is staying for the night, Kennedy meets with about a hundred and seventy people—farmers and their wives. Council Bluffs is said to be a conservative area, and the land outside the city is sparsely populated. The area is also substantially Catholic, and no one is sure how the Catholic vote will go in the caucuses. At the motel, Kennedy stands in the front of the room and talks to the farmers quietly, telling them, "I've come tonight to learn." He tells them that he has served in the Senate for seventeen years and that he comes from an agricultural state—one that is number one in cranberries—but that perhaps he shouldn't even mention that in the presence of men and women who have worked a lifetime in rural areas. Kennedy is no expert on agriculture, so it is probably just as well that he keeps his remarks brief and tells this audience that he has come to learn. He

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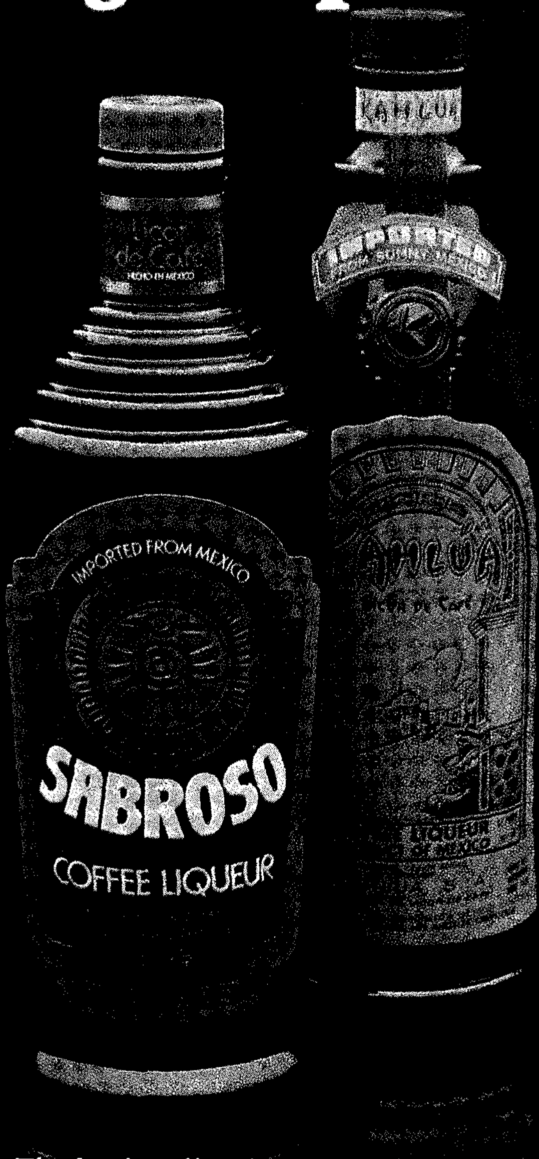

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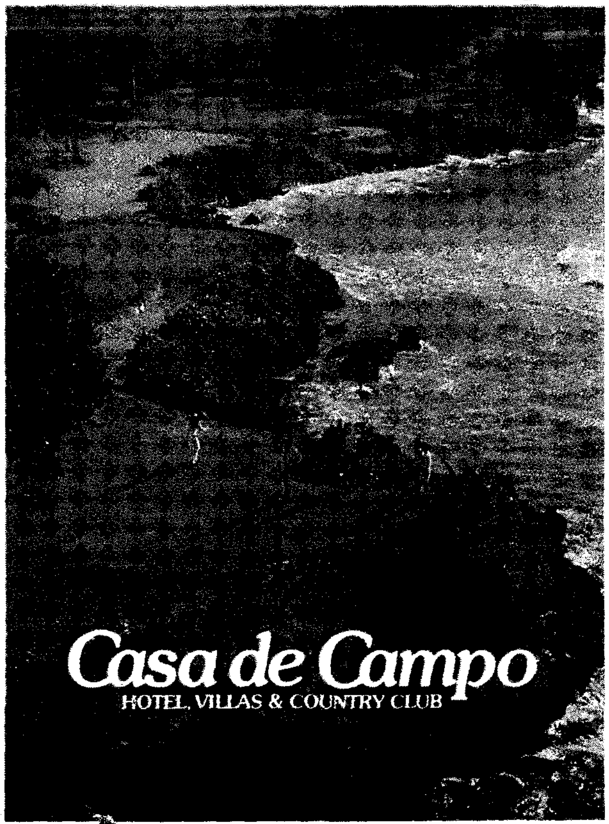
does talk about his opposition to the grain embargo, and he recites his "lurching from crisis to crisis" criticism of foreign policy, and says, "I think it ought to be very clear to the Soviets that we as a society will not permit any interruption of our oil supply in the Middle East and that any movement toward that interruption would mean the involvement of a major armed conflict." He talks to this audience, as he has to several others, about Leonard Trachta, a farmer in Marion whom he met on a previous trip to Iowa and who told him that he and his wife had each worked for a dollar a day during the Depression, and that now he has a successful farm but his children are having financial difficulties in trying to get started in farming. Leonard Trachta is a Kennedy staple; political campaigns are always delighted to come upon such anecdotal material. Kennedy talks about the importance of family life on a farm, and remarks that "as one who grew up in a large family with strong ties to each other and to their parents" he finds it "tragic" that, for economic reasons, some families cannot stay together on farms.

He asks the group for comments—"one of the important elements of a Presidential campaign is the educational process"—but for a while no hands go up. Finally, he is asked some questions. He has been joined just before this event by his son Patrick, who is twelve. Patrick is a small, strawberry-haired, freckle-faced child, and when someone gets up to ask Kennedy a question, Kennedy sends Patrick to him with a microphone and then has him bring it back for his reply. When one farmer asks Kennedy how he feels about the longshoremen who are boycotting the loading and unloading of cargo to and from the Soviet Union, Kennedy pauses, smiles, and says, as Patrick returns with the microphone, "Take your time, Patrick, in getting it back." Kennedy gets out an answer to the effect that longshoremen are frustrated, just as farmers are. Some of the farmers finally express their frustration with Administration policy, which is undoubtedly what Kennedy wants them to do. Some of his answers to questions seem better informed than others. A senator, simply through issues that come up before his committees and on the Senate floor, picks up a lot of information, much of it necessarily superficial. Kennedy is conversant with a wide range of subjects, up to a point. He has picked up a lot over the years, and he is a studious senator—he often holds briefings with his staff and with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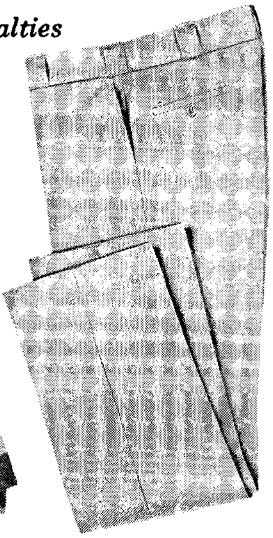
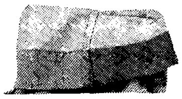
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outsiders at his home in Washington, mornings and evenings. He is known for selecting a good staff and for calling extensively on outsiders to get their ideas. Sometimes he seems to have thought something through and be on point, and sometimes he seems to have a cluttered mind. Sometimes he will seem to have a particle of an idea he has picked up somewhere.

The meeting ends shortly after nine-thirty. A few minutes later, the news comes that George Meany has died, and now Kennedy's staff must prepare a statement on that. At ten-fifteen, Kennedy returns to the room where he met with the farmers, and stands, looking solemnly into the television cameras, and, like a polished television announcer, makes a statement about George Meany.

ON Friday morning, the Des Moines *Register's* poll shows Carter leading Kennedy by more than two to one—fifty-seven per cent to twenty-five per cent—among the state's Democrats. Brown has the support of four per cent, and fourteen per cent say they are uncommitted. There can be a difference, as the paper points out, between Democrats in general and those who will attend the precinct caucuses. Its December poll showed Kennedy and Carter each receiving the support of forty per cent of the respondents, and in August Kennedy led Carter, forty-nine per cent to twenty-six per cent. The most recent poll results had been expected by the Kennedy people, but there is some difference between expectation and reality. Among other things, the poll can demoralize their troops, and act as a disincentive to attend the caucuses. Now Kennedy has two more days here this week to try to rally his troops and convince people it is worthwhile going to those caucuses to vote for him.

This morning, Kennedy toured another farm, outside Council Bluffs, and then flew to Cedar Rapids, and then his motorcade brought him to Iowa City, where the University of Iowa is situated.

In the course of Kennedy's travels, his substantial staff entourage stays in touch with his Washington office and confers with it about developments in the news and how they should be handled. The travelling group tries to know about developments before the accompanying press corps does, and when Kennedy is not adequately prepared a call goes to Washington for further material. Paul Kirk, a lawyer, who is the national political director of

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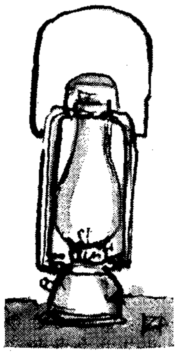
the campaign and now travels with Kennedy, tries to stay in touch with Kennedy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith, who is the campaign manager, about matters elsewhere, but for now Kirk's attention is mainly on Iowa. Kirk, a crisp man of forty-two, worked as Kennedy's executive assistant for eight years and is along on the campaign as someone relatively senior in the organization, who can talk to Kennedy bluntly and can also kid him. Carey Parker, who has been in charge of issues for Kennedy for ten years in the Senate, plays the same role on the campaign plane (while Peter Edelman runs the issues office in the Washington headquarters). Rick Burke, who is twenty-six and serves as Kennedy's administrative assistant, is seldom far from Kennedy's side on these trips. Robert Shrum, who worked briefly for Carter during the 1976 campaign and then quit, is along as a speechwriter. Kennedy's press secretary, Thomas Southwick, who is thirty-one, is, of course, along. Others who have been members of the Kennedy entourage over the years drop in and out of the travelling party. In the course of this week, Eddie Martin, who worked as Kennedy's administrative assistant for six years and is now sixty, joined up as a sort of kibitzer. Martin is the old Irish pol on this trip: he watches and offers insights, and he, too, can loosen Kennedy up. Dick Drayne, who was Kennedy's press secretary for ten years and is now a special assistant in the campaign, turned up today to get the feel of what is going on and to help out with Kennedy's appearance at a dinner in Waterloo Saturday night. Kennedy, Mondale, and Brown are all scheduled to appear at the dinner; Kennedy is said to be annoyed that he has been scheduled to appear jointly with Mondale, since he has made a big point of refusing to debate surrogates for the President. Now a big issue within the entourage is whether Kennedy, who is scheduled to speak before Mondale does, will remain for Mondale's remarks. The staff is saying that Kennedy might have to leave to attend some other events scheduled that night. But as of now there are no other events scheduled that night.



The area where the university is situated is one of the most liberal in the state, so it is useful for Kennedy to make a stop here. The students are between semesters, and it was felt that Kennedy should deliver a substantive speech here, so he speaks in the School of Pharmacy auditorium on health insurance. In the audience are campaign workers as well as medical personnel of the university. For some curious reason, he reads his speech—health insurance is something he knows how to talk about—and his delivery is wooden and flat. It is hard to see what good this performance will do him.

In the question period, he is asked again about the Olympics, and this time he says, "The best response is for American athletes to go to the Olympics and win gold medals." He is applauded. He and his staff discussed the question of the Olympics last weekend, after Carter suggested that the United States might not participate. The staff consulted with sports experts, and with people who had contacts with the United States Olympic Committee, and was told that it was not practical to try to shift the Olympics at this point. Moreover, there was the consideration that if the site was shifted other nations might not go along—that there might be a Western-nation Olympics somewhere and a Communist-nation Olympics somewhere, with Third World nations having to choose up sides. Further, there was the question of what might happen to Los Angeles, which is to be the host city for the summer Olympics in 1984. Anyway, Kennedy needs issues.

A young woman reads a question to the effect that he is campaigning on the issue of leadership and yet in his seventeen years in the Senate he didn't even get a health-care bill out of subcommittee, and she asks, "What kind of leadership is that?"

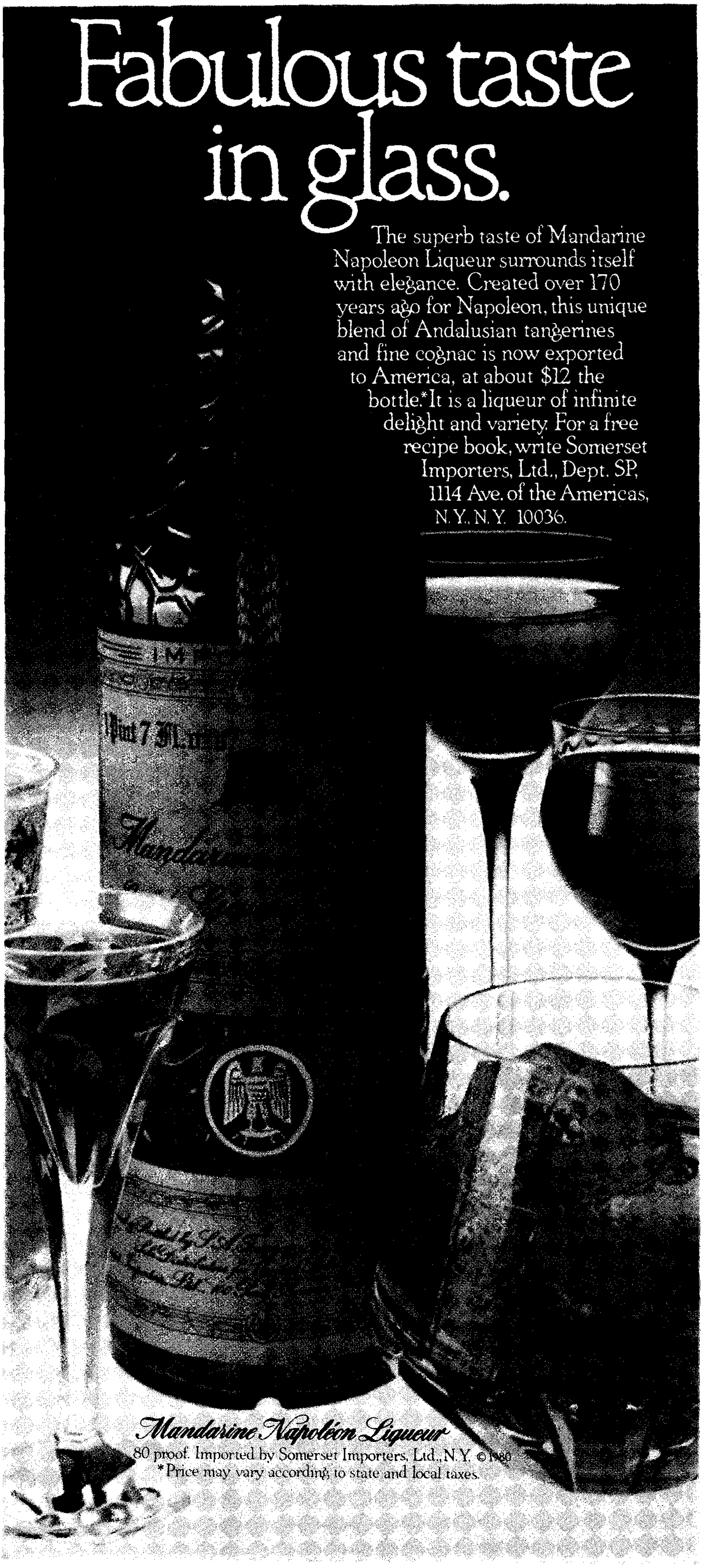
Her charge is one that the Carter people often make, and Kennedy remarks, smiling, "That sounds like a direct quote from Mr. Carter." A reply to this question has long since been prepared, and now Kennedy gives it: A bill to provide national health insurance was before the Finance Committee—not the committee that covers health—for eight of the last ten years. Beyond that, he says, for seven of those last ten years "we had a President who was strongly opposed to it." He continues, "I thought in 1976 we elected a President who was strongly in favor of it." Carter promised the U.A.W. during the 1976 primaries that he would support national health insurance, and received the union's support. Kennedy then points out that the Carter Administration proposed only a first phase of national health insurance, only a few months ago. (There were extensive negotiations between Kennedy and the Administration on a bill, but it seems that neither side really wanted to reach agreement.) Kennedy concludes, "We need the kind of leadership that can get that sort of program passed." He is applauded. Kennedy has been, in fact, widely considered one of the most effective senators, but somehow his campaign has failed to get that across. Perhaps because his organization does not now choose to stress the kinds of issues that Kennedy has for the most part been working on.

Then Kennedy goes to a pressroom that has been set up upstairs. What is on most reporters' minds, and is undoubtedly on Kennedy's mind, is what he will say in response to the poll. But the first question is about what he means when he calls for deploying conventional forces in the Middle East.

He says he is talking about "naval forces," and goes on for a bit about them.

Then he is asked a question about the poll.

He laughs, and says, "And, furthermore, the naval force should have . . ." and then he answers the question. He is clearly prepared for it. "Well, this is a time of considerable volatility in the polls here in this state and across the country," he says. ("Volatility" has become one of the much used terms in this election.) He cites concern for the hostages, the invasion of Afghanistan, and says, "And this doesn't mean that in my travels around the country that the American people do not want to have these issues debated and discussed, and they want, I find, American foreign policy debated and discussed. During the period of the last days here in Iowa, we've been well and warmly received. I think we've got a good organization. I think there's increasing questions of the Administration's program in embargoing the grain. . . . I think that the people in Iowa and around this country want foreign policy discussed, they want it debated, they want domestic policy discussed. And I'm satisfied that we'll have strength here in Iowa." He talks firmly, as if he were determined to project a strong—not a worried—figure. "I'm unable to predict to a mathematical degree what that strength would be. But it seems apparent to me that, given the results of this poll and the other activities of the Administration, that President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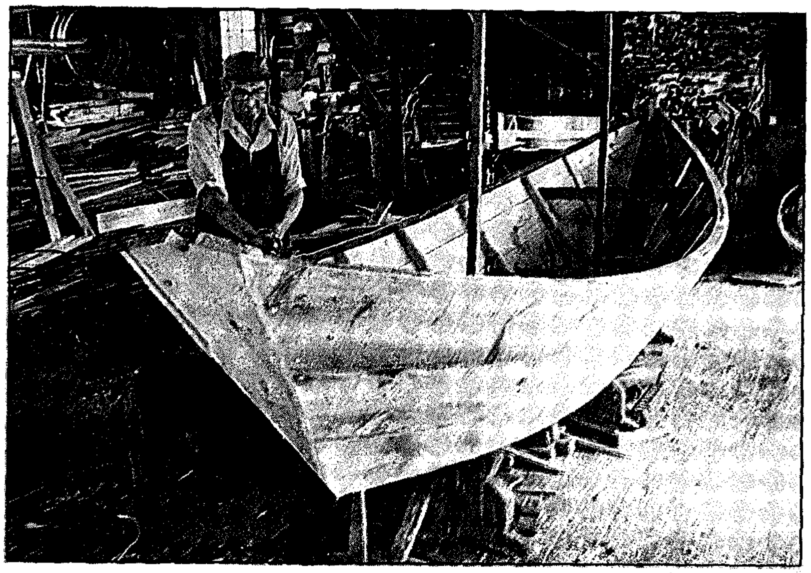

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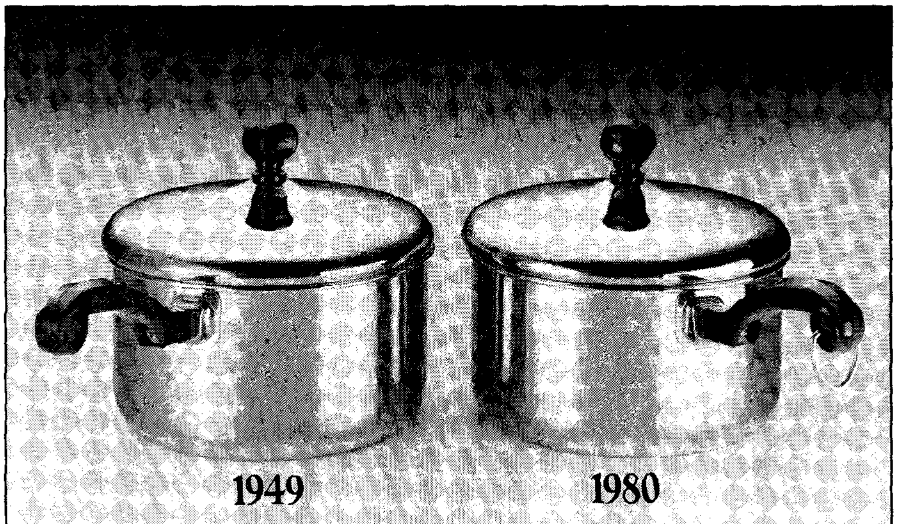

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Carter has to do considerably better than fifty per cent of the caucus vote. And I think that anything less than that would certainly be considered to be a questioning of our foreign policy and our domestic policy." He has just raised the ante.

He is asked, "How are you going to be able to get back into this race if the President remains in the White House saying that he cannot get out and campaign, he cannot debate the issues because of the international crises?"

He replies, "I don't question that the inability that I have had to engage the President in debate on foreign policies, on the series of crises that American foreign policy has seen over the period of these past recent years, the continued growth of inflation and interest rates over the past years, the inability to have a thoughtful debate and discussion of these issues between the President and myself obviously makes it more difficult, more complicated to get our message across. I accepted a debate when I had a substantial lead in the polls, because I thought that it was important for the American people to have the chance to examine the candidates, to listen to their views, and to debate these issues. Now that's been denied in Iowa. But I can't believe that the American people are going to continue to permit 1980 to go by without a serious discussion and debate of these issues."

He is asked, "When do you expect to win in an election against President Carter?"

He replies, "The important election to win is the Democratic-nomination election. I'm still optimistic about the ultimate result at the Democratic Convention."

He is asked, "Do you expect President Carter to win in Iowa?"

He replies, "The President clearly must get fifty per cent or above in terms of the caucuses or that would be a major setback."

I HAVE an interview with Kennedy as he rides in a motorcade in the late afternoon from Moline, Illinois—one of the "Quad Cities," on the Mississippi River border between Illinois and Iowa—to Clinton, Iowa, more than an hour away. Tonight, Kennedy will make a swing around the Quad Cities area. During the two-hour break this afternoon at a Moline Holiday Inn, which was decorated to give one the effect of being somewhere in Polynesia, Kennedy took a swim (the pool is smack in the lobby), made phone calls (including one to congratulate the new mayor of Lewiston, Maine, and several to Iowans, some of whom support him, some whose support he is seeking), helped Patrick with his homework, and then took off for this evening's events. According to his staff, Kennedy seldom naps.

In the car, Kennedy is smoking a cigar and seems relaxed. He and his travelling staff display a certain equanimity—at least publicly—that is striking in the light of the roller coaster they have been on. Some interpret this as betraying a lack of determination on the candidate's part, but I have seen no signs of that.

I ask Kennedy if he has found it more frustrating to get through to people than he expected.

He replies, "I'd say the fact of Iran and the incursion into Afghanistan have preoccupied the news and the media since our campaign." A characteristic of the way Kennedy talks is that sometimes his words set him at some distance from himself; he uses such terms as "our campaign" and "the candidacy," and so on. "So that obviously had a very significant impact on our ability to come to grips with the campaign—the announcement statements; the principal stories about the campaign getting started. We've really been hard put to get the focus and attention on the issues of the time. But my own sense is it's inevitable, because the hostages will be released—or, with the growing frustration with the failures of current policies. We need a debate on traditional Democratic issues in a Democratic forum." Kennedy is clearly counting on the idea that he has a stronger base in the Democratic Party than Carter has. "Now, when that's going to come I can't tell you."

I ask him if he thinks there is any chance that it will come too late.

He replies, "My own sense of it, from what I see in the faces out there and what the polls show, is that the sense of wholehearted support for foreign policy is cracking—outside of concern for the hostages." Kennedy must be especially careful on this subject. "As well it might. It must."

But, I ask, don't some of his problems go back to the beginning of the campaign (the attention to his propensity to talk in half-sentences at times; the resurgence of interest in Chappaquiddick)?

"Certainly some," he replies. "I never felt the campaign would ultimately be judged by the problems at the beginning. I understand that impressions can be set at the beginning

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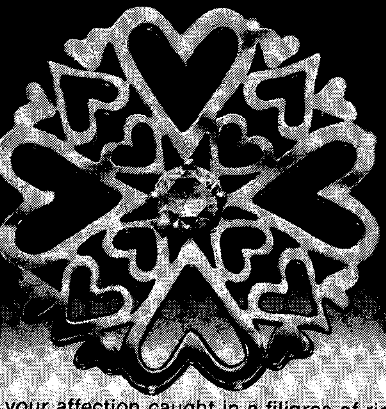

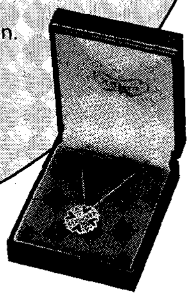

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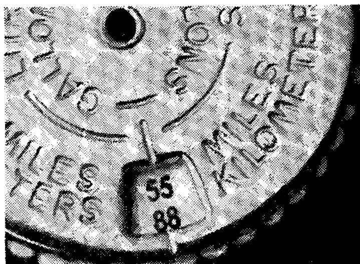

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and they have to be dealt with. But I've always felt if we could get focus on these other issues and what I could achieve as President, then we could get attention on the main questions I'm trying to raise." And then he gives, as he often does in formal interviews, a rote answer. "I think the question for 1980 is the future as well as the past three years. Fine with me. I welcome that. But I think we have to look at the past as well as the future."

I ask him how much he thinks the early impressions are still the problem.

"It's difficult to judge," he replies. "You look at various kinds of studies, you can find what you want in them. Looking at the Harris poll, you see a broad base of support on the economy, even though the polls have gone down in my standing vis-à-vis the President. The way people view my candidacy—I'm not the best one to judge that."

I ask him how he sorts out all the conflicting advice he gets on what works and what doesn't work and what the polls mean.

"I don't," he replies. "The basic reason for the candidacy, which I've stated in different ways, with varying effectiveness, is the drift at home and abroad. That's the sum and substance of it. You can vary that. You can say, 'Twelve years of Republicans in the White House is enough' and get people cheering, or you can say, 'Things are out of control and it's time to get control,' and you get a nod. You try in a campaign to do different things."

I ask him if a nod is good or bad.

"That's a good thing, too," he replies. "I can't tell you whether you get more votes for the nod or more votes with a cheer. Some would characterize one as 'shrill' and the other as 'dull.' I think some approaches have been more successful than others, but I can't tell you at this time which. It depends to a great extent on the group and the time and the audience you're communicating with."

I ask him whether, when he made up his mind last summer that he was going to run, he ever dreamed that Carter would be as high in the polls as he is now. (Last August, Kennedy was leading Carter among Democrats by fifty-three per cent to twenty-one per cent nationwide; last December, Carter was leading Kennedy by forty-eight per cent to forty per cent.)

"I didn't expect so, no," Kennedy says, and he pauses, looking off into space. He continues, "I've been around in public life long enough to know that anything can happen. I never assumed gaining the nomination or winning the election would be easy. I never assumed that." And then he laughs a brief laugh, and says, "And I don't assume it now."

I return to the question of whether he thinks there are impressions of him that must still be overcome.

He replies, "There's always a start-up time in a campaign, as there was in our campaign. You're moving from a legislator very involved in the details of legislation to a national political campaign. It's like getting your equipment one day and playing in the Super Bowl the second day. I had always felt that we would have to start hitting our stride from the debate on, and I felt confident we would. I've felt we're making important progress. The campaign is settling down; people are learning their responsibilities, and the campaign is better at communicating my thoughts and hopes for the country. But we still have a long way to go for the nomination."

Switching to what he has been saying about foreign policy, I ask him what leads him to make the argument that a failure of respect for the United States brought about the seizing of the hostages.

Kennedy replies, "My sense of foreign policy is that it has to be certain and predictable and understandable to our people and give a sense of confidence to our allies and is respected by our adversaries." This is what he has been saying on the stump. He continues with some of the other things he has been saying: about the need for one foreign-policy spokesman, for better intelligence and better understanding of the intelligence, and for a strong economy at home to back up foreign policy. He says, "Now, our principal adversary is the Soviet Union, and that relationship has to be one of coöperation—arms control and trade—and areas of competition. And that has to be understood. Built into that policy has to be incentives and disincentives—incentives to coöperate and disincentives to compete." Kennedy gets very involved as he talks about this. "In the campaign, they say 'What would you do about Afghanistan?,' and that's important, but there's a broader question that has to do with predictability and incentives and disincentives. The adversary has to know what the disincentives are. We've said there never would be a grain embargo; the Soviet Union had to assume there wouldn't be one. The President went on TV and said the status quo in Cuba was unacceptable and later he said it was acceptable. So in the case of Afghan-

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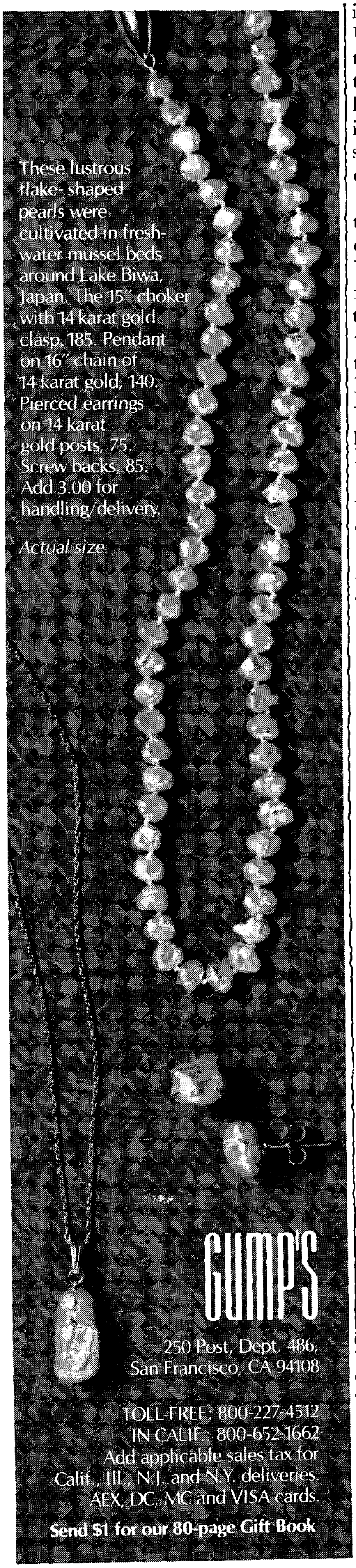

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istan any warning given to the Soviet Union isn't going to have credibility; the Soviet Union is always looking for targets of opportunity. That dimension has been missing in our foreign policy." (He has mused in private conversation about his visit with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in September of 1978, and his feeling from that that the United States had been too unpredictable in its dealings with the Soviet Union. He cites the Administration's failure to push to conclusion negotiations for a comprehensive test-ban treaty; he says that we switched negotiating strategies on the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, and that we did not warn the Soviet Union that our approval of the SALT II treaty would be linked to Soviet actions.)

I ask Kennedy again how he relates the seizing of the hostages to a lack of respect for the United States.

Again he doesn't answer. He talks about terrorism and attacks on our embassies "which have occurred five times in recent months," and associates these with "actions taken by our Administration in at least flirting with terrorist organizations such as the Palestine Liberation Organization," and he talks about the importance of being sensitive to the Third World. In fact, the Administration is now under some criticism for having been too much so.

I ask Kennedy how he thinks he can get the idea across that he would be a better leader than Carter.

He replies, "We'll see, know more as the thing goes on. We've tried to spell out what we would do with wage-price guidelines, and they say, 'You agree with Administration policy.' But, just as in the Super Bowl analogy, you can have the same plays, but how they're executed depends on the players you send in. It's a question of how you implement them and marshal the forces."

WHEN Kennedy enters the gym of North Catholic School in Clinton this evening, the Clinton High School rock band is playing, and he is cheered enthusiastically. Patrick and Kara are with him, and, as he does everywhere, Kennedy introduces his children, who join him in shaking hands at the end of events. Kennedy is, in fact, quite close to his children, who live with him. He has assumed extensive responsibilities for his extended family; with these, his Senate duties, and the political demands on him even before he ran, he has lived under a great deal of pressure. There are about a thousand people here, and two hundred more—the overflow—are gathered in the bingo hall of the nearby church. Clinton calls itself Iowa's easternmost city; today's campaign has crossed Iowa from its western border to its eastern one. (In 1976, four hundred and fifty-nine people participated in the Clinton County Democratic precinct caucuses, and the county elects 1.9 per cent of the state's delegates.) As Kennedy stands before this audience, he appears to be in a good mood. The sitting-down, subdued-voice period is over, and he seems happier. This kind of greeting obviously buoys him. Tonight's events, like tomorrow's, are pep rallies, and he responds to the crowd's enthusiasm. It is now shortly after six o'clock.

"How many of you are hungry?" Kennedy calls out. He gets some cheers and laughs. "You want a short speech?" he asks, smiling.

"No-o-o-o," says the crowd.

He praises the rock band: "We could hear them all the way back in the Quad City area." And he praises the St. Mary's High School championship basketball team. He says, "I bet you didn't know that we *knewwwww* about the St. Mary's team back in the United States Senate. But you'd be *amaaaazed* at what you learn when you run for President."

Kennedy has a big, carrying voice. It is a different voice from that of either of his brothers, and his speaking style is different from either of theirs. John Kennedy had a cultivated delivery style, which he had developed over time, and his pitch was relatively high; and Robert Kennedy had a somewhat thin, reedy voice. Edward Kennedy has a power of delivery that, when it is fully employed, makes his voice seem to come from deep within his barrel chest. And his style is more that of the old-fashioned orator, in mannerisms and in tone. When it all works, Kennedy can command a room; he seems to be quite aware of this power and to enjoy using it. Sometimes it seems to come out of his strong streak of competitiveness: he sometimes goes at a speech as if he were an athlete determined to do his damnedest.

Now he says, "I, for one, reject the suggestion that the American people are in a malaise." He continues, "I believe they want to get control over their own destiny." He is warming to this theme. "I come from a family and a tradition that believes that we can come to grips with the problems of our time; and that's the spirit of the people of Iowa." And now he seems to be

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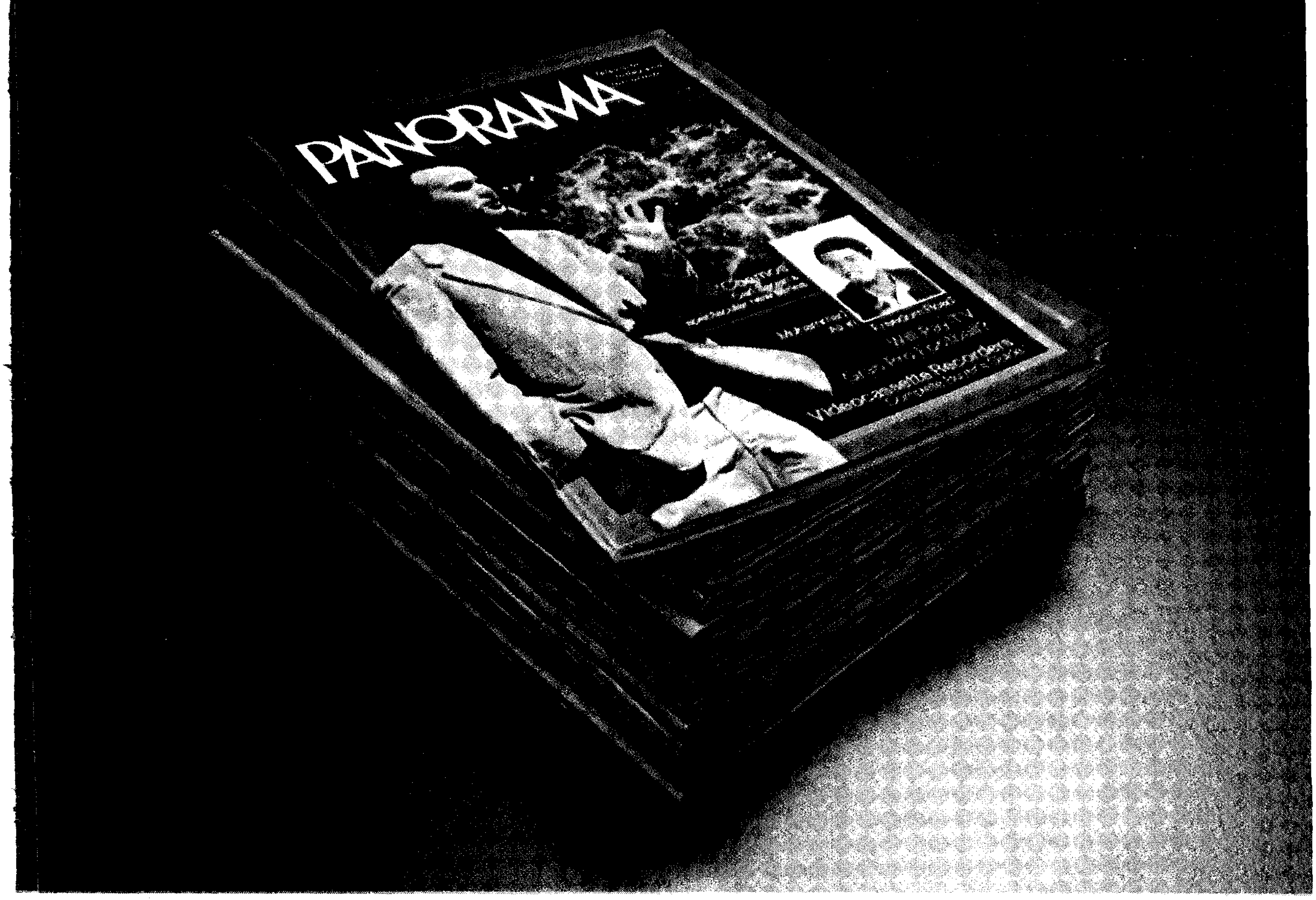

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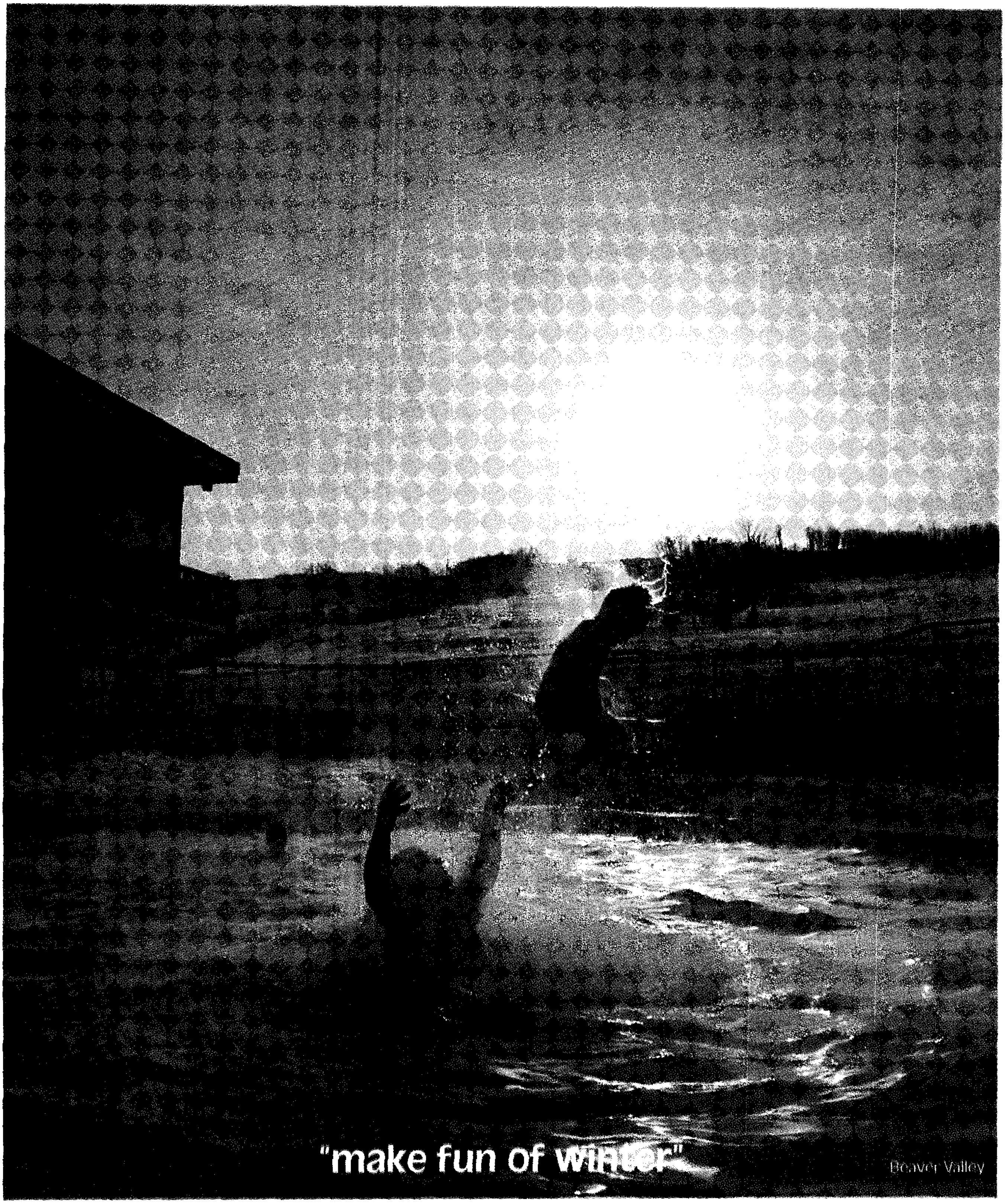

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finding still stronger voice, and to be polishing his close: "My friends in Clinton, we can send a very clear message from the heartlands of America that the people of Iowa, that the people of Clinton, are prepared to march again." And then he offers to shake hands with everyone who is here.

We arrive at Muscatine, the next stop, after a motorcade ride of an hour and fifteen minutes, and are a half hour late. (Mondale was crisscrossing this same area today.) The handshaking did it, and then some phone calls. A little problem that arose during the meeting in Clinton was that Tom Southwick received a call from the Des Moines *Register* asking for a response to another White House charge alleging an inconsistency in Kennedy's record on food embargoes, and the Kennedy people had to rebut the charge. Southwick has complained to me that the Carter White House tends to release things of this kind just before newspaper deadlines, giving the Kennedy people little time to prepare a response. Kennedy may deplore the fact that the Carter Administration reacts to events, but that is what his campaign must do.

The event in Muscatine is at another Polynesian Holiday Inn. Another large crowd has gathered, a country band is playing stomping music, and some families in pajamas are getting a glimpse of all this from their rooms overlooking the pool. Clinton and Muscatine are relatively rural areas, and the Kennedy people feel that the Carter people have not made inroads here. There are a number of Chicano farm workers in the Muscatine area, and Kennedy is introduced enthusiastically by José Olvera, a lawyer and a Kennedy leader in this area. Kennedy comes on jovially and shouts, "Viva José!" The warmth of the crowd seems to energize him still more. This is more his kind of crowd than the ones he faced earlier this week. Again he jokes with his audience. He sometimes seems to be bordering on making fun of the place he is in, but the audiences don't seem to take it that way. "We had a meeting in Davenport and had a question-and-answer period, and you know what they asked? 'When are you going to Muscatine?' " When Kennedy gets going onstage, he puts on a performance—moves about and jokes, as a professional comedian would, and with a professional's timing, and then he throws himself into his speech. He tells the audience in Muscatine that he accepted the invitation to debate Carter "when I was far ahead in the standings, the poll standings," and, for what seems the first time, he gets applause when he goes through his litany of foreign-policy crises we have been "lurching" among. As the audience cheers, Kennedy says, "Pour it on, Ted," and then he pauses and says, "Who said that?" Pause. "Patrick?" He is letting himself go, and having a good time. It is as if he has said to himself, "The hell with it," and just decided to let 'er rip—and have some fun. Whether it is the hour, or the crowd, or a final breaking out from the constraints—or all three—is hard to tell. Now his big voice is filling the Holiday Inn; from time to time, an arm chops the air or shoots upward. He pauses for effect, and sometimes bobs his head quickly in agreement with what he is saying. His face becomes flushed. From time to time, his voice cracks. He allows just enough time for the applause. By now, his speaking is extemporaneous. He refers to the fact that many people in the audience are of Spanish origin, and he talks of his work in the Senate for bilingual education (Mondale was also a major sponsor of such legislation) and for bilingual-voting rights. Again he rejects "malaise." He says, "The challenge of America is the challenge of hope."

After he has concluded his remarks and is being cheered, he shouts into the microphone, "No one's going to leave here tonight until they shake my hand!" Kennedy is certainly going at it now, but there is no way of knowing, as he does so, what it means. What the candidate himself does is only a part of the equation, and it is impossible to tell at the moment what part. And even if he does well in Muscatine tonight, does it matter? How different would Kennedy's situation be now if his campaign had got off to a better start and if he had not been thrown off stride by the shaky beginning? Was there, all along, too much in his background for him to overcome? Has the attention to his background been in proportion? How much difference, really, have the foreign-policy crises made? Is he, for all his previous popularity, well suited as an actual candidate for these times? These questions will be mulled over, but the answers may never be known. As Kennedy puts on his performance, there is not even any way of knowing what difference it will make to the people standing here watching him, or even why they are here. A campaign gropes along through a great many mysteries and uncertainties.

When Kennedy arrives at the cafeteria of Marycrest College, in Daven-

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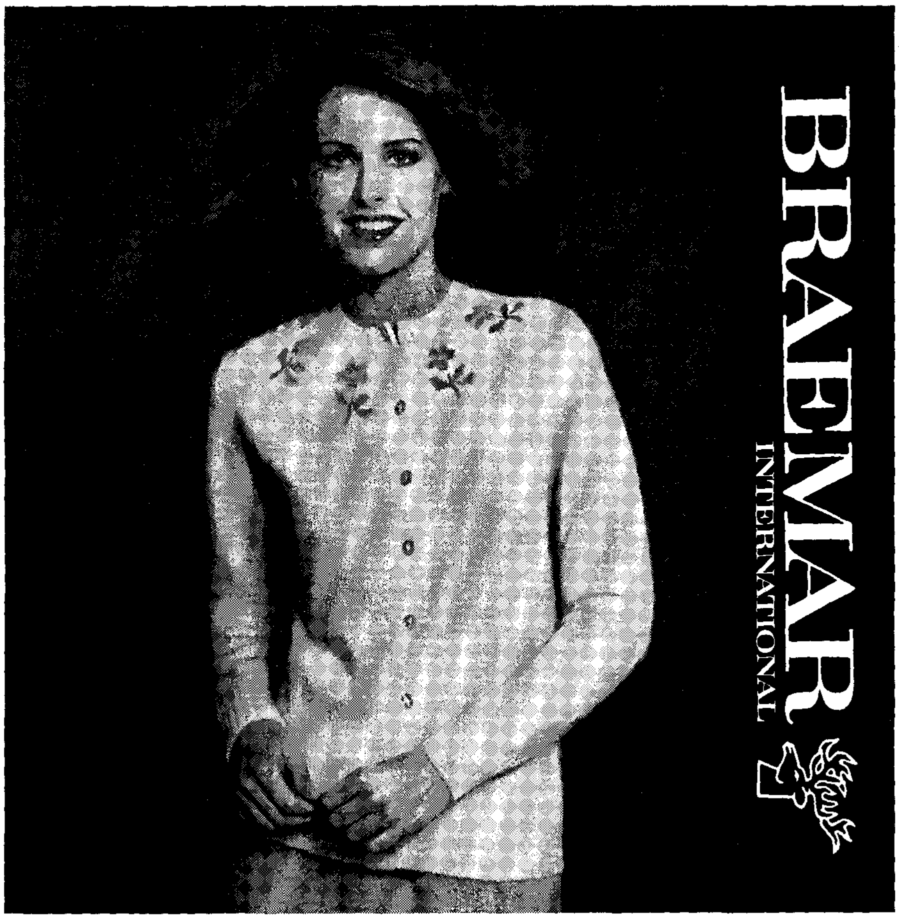

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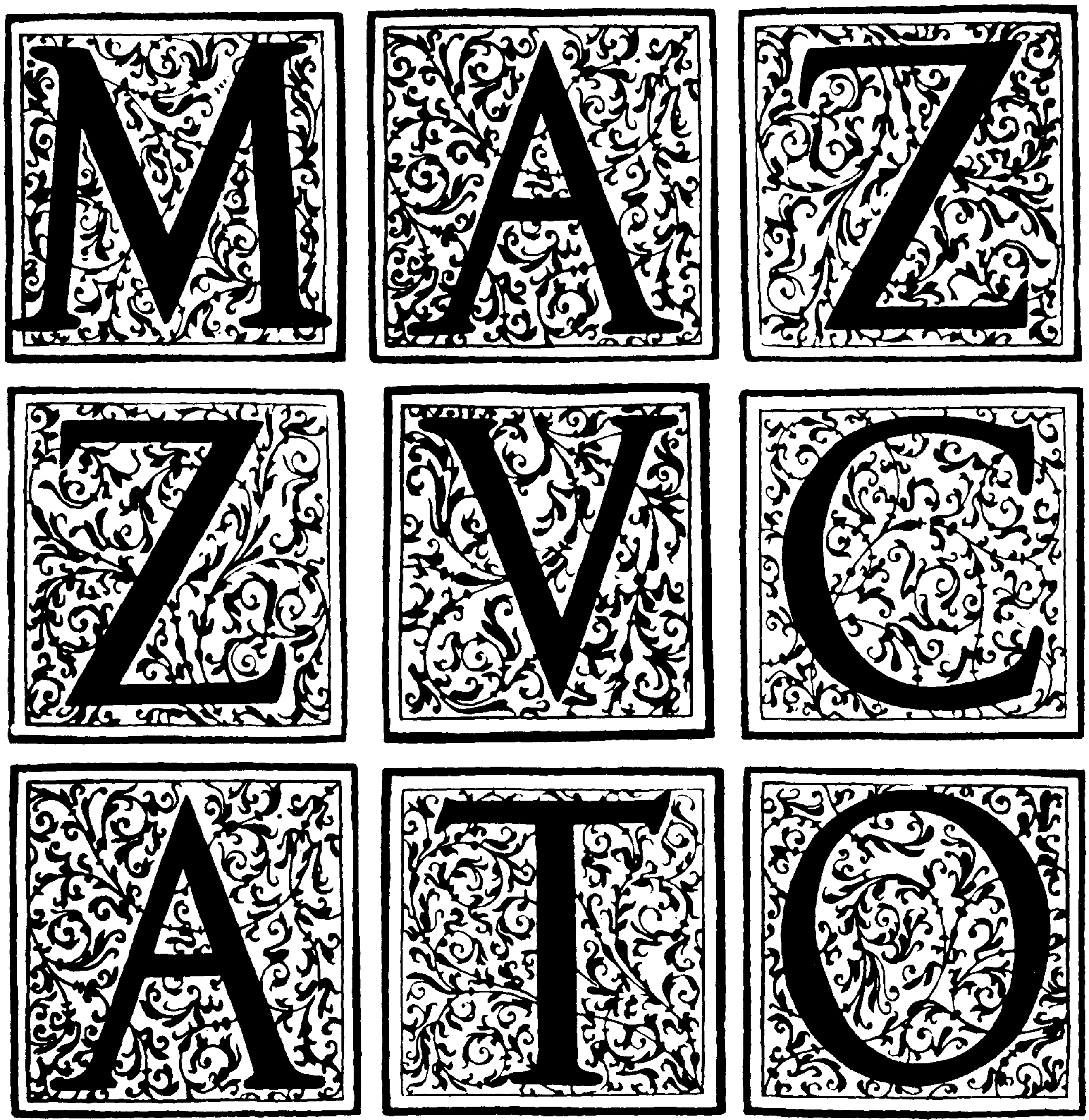
port, about forty minutes late, his sisters Pat Lawford and Jean Smith are bouncing up and down on the stage—as they must have done twenty years ago—leading the crowd in cheers of "We want Ted!" Outside, there are a few right-to-life protesters, carrying signs saying such things as "Save the Unborn." Inside the hall, "God Bless America" is sung, and then Kennedy, grinning, leads the audience in shouting "We want Ted!" This is a crowd of about three hundred caucus organizers, and Kennedy says, "I want to find out if there are any Democratic precinct leaders who are going out to those precinct caucuses," and he gets a big cheer. By now, his voice is about gone, and he asks for a glass of water. These are the committed people, and they want him to cheer them on, and he does that, and they, in turn, cheer him on. He speaks briefly—he can tell that they are already enthusiastic—praising Iowa again. He says of his campaign, "We're going to continue it not only all over Iowa but also all the rest of the states of this country until the Democratic nomination, where we're going to"—and now he pounds the lectern—"*get the nomination.*" He's clearly pleased, enjoying the fight. As the evening goes on, he gets looser and looser. It is now nearly eleven o'clock. He says, smiling, "Don't look at the clock. They'll serve breakfast here." The crowd laughs. "I refuse to accept the comments and the statements of Mr. Carter when he talks about 'malaise,' " he says, and the crowd cheers. This may be the first time he has mentioned Carter by name this week. "I say no malaise," and then, more insistently, "No malaise." The audience cheers, and begins to chant "We want Ted!" He concludes, "And on the caucus day we'll show the Des Moines *Register* what a real poll is." The audience cheers and shouts.

While Kennedy shakes hands with the audience, Don Rothberg, of the Associated Press, informs Tom Southwick that Carter has agreed to appear on "Meet the Press" on Sunday, January 20th. Southwick seems a bit stunned, and then he says, "I certainly find it exceedingly curious that he can find time to do that and he can't find time to come out to Iowa to debate." He points out that the Des Moines *Register* offered to hold the debate in Washington, and the White House declined that, too. Southwick says, "I assume he expects all the international crises to be resolved by then." After the rally, Kennedy holds a meeting with a small group in the same building



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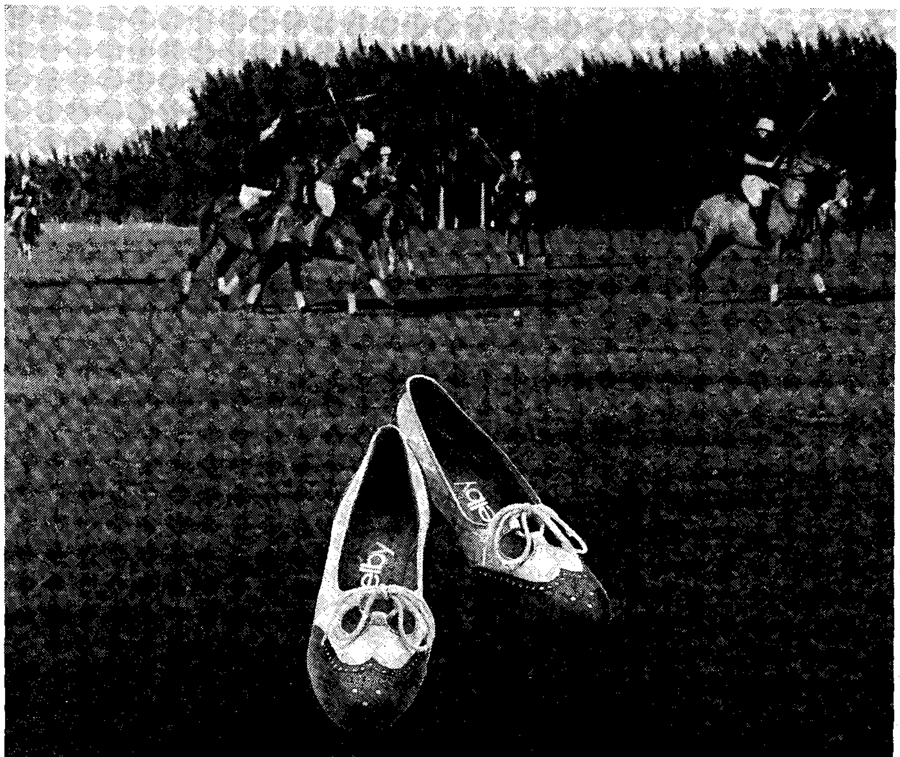
and returns to the Holiday Inn in Moline shortly after midnight.

TODAY—Saturday, the last day of Kennedy's swing through Iowa—the campaign will cross the state again, this time from east to west, and then double back east, to Des Moines and then to Waterloo, where Kennedy will appear at the dinner with Mondale and Brown. Yesterday, Rosalynn Carter, Joan Mondale, Muriel Humphrey, and Ruth Carter Stapleton, one of the President's sisters, all appeared in Waterloo. Now it has been decided that all three candidates will remain through each other's speeches tonight. The headline on today's Des Moines *Register* is "600% MORE GASOHOL IS CARTER'S '81 GOAL." The production of gasohol is, of course, very important to Iowa's corn growers.

Today, Kennedy will appear at "Kennedy caucuses"—meetings in the larger cities at which potential voters will be seated by precinct, so that organizers can see who turns out and who doesn't, and at which people will be rehearsed in caucus procedures. At the first meeting of the day, at Prairie Senior High School, in Cedar Rapids, most people straggle in too late to arrange themselves by precinct. Kennedy enters and calls out "Good morning!" and that livens the group up. "Isn't this a lovely way to spend a Saturday morning?" he says. He introduces Kara and Patrick, and then he says, "Is Ray Ratcliff in the audience? Where's Ray—is he here? There he is, right back there. Now, I know all of you are going to go out and knock on doors this weekend. Well, I hope you don't talk to Ray before you do. Because I understand that he's already been bitten by two dogs during the course of his knocking on doors and fallen through one porch." The audience laughs. And then Kennedy goes into his talk, and he gets applause for his litany about foreign policy. This morning, he is talking at about middle volume. He stresses the word "party" in these Party meetings, as opposed to his appearances before rural audiences, and says, "Members of our party are concerned about what has been happening in domestic policy." He says, "We hear the Administration talking about malaise in the spirit of America. Well, they ought to spend more time out in Iowa." He has been warming to this theme and developing a way of connecting it to Iowa pride. Increasing his volume, he says, "That, I think, my friends, is really the question in 1980. There are different issues, but there is only one question." He is refining his theme still more. "And



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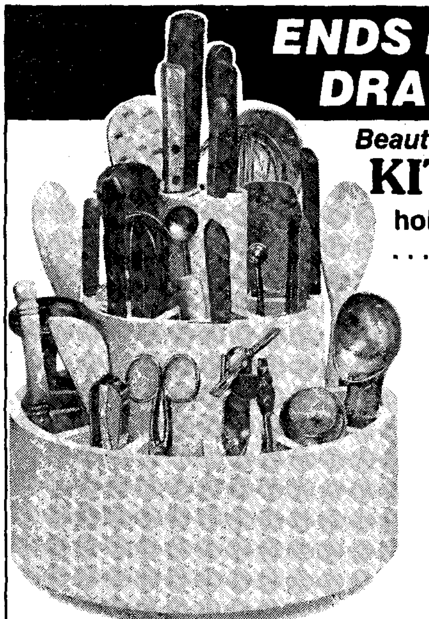

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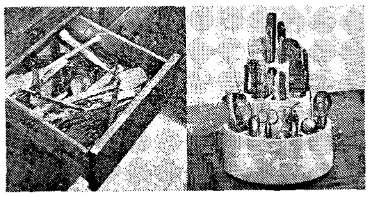

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that question is whether we have the confidence to face up and solve those problems." And now his voice booms: "I say we can make a difference." He tries out something new about the caucuses: "Where you stand may only make a difference of a few feet, but where you stand in that caucus room may very well make an important difference about the future of our country."

In Mason City, in the north-central part of the state, Kennedy holds his second rally of the day, at the North Iowa Fairgrounds. Mason City is the River City of "The Music Man." First, he meets with precinct captains in the Fair boardroom, and then, in a corner of a large room where a flea market is being held, he gives a television interview to a reporter from a local station. When he is asked in the interview at what point he would go to war over Afghanistan or Iran, he says, "Well, I don't think there's a point now in considering if we go to war," and he continues, "What is important for the Soviets to understand is that we cannot afford interruption of the oil lifeline to the United States and to the Western world that comes through Southwest Asia. That is a vital link which is absolutely essential for our security interest, and that can be unimpaired. I don't think there's a value or use now to talk about war, but we have very important strategic interests in that area of the world and they must be maintained, and they will be maintained." Asked if he would support a naval blockade against Iran, he says, "No, at this time."

At the rally, which is in a large building that holds exhibits at fair time, about six hundred people are gathered. (In this county, eight hundred and sixty-two people participated in the 1976 Democratic caucuses.) A band is playing "Mountain Dew," and there are signs around the hall that say "Mason City Loves Ted." Kennedy has been told that this group needs firing up and would like a little more talk about issues. He says, "Quite frankly, I do not believe that we ought to expect that the farmer is going to bear the burden for failures of American policy." In a new twist on his foreign-policy section, he says, "I believe this country is strong. I believe that in other times in our history that the Soviet Union has respected American strength and American influence and American prestige." In an unmistakable echo of John Kennedy, he says, "I believe we can do better. And I believe the people in Iowa think we can do better. And I think the American people believe that we can do better to bring about a restoration of the prestige of the United States."

He gives his full speech here today, and he goes at it fully. He leans into the lectern; he bobs his head for emphasis of certain points; he jabs his finger in the air in indignation. It is as if he had been warming up all week for this speech; in fact, it is probably the case that the earlier ones did help him warm up for this one.

"And I believe," he cries, "you care about this state and about its future and about the future of our country." He talks about health care and, for the first time this week, the Equal Rights Amendment. (Yesterday, Rosalynn Carter, with Shirley Hufstedler, the Secretary of Education, in tow, gave a speech about the E.R.A. in Des Moines.) He tells the crowd, "You wouldn't be here on Saturday morning if you were not concerned about the future of Mason City and the future of Iowa and the future of our country," and he says his line about the importance of where they stand in the room at the caucus, with more certainty than he did in Cedar Rapids. And then, speaking slowly, and with full voice, he says, "The people of Iowa want to respond to the challenges that are before us, whether on the farm or in the cities of this great state. The people of Iowa, I believe, share with me a feeling that we can control our own destiny, here at home and overseas. The people of Iowa, I believe, share with me a feeling that rampant inflation and soaring interest rates are not the inevitable history of the American economy. The people of Iowa share with me a sense that we can bring about a restoration of the sense of respect for our country overseas. And so I come to you today to ask for your help and for your support as we, as a people and as a party, restore and regain our own destiny over our economy, over the energy policy, over the central challenges that we face at home and the central challenges that we face overseas. And I hope that ten days from now that the people of Iowa will send a message to the rest of this country and to the rest of the world that the people of Iowa believe the American dream is alive and well; that America still means hope for future generations; that there are no problems that we face here at home that defy our attention and our resolution. There are different issues in this campaign, but there is only one ques-

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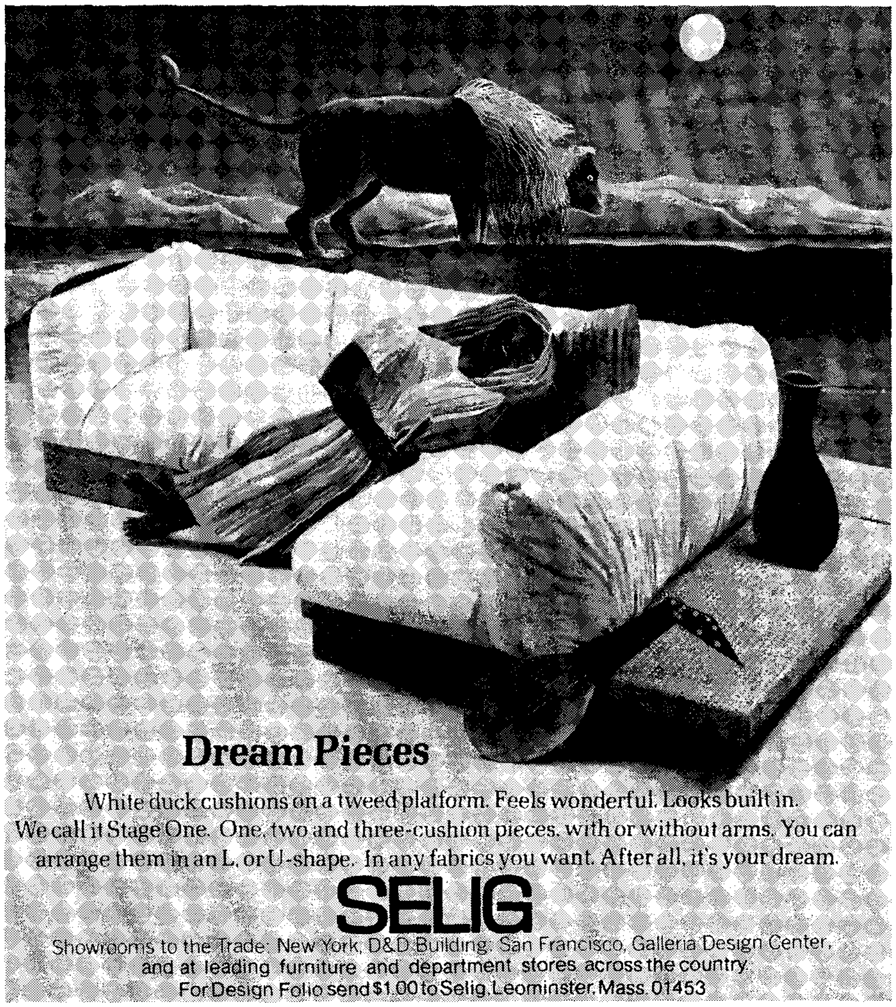

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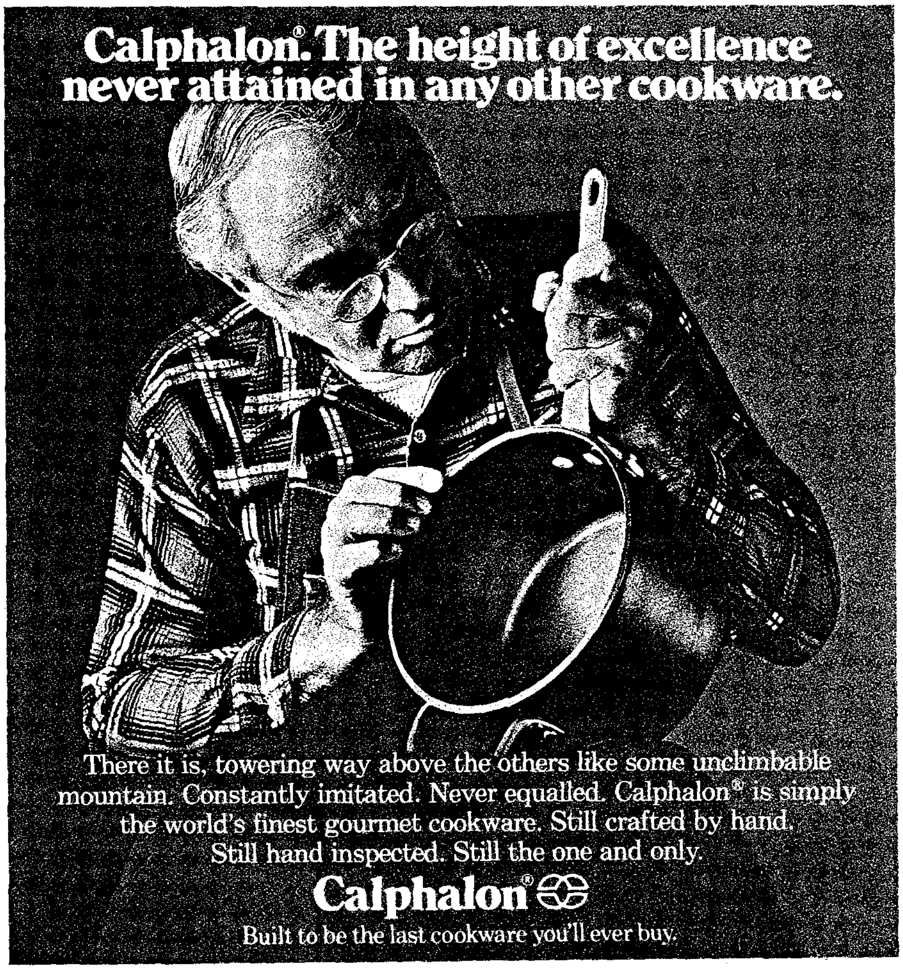

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tion—whether the citizens of Iowa and the rest of this country are prepared to see this great nation of ours respond to the challenges that we face in the nineteen-eighties at home and abroad the way that we have responded before. I ask you to join me in facing up to the challenges that we are facing here. Together, I think that we can make a better community for our children and a better future for all the people of this great land."

Shortly before five o'clock, Kennedy is on the stage at the Civic Center in Des Moines. He is almost an hour behind schedule. At his last appearance, in Sioux City, at the western end of the state, he seemed to become stronger still in his delivery of his theme. (At Sioux City, for the second time on this trip, a few right-to-lifers carried posters protesting Kennedy's support of federal funding for abortions for those covered by Medicaid.) He then gave a local television interview in which he said, "If we were unable to get the Soviet Union troops out of Cuba, which the Administration said was unacceptable, I'm not sure the Soviets would pay much attention when the Administration tells them to get their troops out of Afghanistan."

Here in Des Moines, before perhaps a thousand people (who are sitting by precinct), he is introduced enthusiastically, and the audience gives him his most enthusiastic welcome of the week. He walks slowly to the front of the stage like a boxer, one fist raised in the air. Now Kennedy begins, at full volume, "*My fellow-Democrats.*" He is at home. He makes essentially the same points he has made all week—about foreign policy, about the fact that there has been no debate. This is his fourth speech of the day, and he speaks more forcefully than ever. His confidence appears to have returned. Now he attacks the grain embargo in more detail than before and goes after Secretary Bergland. Secretaries of Agriculture are always good campaign targets. He has returned to saying that he has travelled five thousand miles in Iowa, rather than six thousand. He talks about the economic statistics and the "human dimension" of those statistics. He leans into the lectern and, in a full, strong voice, says, "The Administration suggests that these issues are complicated and difficult to resolve. Of course they are. But Mr. Carter also suggests that there's a *malaaaaaaise* in the spirit of the American people. Well, I will tell you. I have not found that to be true, in talking to farmers, in talking to working people, in talking to the elderly and talking to the young, of the

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The audience applauds him when he praises the state's educational system, and Kennedy steps back a bit and just lets it applaud. And then he goes into his conclusion, throwing his bulk into it: "If America means anything, America means hope. And the dream still lives in Iowa, and I believe that it lives in the length and breadth of this nation." And then he fairly bellows, "*Weeeeee'll show* the Des Moines *Register* what an Iowa poll is really like." As the audience cheers, whistles, and applauds, he starts to take his seat and then comes forward again on the stage and, smiling, waves his fist in the air and circles the stage; he is acting "the champ" and at the same time mocking himself, and showing his exuberance.

Kennedy's plane arrives at Waterloo shortly before seven and taxis up and parks right behind Mondale's—a large blue-and-white jet that says "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." Waterloo is a factory town, with meatpacking and farm-machinery plants. It is a Democratic town, and the Kennedy and Carter camps are fighting hard over it. Carter did well here in 1976 and has the support of the National Education Association—which has supported him ever since, in 1976, he promised a Department of Education—and the Communications Workers of America; Kennedy has the U.A.W. and the Machinists. Kennedy talks to some precinct leaders at the Ramada Inn, changes, and then, at eight o'clock, enters the U.A.W. hall, where tonight's dinner, a fund-raiser for the Black Hawk County Democratic Party, is to be held. He receives loud cheers. The Kennedy people insisted that the dinner be held in this hall, rather than a larger one—as the Mondale people demanded—figuring that this U.A.W. setting would give them an advantage. There will be a contest for applause, and each camp is saying that the event is "stacked" in favor of the other. People are seated at long tables, eating a dinner of pork chops, baked potatoes, and salad. Around the hall are blue-and-white Kennedy campaign posters and green-and-white signs saying "SUPPORT EDUCATION. VOTE CARTER-MONDALE" and "CWA—CARTER-MONDALE." A band is playing a combination rock/country music, and Kennedy makes his rounds of the room, shaking hands. There is a good deal of commotion.

Kennedy receives more cheers when he goes up on the platform where he and the others are to sit at a long table, but then he seems to realize he will be sitting there alone through Mondale's and Brown's entrances, so he goes back down and circles the room some more. The sponsors of this event don't seem to have figured out how to get the stars onstage. Mondale arrives next, also to cheers, and his entourage looks puzzled about what he is supposed to do, and he, too, starts circling the room, and then stands on a chair, so that people can see him. A few minutes later, Brown just wanders onto the platform. He is applauded politely. Finally, all three are seated on the left, facing the audience—Mondale at the end, then Kennedy, then Brown. Local Party officials are on the right. A group in the audience starts a cheer for Kennedy, and Kennedy, smiling, waves his fist in the air, urging them on, and then another group starts to cheer for Carter. Kennedy and Mondale laugh at the cheering contest—they have to. Brown looks bemused. Actually, the feeling in the room is one of good humor; this is not the kind of angry cheering contest one sometimes witnesses at party Conventions. The people here are excited—after all, they have landed three major figures for their dinner. The democratic process is working in Waterloo tonight. After lengthy speeches by the local officials, it finally comes time for each of the featured attractions to give a twenty-minute speech. When the master of ceremonies says that it's time for "the more serious part of the program," Kennedy leads the audience in applause. Then, when the master of ceremonies says, "There's one burning question on all of our minds," someone from the audience shouts "Where's Linda?"—referring to Brown's famous friend Linda Ronstadt—and Kennedy breaks up into laughter, and Mondale laughs, and then, after some hesitation, Brown smiles.

Brown's turn is first, and he begins by saying that "in view of the fact we did not have an opportunity in Des Moines to answer questions," he will simply use his time to answer questions from the audience. Trust Brown to reorder the universe. Mondale has a pre-

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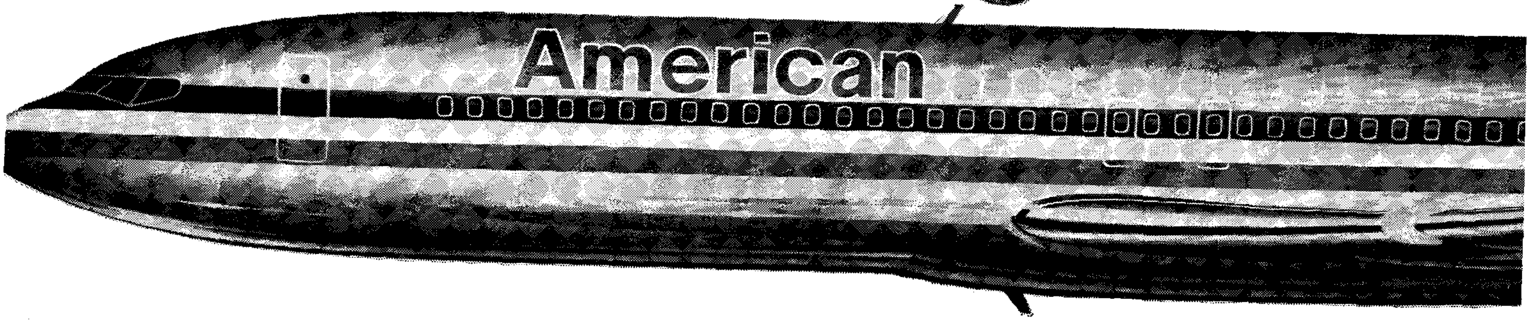
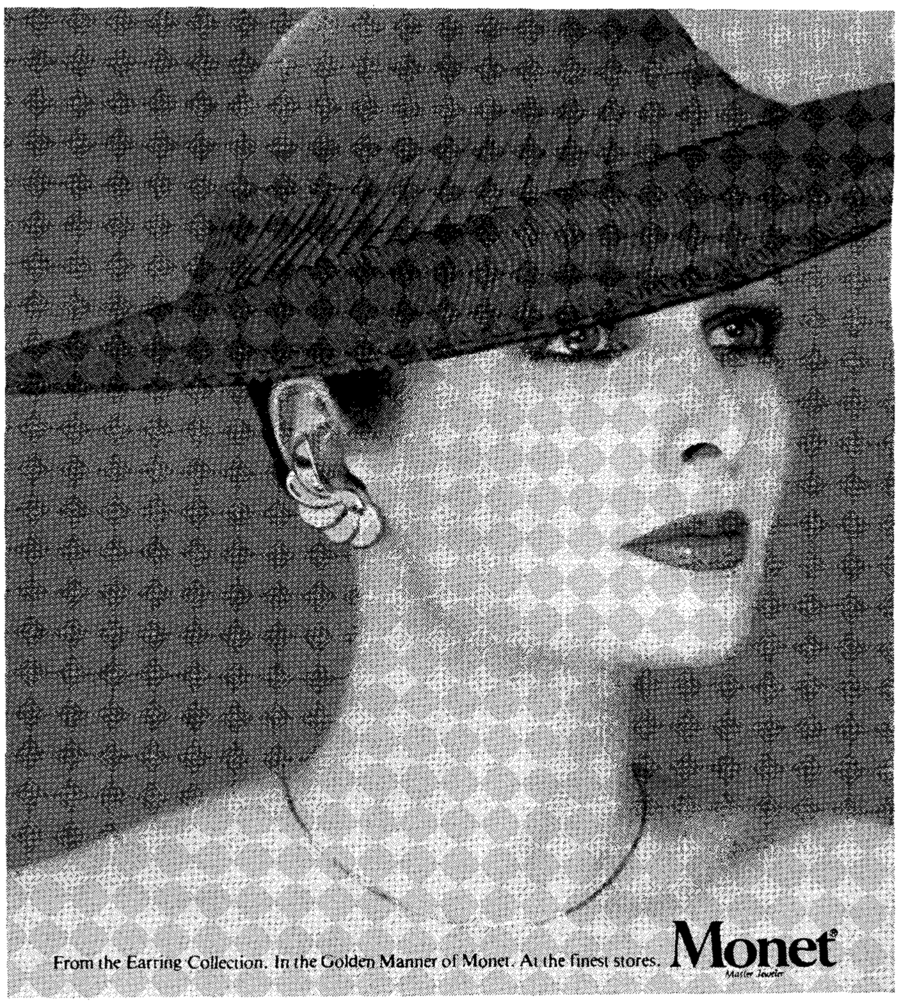


pared speech text, and Kennedy has some notes. Now Brown has, in effect, challenged the others; the Kennedy camp had not ruled out that Brown would suggest a debate, but it had not expected this. Brown has not made a real effort in Iowa; he became interested in it only after the possibility of the debate arose. Brown answers questions about the Olympics ("Except in the rarest of circumstances, we should not attempt to use the Olympics as a political issue") and on a variety of other subjects. Sometimes he uses an answer to make arguments that are not quite to the point, and he talks quickly, spilling out a number of ideas. He makes no attempt to get the audience worked up. He is applauded from time to time, and Mondale and Kennedy watch him carefully. At times, Mondale goes over his speech text, adjusting to the new circumstances, and at one point Kennedy engages in signalling with Eddie Martin—apparently about a new strategy. At another point, Kennedy and Mondale confer; in an odd way, they are comrades here. During the preliminaries, Kennedy seemed to have an easier time joking with him than with Brown. Kennedy and Mondale are more like each other than either of them is like Brown—or, for that matter, Carter. At one point, a man in the audience complains to Brown about the fact that Carter has not debated, and Brown responds, "How do I formulate that into a question? Is it: Can we, should we, and how do we get President Carter to debate?" The audience cheers, and Kennedy joins in and then stands, laughing, and leads the cheers. Brown criticizes the grain embargo. He says, "General Patton used to say, 'The point is not to die for your country but make sure your adversary dies for his,' " and he concludes with brief remarks.

When Kennedy begins, he says, full-voiced, smiling broadly, "First of all, I have something to give my good friend Fritz Mondale." He holds up a red jersey. "A New England Patriots *football* shirt. I present it as one good patriot to another." The jersey has white lettering on the back that says "FRITZ 2." Mondale laughs, and the whole patriotism matter has been defused. (Mondale has already said that he had not intended to question Kennedy's patriotism.) Then Kennedy tells about how, when it was thought that Carter might send Mondale as a surrogate to the debate, he tried to figure out who could act as a surrogate for him. He says that he thought of someone who in the Senate had supported national health insurance, a man who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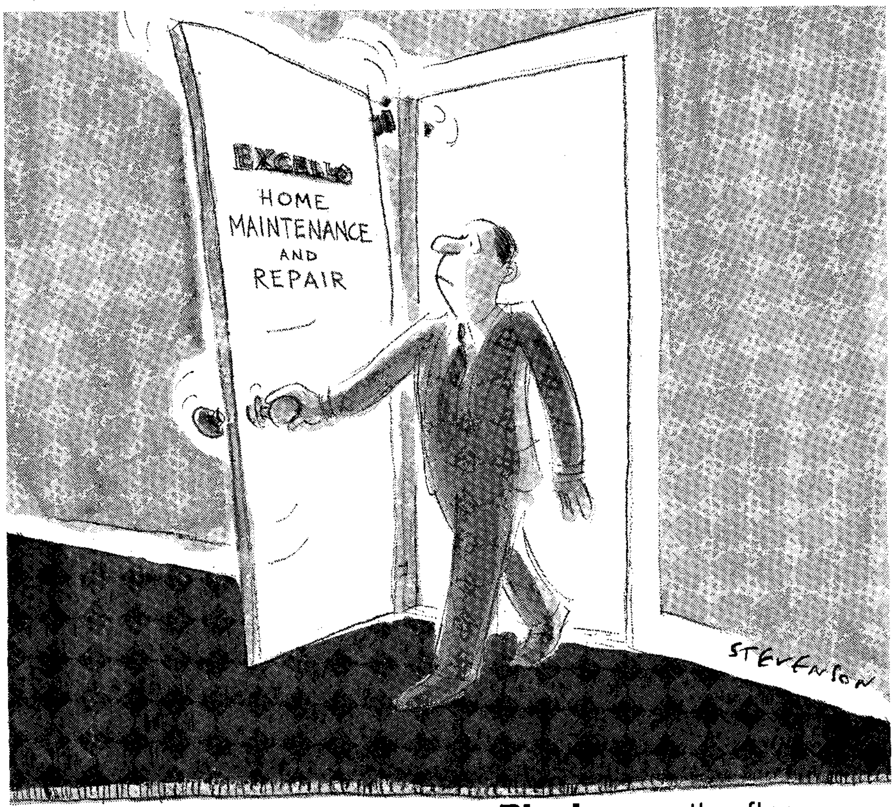

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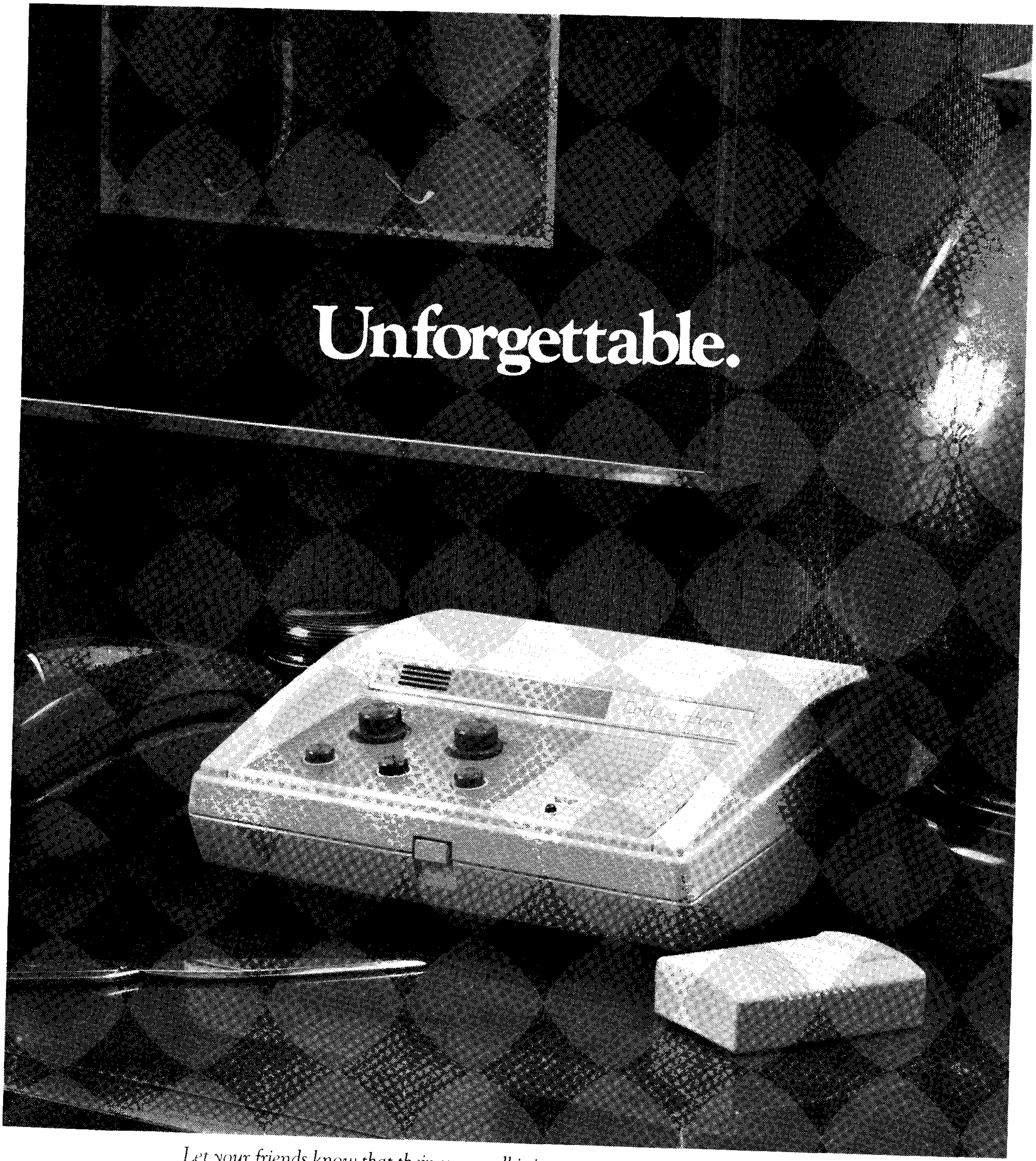

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had opposed grain embargoes, and he goes on through the list of things that describe Mondale's record; the audience, having caught on, laughs as Kennedy builds to his conclusion: "But then I was reminded by Fritz that he was already representing someone else." He has entertained the audience, and has reminded everyone in two ways that Mondale is only number two. Then Kennedy says, "I've been getting along pretty well with the Administration"—pause—"lately." The audience laughs. "All I have to do is talk about a particular problem or an issue and the Administration comes in the area and awards those grants." Laughter. Pause. "And if you haven't gotten plenty here in Waterloo, you ought to make your applications now—before next week." More laughter. He tells of having mistakenly mentioned the Wabash Railroad, which no longer exists—"and, what do you know, it got a three-and-a-half-million-dollar loan." He delivers these and other stories with energy, and he gives the impression that he is having a wonderful time, and it has an infectious effect on the audience.

Then he says that he will make a few remarks, answer some questions, and close with some remarks. He has adjusted to Brown's setting of the agenda. He talks about his travels in Iowa, and his disappointment that the debate did not take place, and the questions he thinks are on people's minds about domestic and foreign policy. He gets in his remarks about hostages being seized and embassies burned, and Cuban troops in Africa and Soviet troops in Cuba and Soviet troops in Afghanistan. He says, "There is no excuse—there is no excuse—for the United States not to have a foreign policy in the period of the nineteen-eighties that has the support of the American people and the confidence of our allies, and is respected by our adversaries." He goes on with his standard comments about economic statistics and what they mean and how one of the "tests of our civilization is whether we as a society can insure that the elderly people who have contributed so much to our society will be able to live their golden years in peace and dignity." He is talking passionately now, his face flushed. Sometimes he pounds the lectern. His hair is beginning to fall onto his forehead. Kennedy tamps down the audience's applause with his hands—he doesn't have time. "We see the clock moving," he says, and he says he wants to take questions.

He is asked whether the Russians can be trusted.

He replies, "American policy should

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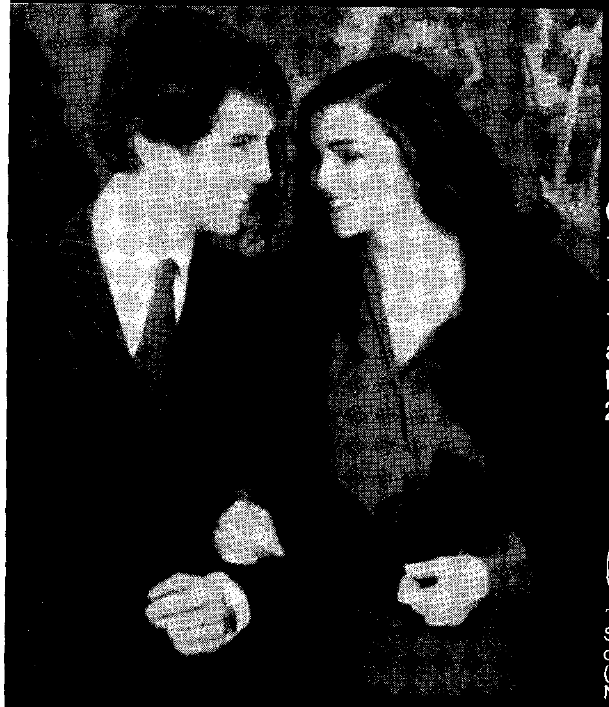

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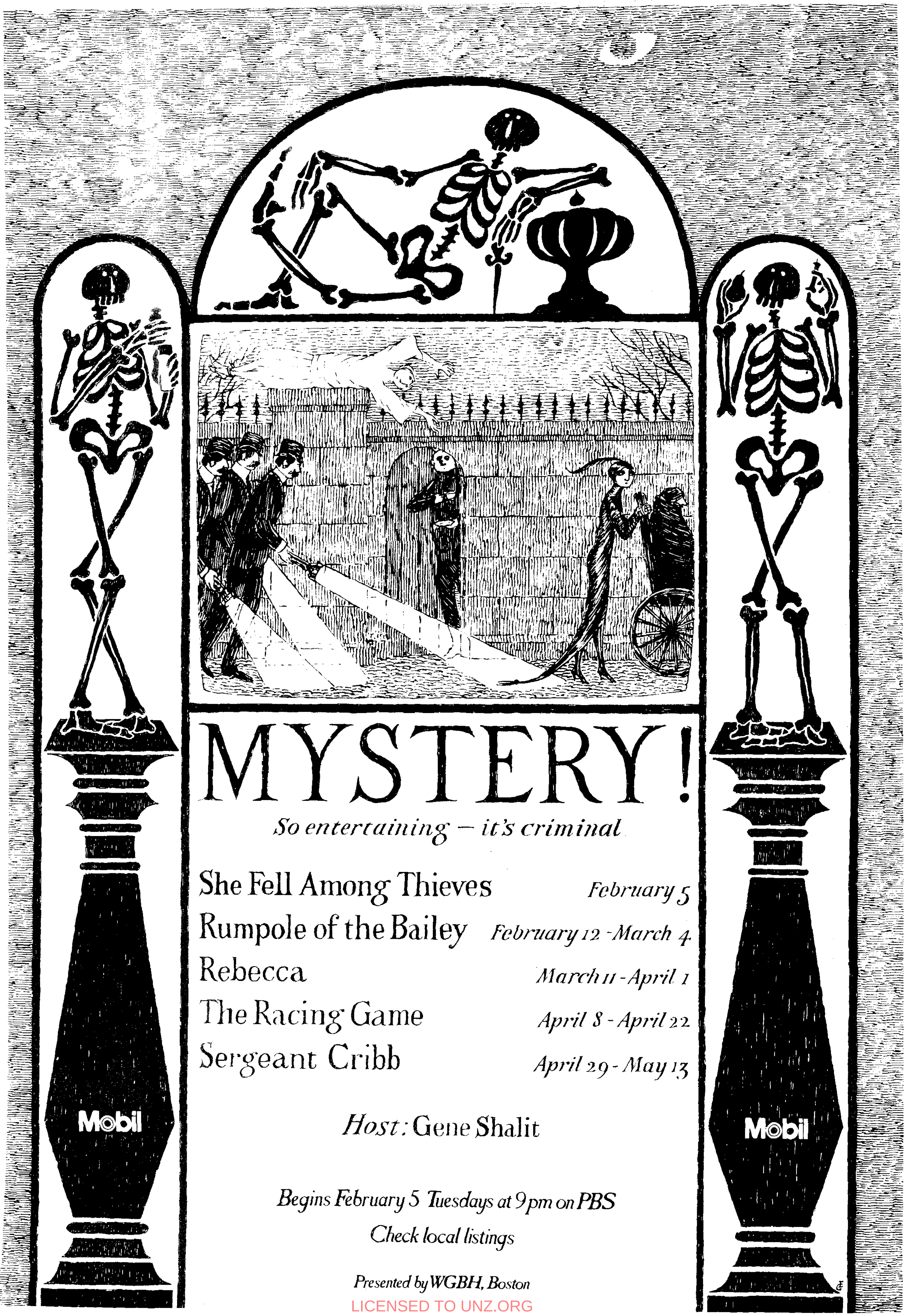

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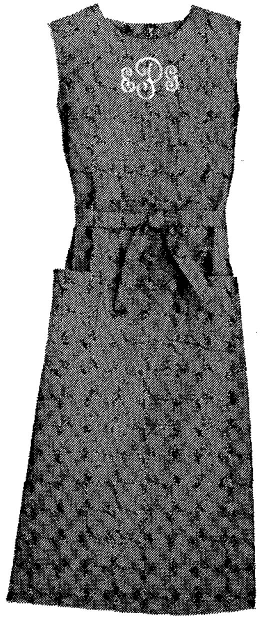

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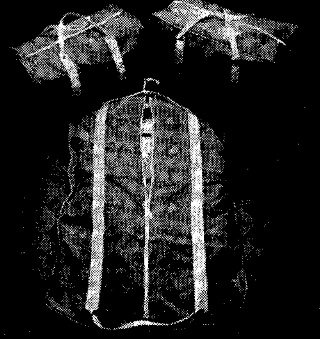

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not be made upon trusting the Soviet Union." He talks about "coöperation and competition." He says that he has supported an arms-limitation agreement. "Not because I'm interested in doing a favor for the Soviet Union, and not because I trust the Soviet Union. If the SALT agreement cannot meet the national-security interests of the United States, it should be rejected by the Senate of the United States. My own belief is that it does meet the national-security interests of the United States."

He is asked whether he favors a Rapid Deployment Force, which the Administration is proposing.

"I feel strongly we need to beef up the capability of our conventional forces," he replies. He says that half of our ships can't arrive in ports on time, half our planes can't take off on time. He thinks we have units that are "combat ready"—he names some combat units—and he says, "I'm not convinced that we have to develop some new type of capability other than beefing up or strengthening our existing conventional forces."

Then he is asked about why he has not been able to get health insurance out of his subcommittee, and as soon as the questioner, who phrases the question almost precisely the way it was phrased in Iowa City yesterday, has said a few words, Kennedy says, "You know what's coming, gang."

He gives the same answer he gave yesterday, only this time with more fervor. He says, "The only way—the only way—that the United States will be able to join the other countries of the world in relieving their citizens of the fear of financial ruin because of illness or sickness is if you're going to have a President who is going to be at the ramparts to try to achieve it." The U.A.W., of course, champions national health insurance. Again, he stops the applause and continues talking. He talks, as he has before, about the good medical coverage that senators receive, and about the illnesses that his family has suffered—his father's stroke, his son Teddy's cancer, his son Patrick's asthma. He says, with his big voice booming, "There isn't a family in this room, let alone a handful of families in this country, that could assure their families of the kind of excellent-quality health care that this member of the United States Senate was able to achieve for his family." He pounds the lectern again. "I reject the thought that there is a family in Iowa that shouldn't be entitled for their families—should their families be struck

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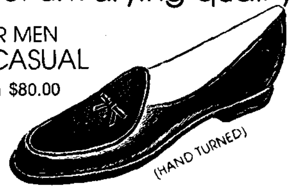

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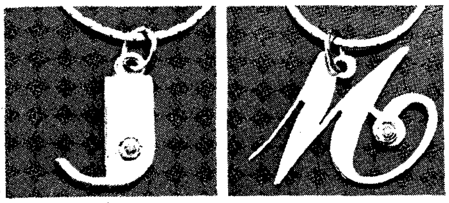

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with the same kind of illness and sickness that my family was struck by—that should not be entitled to the same kind of excellence and quality of health care." And he is cheered.

And then he puts his all into his concluding remarks. His conclusion is the culmination of his efforts this week to find his voice, and now he is eloquent. He delivers it as if it were coming from somewhere deep within him. This will be his last such appearance in Iowa. "I am a candidate for the President of the United States because I have a sense of hope for the future of our nation. I reject the counsel of the voices, no matter how high in government, that talk about a *malaaaaaise* of the spirit." (As it happens, so did Mondale when Carter's "malaise" speech was being debated at Camp David last July. Now Mondale is expressionless.) Kennedy continues, "I haven't seen it in Iowa. And I haven't seen it in ten weeks of travelling the length and breadth of this nation. I think the people of Iowa share the belief that I do that America means hope and that America means opportunity, that everyone who's in this room wants to try and improve our community and improve our state and improve our country, so that we can pass a greater country on to our children." The room is utterly still. He says, "In eight days from now, the people of Iowa will gather in the caucuses, and there will be people on one side of the room and people on the other side of the room. I'm asking the people, the Democrats of Iowa, to walk across that room and to join with us, join with us and try to insure that this great nation of ours can come to grips with the problems that we're facing today, the problems of inflation and the problems of energy, and the problems of restoring American foreign policy to the place of respect and dignity that it has always had in our proudest moments." And now his voice somehow gains more power, and—like an opera singer who reaches in there for that last reserve of strength for the end of an aria—he hurls out his closing: "And then we will send a message to the rest of this country and to the rest of this world that America is on the move again." Then he changes to his fighting tone and adds, "I ask you to join me and show the Des Moines *Register* what a real Iowa poll is like."

Mondale begins by joking, "Tonight, Waterloo is not just a Democratic city. It has become the center of the civilized world." Mondale, too, tells some jokes that go over well, and then

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he says, “I come to you as an old, seasoned Hubert Humphrey progressive Democrat,” and he adds that “contrary to what someone suggested, this is a progressive, compassionate, and caring President, in the finest traditions of the Democratic Presidents of our country.” As he did at the Party's midterm conference in Memphis in December of 1978, Mondale is fighting Kennedy for the traditional Democratic constituency. As he did then, he gives an impassioned defense of Carter's record. He is doing the best he can with what he's got, and he gets applause, but he does not stir the excitement that Kennedy did. But all three men, each in his way, have done well tonight. *Mondale refutes Kennedy on foreign policy.* When Mondale praises Carter for having “proposed the most progressive national-health-insurance plan that has ever been proposed by a sitting President,” Kennedy smiles at the relativity of Mondale's claim. When Mondale says that he wants to bring up “the issues of Presidential character,” Kennedy's jaw tightens. Mondale gets worked up as he delivers his remarks, and makes a couple of verbal slips that would probably be big news if Kennedy had made them. Mondale speaks for twenty minutes, although he had said he intended to take questions, and when he is out of time he says again that he will take a few questions. Brown leans over to say something to Kennedy, and then, after Mondale goes on for a few minutes, Kennedy looks displeased. There are limits to good fellowship. Especially when the stakes are as high as they are now. Under the good spirits, there has been a certain tension, and now it surfaces. The master of ceremonies confers with Brown and Kennedy, and, looking worried, finally tells Mondale that his time is up, and Mondale quickly concludes his remarks.

AFTER Kennedy's plane takes off from Waterloo to return to Washington, Kennedy, in shirtsleeves, his tie loosened, comes back to the press section of the plane. He talks about the evening and jokes with the press. He looks tired now. He has done all he can, and now he needs to unwind. One reporter kids him about changing his mileage in Iowa from five thousand to six thousand and then back to five thousand. He laughs, and says that he was told he had to stick to five thousand, because that is what he says in his forthcoming television ad. When a reporter, mocking a radio announcer, jokes over the plane's intercom that this week Dick Drayne “slipped into

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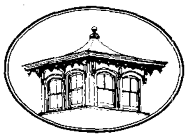

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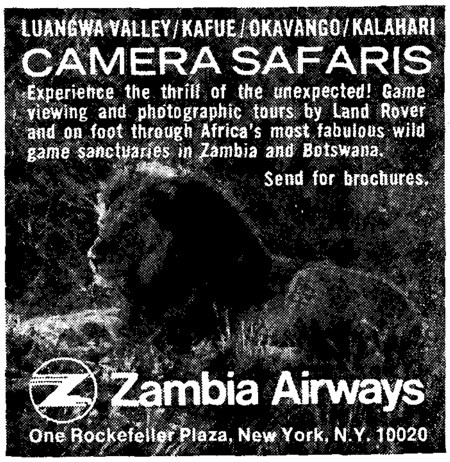

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Iowa with two suitcases of verbs and complete sentences,” Kennedy roars with laughter.

Shortly after midnight, I talk with Kennedy for a few minutes in his front compartment. Patrick is sitting across from him, doing homework.

I ask Kennedy if he enjoyed the evening.

“It was a good evening,” he replies. “I kind of thought it would be, anyway.”

I ask him why.

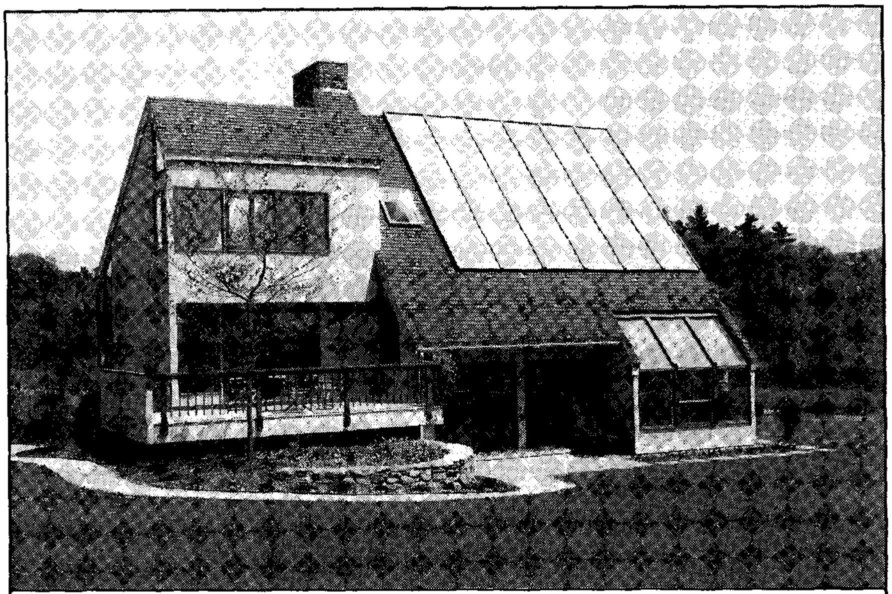
He replies, “You feel both comfortable and motivated. You don’t think there will be any surprises, or events that can’t be turned to advantage.” He shrugs. “It’s a question of give your talk or give answers. It’s all the same thing. I thought the audience set the mood: the Democratic Party searching and seeking a President, in a small room. The Democratic Party in the heartland of the country. It was really the heart of the Democratic Party that was there. It’s so different from the kinds of events you usually get to appear at—a Sunday interview show, a debate, which is sanitized. There’s an earthiness and liveliness of the Party that reflected itself tonight.”

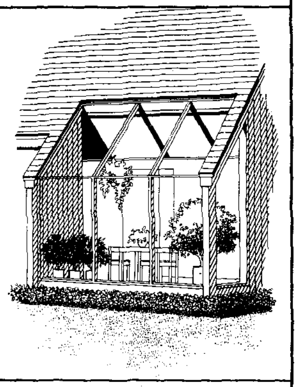
I ask Kennedy if he feels any less frustrated than he did at the beginning of the week.

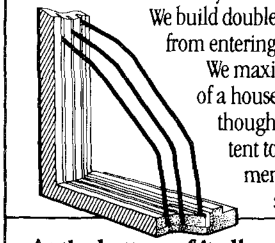
He pauses, and then he says, “I think it went well this week.” By now, his voice is hoarse and he is obviously tired. “I feel that the issues which motivated my involvement in the campaign—that really hasn’t changed. There’s been a lot of analysis of the campaign and the candidate, but nothing has altered. I feel the same interests and concerns that I’ve felt the whole time. There’s been a settling down of the campaign, and I think there has been a settling down of the candidate as well. I think it’s been a good week.”

Kennedy’s plane arrives at Dulles Airport, which is an hour out of Washington, shortly before 2 A.M., Eastern time. When Kennedy walks into the terminal, he is greeted by about a hundred campaign workers; some are holding welcome-home signs. They know it has been a gruelling week for him. Kennedy seems a bit startled, and moved. He jokes, “I thought it was the right-to-lifers.” He thanks them for coming and shakes their hands, and as he starts to leave the terminal he says to them, “I have good news from Iowa. We had a good week.” They cheer. And then he says, “As I told them in Mason City, we’ll show them what a real Iowa poll is.”

—ELIZABETH DREW







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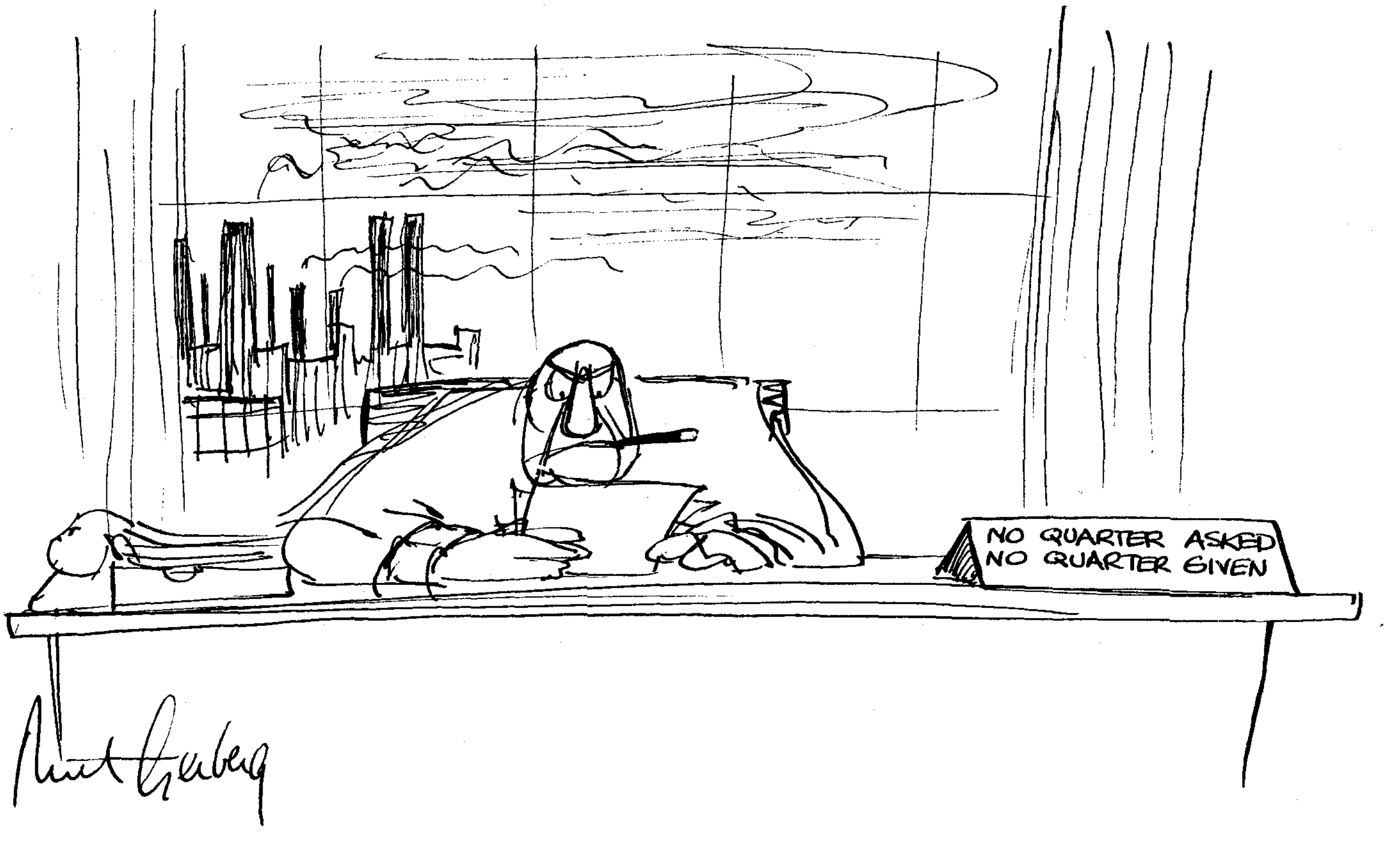
THE THEATRE

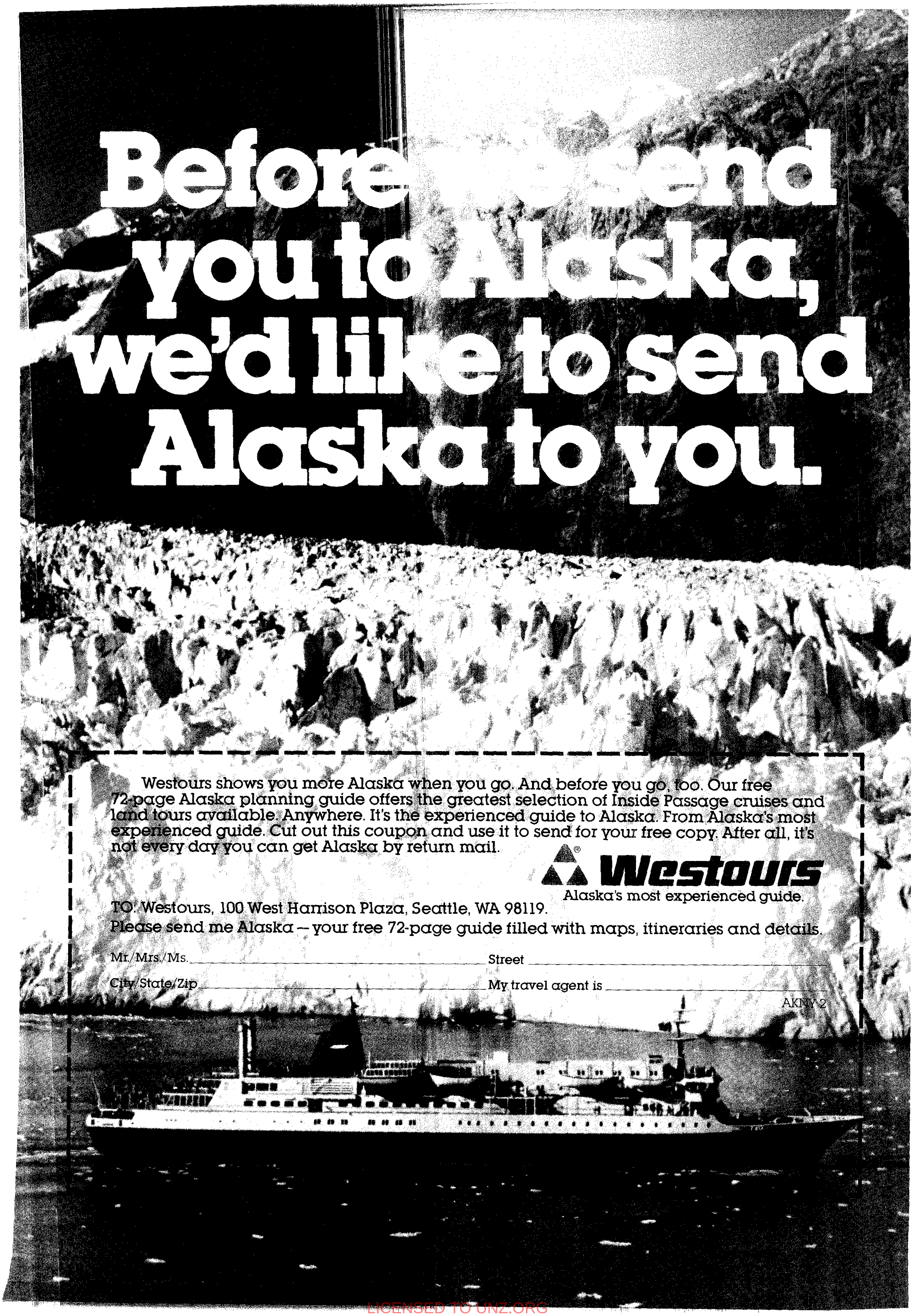
Legendary Figures

TOO many cooks are said to spoil the broth, but may it not also be the case that too much broth spoils the cooks? Something like this appears to have happened in the case of a strange enterprise at the American Place Theatre called "Paris Lights," which boasts both a subtitle, "The All-Star Literary Genius Expatriate Revue," and a sub-subtitle, "A Musical Celebration in Their Own Words." (The mysterious antecedent of "their" must be a missing plural of "genius.") The program proceeds to reveal that the revue is "based on an idea by William Russo" and has been "developed" by Michael Zettler and George Ferencz, with music by Mr. Russo, a book "developed and adapted" by Mr. Zettler, and direction by Mr. Ferencz. Mr. Russo's idea, which in terms of significance must be said to fall a considerable distance short of the ideas of Copernicus and Newton, was to select a number of literary expatriates living in Paris in the nineteen-twenties and let them speak words drawn from here and there in their œuvre and, on occasion, sing songs whose lyrics are identified as being by "poets who were in Paris" during that period. Among the expatriates tapped for this singular posthumous tribute are Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sylvia Beach, Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, Harry Crosby, Josephine Baker, and—not quite a literary expatriate, after all, but a welcome surprise under the circumstances—Charles A. Lindbergh.

I have no doubt that the words uttered during the course of the performance can be authenticated, but the broth they make, thick as it promises to be, proves unexpectedly thin and tasteless; the characters appear uncomfortably out of sync with what they say. Only Alice B. Toklas, well impersonated by Margery Cohen, struck me as being like the Toklas described by Janet Flanner and other close friends of hers: mousy and shrewd and sharp-tongued. James York has the misfortune to play Hemingway, who spends almost every moment of his time onstage standing at a desk and writing (presumably) "In Our Time;" he emerges from his labors only in order to engage in a drunken scuffle with disreputable comrades. Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald (Jane Summerhays and Nicholas Wyman) dance an implausible *valse triste* together, and Sylvia Beach (again Miss Summerhays) gushes over the celebrated friends she has acquired through her bookshop. Mr. Wyman is far too tall to resemble the actual Fitzgerald, but he is physically admirable as Joyce; the difficulty is that Joyce—Joyce, of all people!—has so little to say. One is put in mind of those mediums who, getting in touch with Shakespeare in the spirit world, report him as saying not something on the order of "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments" but "Hi there, everybody." As for Edna St. Vincent Millay, what is she doing in Paris? Doesn't she belong on the Staten Island ferry? The only unmitigated praise I can offer the production is for its first-act curtain, when Lindbergh (Christopher Murray) slides down a pole out of a tiny Spirit of St. Louis, tucked high in the flies, and is embraced by a bare-breasted Josephine Baker (Rhetta Hughes). That is surely the least likely embrace in human history, and it took nerve to imagine it; maybe that's what the program means by all those "adapted"s and "developed"s. The setting of "Paris Lights" is by Bill Stabile, the lighting is by Laura Rambaldi, and the costumes are by Kathleen Smith and Sally Lesser.

AMERICAN writers in Paris in the twenties have become legendary figures to the next literary generation; many of our contemporary younger dramatists choose as heroes for their plays legendary figures out of the West of the nineteenth century—one thinks of Buffalo Bill, General Custer, Kit Carson, and the like. Now Thomas Babe has written a play called "Salt Lake City Skyline" (at the Public), which celebrates the life and, particu-





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larly, the death of Joe Hill, the Swedish immigrant who became a labor organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World—the once powerful group known as the Wobblies—and who, having been accused of committing two murders in Salt Lake City, was convicted on what was widely believed to be tainted evidence and, after a long delay, executed. Mr. Babe has compressed almost two years into what seems like two days, passed wholly in a Salt Lake City courtroom. The setting, by Marjorie Kellogg, is exceptionally handsome as well as exceptionally realistic; what takes place within it is a fantasy, governed by rules of jurisprudence and decorum that exist largely within the mind of the playwright. Hill is a garrulous, oafish, and charming man, who leaps to his feet now to quarrel with the judge and now to sing one of his celebrated songs—we can never foresee which. When his mistress comes to visit him, they are soon locked in a passionate embrace on the courtroom floor, not much to the surprise of her prematurely sophisticated son. The fantasy is high-spirited but lacks feeling; we know that something terrible is about to happen to Hill, and also to the judge who is trying him. (He has announced from the bench that he is dying of cancer.) Hill's boyish caperings—he is supposed to be a man in his early forties—and sudden, frightened hesitancies constantly threaten to betray Babe's ambitious intentions and our sympathies.

John Lithgow gives a first-rate performance as Hill, and Fred Gwynne is satisfactory in the conventionally written role of the judge; if he huffs and puffs a good deal, it is for want of something more substantial to do. The direction of the play is by Robert Allan Ackerman, the costumes are by Robert Wojewodski, and the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut. —BRENDAN GILL

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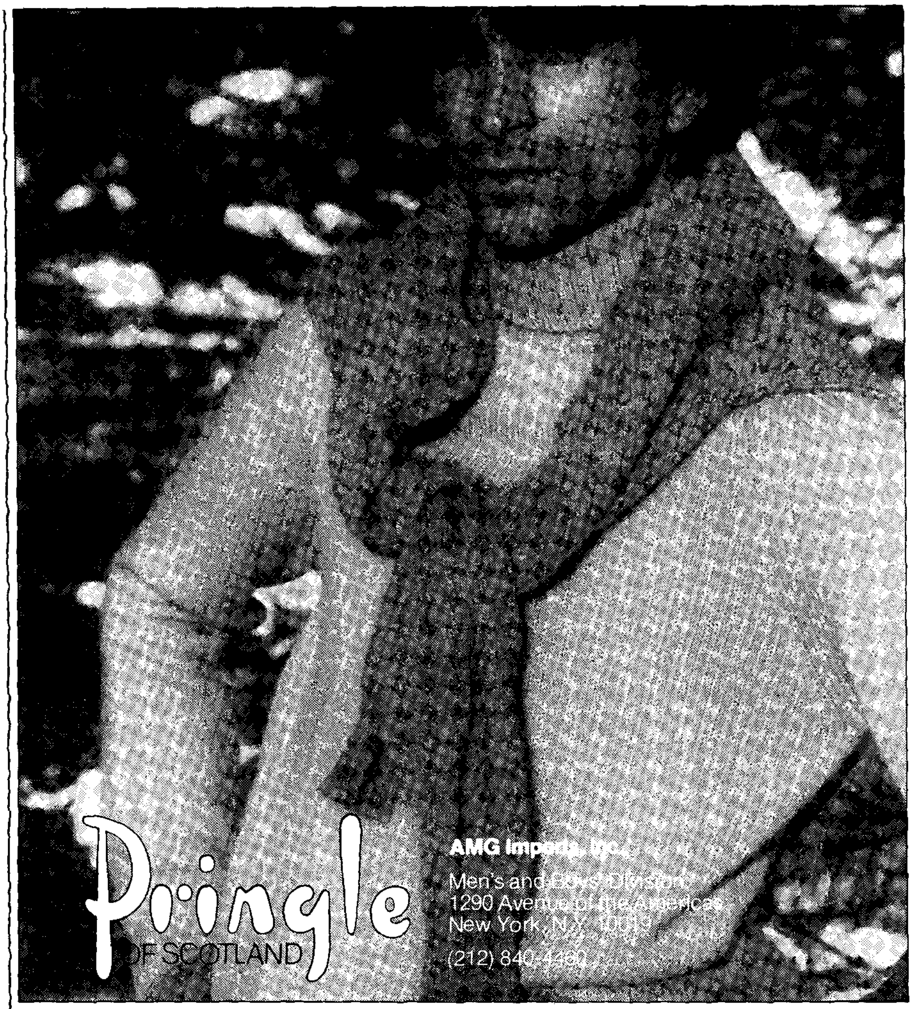

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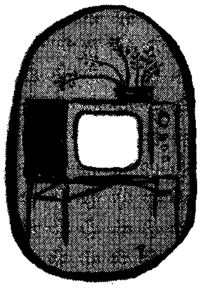
Jim Peck's Cabaret



THE fact is, I'd never have been watching "3's a Crowd" if I didn't hate to jog. I don't much like to row, either—or whatever it is that one does on a rowing machine—but a rowing machine is what I bought a little while ago to avoid jogging, setting it down first in the room of an absent child, where I used it once (a thirty-minute experience of such deep, such nearly sublime, boredom that I would have betrayed my whole regiment not to repeat it) and then didn't look at it again for several weeks, until one day, for reasons doubtless as subtle and inspirational as those that compelled Archimedes to keep an eye on his bathwater levels, I removed the sleek and stupefying rowing contraption from the absent child's room and set it down in front of my television set. Soon, in the time-honored fashion (or so I like to think) of elegant, brawny undergraduates sculling along the dank and murky waters of the Charles or the Schuylkill or the Housatonic, I was rowing my way each day through a veritable scenic vista of television programs. Some programs, I can say, are definitely better for rowing through than other programs. A Cowboys-Steelers game, for example, might seem like a good row, but it is actually too exciting, and also too infrequent; a man who waited for a Cowboys-Steelers game before hunching into position over his oars would soon find his muscles and so forth deteriorating to Jell-O. The "Today" show, on the other hand, is desirably frequent and is not a bad row, especially when Tom Brokaw is being a little tight and snappish, but you have to pick the right part of the show; too much weather news from the mountain states or an overchatty interview with a visiting heart specialist can sink one's entire craft into the carpet. Similarly, "Good Morning America," though it would doubtless be very enjoyable if one were seated properly at the breakfast table, drinking a cup of coffee and staring into the middle distance, is hard to really focus on after the half-mile mark; on the whole, I would imagine that "Good Morning America" is probably a better show to dance to than to row to, but that is only a guess. For a while, I rowed quite happily to reruns of "Ironside" in the afternoons on Channel 9; there's enough action on-screen to sustain a fairly steady thirty-stroke beat to the first commercial break, and then to warrant raising it—in tiny, gallant bursts—to thirty-five as the first victim gets rubbed out, and then you can more or less hand the whole thing over to Ironside himself after the second commercial break. But the drawback to "Ironside" is that midafternoon isn't really a practical time of day for rowing. An oarsman, it seems to me, needs the vigor of the morning air for his best efforts, and that—to make a long story short—is how I've come to be watching a game show called "3's a Crowd," which is shown at nine-thirty in the morning on CBS, every single, blessed day of the week.

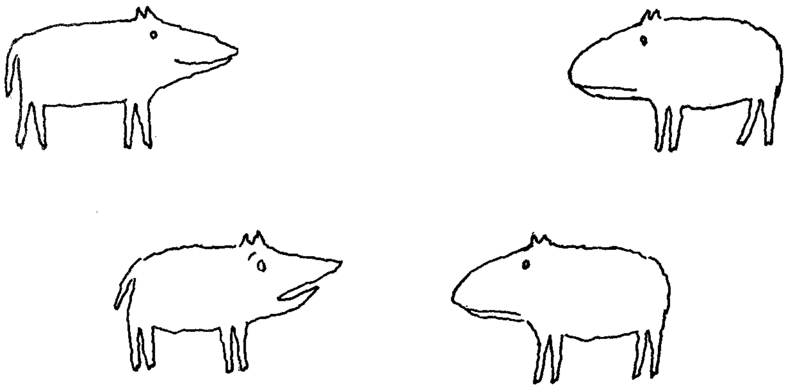
Ostensibly, as I said, "3's a Crowd" is a game show, or quiz show. Basically, I guess you could call it a sort of sex show, though perhaps that gives the wrong impression, implying that wonderfully delicious activities are taking place on Channel 2 at nine-thirty in the morning, when in fact, as is the case with most game or quiz shows, very little activity of any kind seems to take place at all. Maybe it would be better to call it a sexy type of show, though that isn't quite right, either; sexiness, according to the current definition, seems to involve not only what is sometimes described as ample displays of flesh but also a whole contemporary hammer-and-tongs approach to eroticism, and there's really very little either of flesh or of eroticism that gets revealed on "3's a Crowd." In any case, what does take place is very simple, even classical in its unities, and very swift-paced—not a beat lost, not a second wasted—and follows a pattern that varies little, or not at all, from day to day. First, there is the usual musical fanfare, with sounds of applause from an invisible audience, and then the appearance of the host, Jim Peck. Peck is a clever choice for the role—a curly-haired fellow of boyish charm and sprightly manner. In real life, he might be a junior ad-agency executive in Chicago, or one of those actor/model types who once essayed the Joel Grey part in a summer-stock version of "Cabaret." Peck, in fact, has something of his own cabaret ringmaster's manner, but it is an act modelled more on Johnny Carson than on Joel Grey; the Grey character had seen it all and didn't really want to look anymore, while Carson—the American-media Candide—still has his eye to the keyhole.

Then the first phase of the game unfolds. On the bare studio stage are now seen three men, each one seated on a little game-show podium (on chairs that somehow seem a half size too small). Sometimes the men are youthful, in their twenties, but for the most part they are older—family men; in fact, husbands and businessmen. The threesome is quickly introduced, in semi-jocose fashion. Thus, "Husband No. 1 is a lawyer who wears his own briefs. Say hello to Lamar Taylor," or "Husband No. 2 is a physical-education director who runs around a lot. Say hello to Dave Norris," and so forth. Then Jim explains that we're about to find out "who really knows each husband best—his wife or his secretary"—and that whichever trio, secretaries or wives, matches most of the husbands' replies to the game's forthcoming questions will win "a cash prize of one thousand dollars." And we're off.

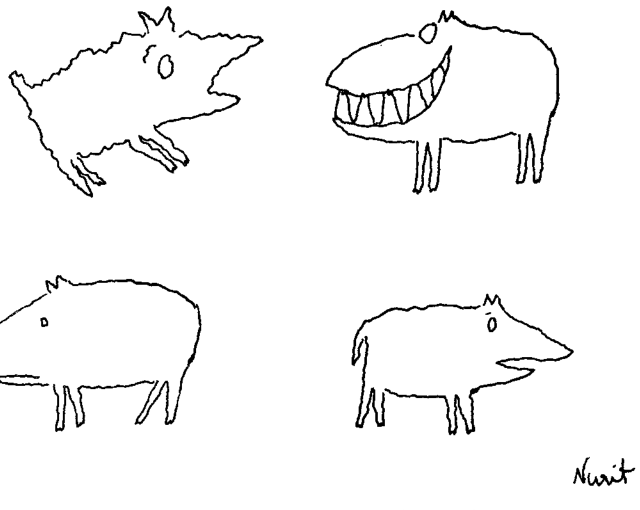
On an average day, things might start off as follows. First question: "How many days a week are you in a sexy mood?" Each husband writes his answer down on a card, which he holds up to the audience—or, at any rate, to the camera—in the spirit of a show-and-tell exercise. Two husbands write "Seven," for which they are roundly applauded by the invisible audience; one writes "Five," for which he is also applauded. Next question: "Between what hours of the day or night is your best sex life?" One husband answers "9 P.M. to midnight;" another, "10 P.M. to midnight;" the third, "6 P.M. to 2 A.M." Third question: "How would you complete the blank in this sentence? 'Lately, my wife's sex drive has been ——.' " One husband writes "On automatic pilot;" another writes "Terrible;" the third writes "Delayed." Fourth question: "How would you complete the blank in this sentence? 'My wife's —— is droopy.' " One husband answers "Chin;" another answers "Ears;" the third answers "Chest." Fifth question: "What is the strangest or funniest thing you ever asked your secretary to do with you?" One husband writes "Go to the beach;" another writes "Going naked in the Jacuzzi;" the third writes "Skinny-dipping."

After the first commercial break, when the camera returns to the studio, three couples are now seen onstage; the husbands have been joined by three women, with each couple now seated cozily together on the little podiums in the accepted fashion of husband-and-wife contestant teams. Here, however, the couples are not husband and wife but employer and secretary. The secretaries are also briskly and humorously introduced and are asked to answer the same questions. Thus, "How many days a week is he in a sexy mood?" is answered by the first secretary with "None." Jim Peck asks her to elaborate. "Well, he comes in like such a grouch, as if he hadn't thought about sex for months." The second secretary smiles shyly and says, "I'd like to say *nine*, but I guess I'd better not go into that." The third secretary says, "He's really not like that. He never thinks about things like that." Second question: "Between what hours of the day or night do you think his best sex life would be?" One secretary says, "Between 9 P.M. and 10 P.M." Another says, "Well, they're an older couple, so I guess maybe 10 P.M. to ten-thirty." The third says, "Lunch hour." Jim Peck says, "*Lunch hour?*" The secretary says, "Well, it sure couldn't be any other time. He comes in at dawn and he stays there most of the evening. I'd have to say between twelve and twelve-thirty." Third question: "How would you complete the blank in this sentence? 'Lately, his wife's sex drive has been ——.' " The first secretary says, "Low. I mean, he's always such a grouch." The second secretary says, "I can't believe it's very high." The third one says, "I don't know; she's always got the kids and all. She's young, though, so I'd say medium." Fourth question: "How would you complete the blank in this sentence? 'His wife's —— is droopy.' " The secretary to the husband who answered "Chin" says matter-of-factly "Boobs." The secretary to the husband who answered "Ears" says "Drawers." The secretary to the husband who answered "Chest" says, "I'd definitely have to say she's missing something up *here*. You know, her boobs. I mean, she even has a nickname." Jim Peck says, "What's the nickname?" The secretary says "Pancake." Jim Peck then asks the husband "Is that right?" The husband smiles, and says "I guess so." Fifth question: "What is the strangest or funniest thing he ever asked you to do with him?" The first secretary says, "Well, there's this beach where people swim in the nude." Jim Peck says, "So *that's* the beach?" The secretary says, "No, no, we were going to wear flesh-colored bathing suits and just *watch*." The second secretary says, "Well, he asked if he could use my Jacuzzi." Jim Peck says, "*Your* Jacuzzi?" The secretary says, "Yes, my apartment came with a Jacuzzi; it's really very relaxing." The third secretary pauses a moment and then says, "Well, he and his wife once asked me to go to this club with them." Jim Peck asks, "What kind of a club?" The secretary says, "Well, it was an unusual kind of club. I guess I really don't want to go into that." Jim Peck persists: "A country club? A golf club?" The secretary says, "No, a pretty unusual kind of club—you know, with nude swimming and all. I really don't want to go into that."

After the second commercial break, the wives make their appearance—each seated on the other side of her husband, so that each little pair is now a trio. The wives are introduced and are asked the same set of questions. As to the frequency of her husband's sexy moods, one wife says, "Not during the week. I'll have to try to remember." Another says, "Maybe Saturdays. He's definitely Mr. Tired these days." Jim Peck says, "Well, let's see what your husband answered. Seven days a week!" The wife laughs, and says, "He's got to be kidding." As to the hours between which their best sex life occurs, two wives answer "Between 10 and 11 P.M.," while the wife whose husband answered "Between 6 P.M. and 2 A.M." says "Between 9 and 10 P.M." When she is told of his answer, she looks at him and laughs good-naturedly. "I usually fall asleep at ten," she says, "so I can't vouch for what happens afterward." As to the status of their own sex drives, the first wife says, "Well, he better have said tremendous or out goes the water bed." The second wife says, "I think it's been pretty good. I mean, for us." When she is told of her husband's answer ("Terrible"), she digs him playfully in the ribs and says, "I guess he's not crazy about those big curlers I wear." The third wife says, "Frankly, we've been having a problem about that, but I don't think it has much to do with my sex drive. It's more that he couldn't—you know, carry it out." As to which part of her is droopy, the wife whose husband answered "Chin" and whose husband's secretary answered "Boobs" says, "My face. I drink too many milkshakes." When Jim tells her of the secretary's answer, she says, "My boobs? How can you say that? I can't believe you actually said that!" The wife whose husband answered "Ears" and



"Why don't you ever smile?"



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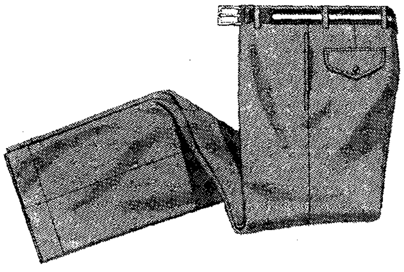

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whose husband's secretary answered "Drawers" says "Behind." Jim tells her of the other answers. "Ears?" She giggles. "I have cute ears." The wife whose husband as well as husband's secretary answered "Chest" also says "Chest." When she is told that both husband and secretary said the same thing, so that both teams scored big points on the same question, she embraces her husband and pats the secretary on the knee. Finally, as to the strangest or funniest thing that either she or her husband might have asked the secretary to do, the first wife says, "Drive the children to music school." The second wife says, "Swim nude in the Jacuzzi." The third wife says, "Well, I once asked Roberta to go out on a date with us." Jim says, "To the club?" The wife says, "Oh, you heard about the club? Well, I thought she'd enjoy it. Some really nice people." The secretary says, "Well, I wouldn't have."

And, suddenly, there ends another performance of "3's a Crowd," with the camera zooming back from the nine contestants (who seem, as a result, to be receding into a galactic void of studio drapery), and with Jim Peck, now close up and smiling boyishly, informing prospective contestants what number to phone to get on the show, and with the invisible audience surrendering one final burst of applause, and, as often happens, with no mention of which pair has won the "cash prize of one thousand dollars"—a victory that by then must surely seem almost beside the point even to the competitors.

What is one to make of such a show—such an event? Is it good? Bad? Funny? Tasteless? Or maybe all those things? My guess is that the only prudent reply to such a question is a sort of makeshift Delphic shrug: Who knows? Besides, as is the case with most other successful artifacts of popular culture, one imagines that "3's a Crowd" not only is impervious to most ordinary analysis but also probably has the last laugh, both on those who would put it down for lack of taste and on those who might feel drawn to celebrate it patronizingly for its vulgarity. In the end, though, I think it reminds me of nothing so much as those raunchy penny postcards that George Orwell wrote about in his essay "The Art of Donald McGill." Mind you, these postcards (which were popular in the shadier British stationery stores in the thirties and forties, and doubtless right up to the removal of sexual censorship in our own

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time) weren't the really "dirty," or "French," variety, later called "hard-core." They were a much jollier, cheaper, and less sophisticated kind of thing: "a genre of their own," as Orwell wrote, "specializing in very 'low' humour," displaying an "endless succession of fat women in tight bathing-dresses," or "a sort of sub-world of smacked bottoms and scrawny mothers-in-law." More than half, perhaps three-quarters, of the jokes were sex jokes, Orwell wrote, "ranging from the harmless to the all but unprintable," and focussing on such perennial subjects as newlyweds, illegitimate babies, old maids, and nude statues, also policemen and babies' diapers, also chamber pots and public lavatories (both of which "are *ipso facto* funny"), but not actual infidelity ("very seldom exploited") or homosexuality (which is never mentioned).

Orwell's upper-middle-class, Etonian sensibilities struggled mightily in this essay (perhaps our first pop-culture critique) with the unbuttoned McGill's artistic preoccupations ("A recurrent, almost dominant motif . . . is the woman with the stuck-out behind") before concluding that, despite the "crude drawings and unbearable colors" (with designs "full of heavy lines and empty spaces . . . the faces grinning and vacuous, the women monstrously parodied"), McGill's postcards affirmed the virtues of English working-class marriage and humor. Granted that Orwell's representations of working-class marriage and humor, to say nothing of the working class itself, need some updating, it seems to me that his perspective on the subject is not a bad guide to "3's a Crowd"—or, in fact, to most of our popular television game shows. In other words, while the superficial conventions of marriage and sex and so forth have certainly changed since Orwell's time, the underlying messages from the participants in "3's a Crowd" seem really not very different from the messages of McGill's postcards, or from most folklore. That husbands talk a big game but rarely deliver; Mr. Hyde, the Jacuzzi flirt, is actually Dr. Jekyll, or Mr. Tired. That wives get older and seem to be fighting a rearguard action, but then, like the Russian troops retreating before Napoleon, they still have Moscow to fall back on. That the secretary is the classic temptress, the serpent in the Garden of Eden, although, as so often occurs, Adam and Eve have long been apple-shaped and apple-souled from eating all the apples off the Tree of Knowledge, which only she has never

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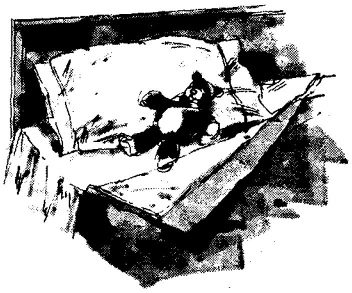

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tasted. In brief, marriage is something that only clever, erotic, and thin people ever succeed in escaping. I include "thin" because the other evening I overheard a remarkably elegant and thin woman commenting to a remarkably elegant and thin man on "how thin" everybody was getting these days. The next morning, dawdling more than usual over my oars, I couldn't help noticing that most of the participants in that day's "3's a Crowd"—men as well as women but *on the whole wives and secretaries* more than men—were definitely *not thin.* Indeed, there was no great notion or spirit of thinness anywhere in the air—no sense anywhere, say, of thinness having been attempted and not achieved. On the contrary, in short order a secretary could be observed on-screen attempting to answer a question about "what kind of fruit or vegetable" she most resembled. "I'd have to say mango," she said solemnly. "Because they're hard to get?" asked Jim Peck. "No, because I've got a good figure. Also, I peel easily." Jim then asked the employer-husband to repeat his answer. "Grapefruit," he said. "Only *one* grapefruit?" the secretary asked. "*Two* grapefruit," he said. The secretary beamed. "I'm glad you didn't say carrot or something." There was a furious burst of studio laughter, and then Jim Peck said, "Now for our fourth question. Has your boss ever given you a ham, a turkey, or a goose for Christmas?"

Come to think of it, the only strange thing about "3's a Crowd" is who watches it. I don't mean the invisible people who do all the laughing. I mean the actual viewers—a group that in earlier times one might have assumed to be composed largely of women. From all the labor statistics that are constantly being published, however, it is clear that women have so inundated the job market that there can scarcely be a dozen left at home at nine-thirty in the morning to idle away the hours watching raunchy game shows. That presumably leaves very old people relaxing in miniature-golf clubhouses, tiny children languishing in day-care centers, off-duty policemen, and, of course, oarsmen: an eccentric audience, if you will, but doubtless a faithful one.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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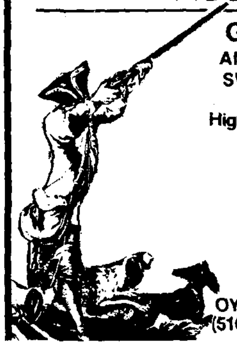

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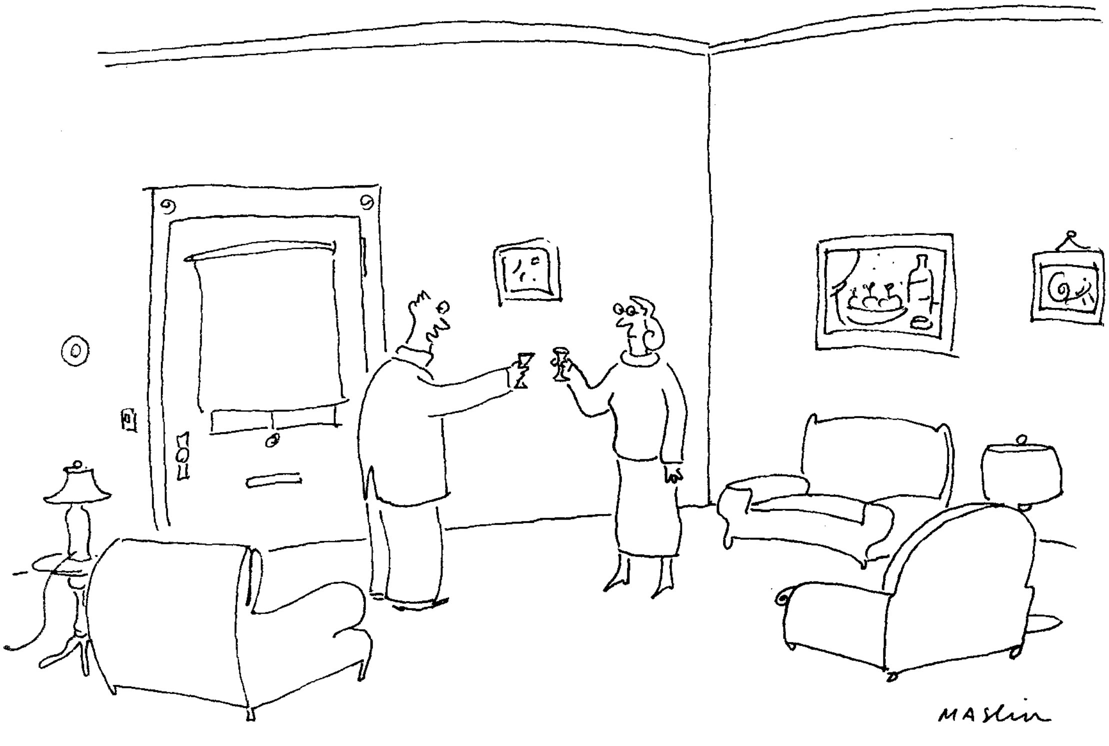
Up from Possum Gully

SOMEONE is certainly going to point out that "My Brilliant Career," an Australian movie about the coming of age of an over-intelligent, highly independent girl living on a cattle station at the turn of the century, has opened here directly after Pál Gábor's sombre, claustrophobic "Angi Vera," which was made in Hungary, and the funny, sunlit, overexuberant "The Apple Game," which was directed by Věra Chytilová and filmed in Czechoslovakia. "My Brilliant Career" is less special and surprising than these films, but it is a rewarding, wonderfully paced and sustained work, and possibly the one that will stay longest in our memories. The almost simultaneous arrival of three foreign movies that deal with women in serious and original terms is probably news, but I propose to ignore that here, out of respect for the makers of "My Brilliant Career," who have stubbornly and elegantly refused to transform this sometimes impassioned and indubitably feminist work into a tract. With the exception of the clear and memorable photography, which is by Don McAlpine, all the significant credits of the film belong to women, among whom are producer Margaret Fink and director Gillian Armstrong; the screenplay, by Eleanor Witcombe, is an adaptation of an autobiographical novel written by Stella Maria Sarah Miles Franklin (she signed it with her last two names) in 1897, when she was sixteen years old. The book apparently deals with the internal dissatisfactions and artistic yearnings (she first wanted to be a musician) that set Miles Franklin on her long course as a journalist, union organizer, slum nurse, and novelist in Australia, the United States, and England. I say "apparently" because Miss Franklin's life and works were unknown to me until I saw "My Brilliant Career." (The film had its first American showing at the New York Film Festival last fall.) I hope to rectify this provincial ignorance by finding and reading the book, but in the meantime I will plead "No, but I saw the movie" without much sense of guilt, because "My Brilliant Career" is a film that looks and feels and nourishes just like a first-class old-fashioned, fast-reading good novel.

Miss Franklin's self-modelled heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, finds herself at sixteen stranded in a family that has fallen from better times and is itself marooned in a board-shack sector of the outback called Possum Gully; Sybylla bangs with adolescent rage on a clunky, out-of-tune piano while, off in the distance outdoors, her father pursues his handful of piebald cattle in the dusty heat and wind. Sybylla, as played by a remarkable young Australian actress named Judy Davis, has a long, obdurate jaw, crinkly hair, freckles, bad skin, a thick, tough mouth, and an intelligent, furious inward stare. She is without illusions, except that she thinks herself ugly and unmarriageable when in fact she is (or is about to be) a strong and strikingly beautiful woman; what she perceives as nonnegotiable personal desires—to be a pianist or perhaps an opera singer, to go on picnics, to "talk about books and words," to write, to have a brilliant career—are seen by her family as willful and dangerous daydreams. But this is a Victorian novel, with strong and sudden contrasts of place and social fortune, and Sybylla is permitted to depart and live for a while at her maternal grandmother's house, Caddagat, where there are carriages and servants and shining furniture, and where men dress in black tie for dinner and sometimes waltz with the ladies afterward, laughing and whirling to the strains of "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." Then, in better dresses and with a lighter, more hopeful look on her face, Sybylla ascends again when she visits the ravishing great estate of Five Bob Downs (the meadows and lush riverbank gardens of New South Wales are of a rare, pale-green beauty), and there finds the dashing, booted, wealthy, and eligible Harry Beecham (Sam Neill), who regards her with an amused, silent stare from under his stiff cattleman's hat. The story was written by a sixteen-year-old, after all, and we might smile at all this in a rather patronizing way, except that the movie is sustained and deepened by a large number of secondary characters, whom we instantly seem to know a great deal about—bearded Uncle Julius (Peter Whitford), who is playful and worldly and generous; beautiful but sad-faced Aunt Helen (Wendy Hughes), who has been abandoned by her husband and who urges the advantages of "friendship marriage" on Sybylla; fatuous Frank Hawden (Robert Grubb), who is so silly and appealing when he sings his after-dinner solo of "Jerusalem;" Grandma Bossier (Aileen Brittain), who would rather see Sybylla "with her hair shorn off, and shut up in a convent" than hear of her perhaps becoming an actress; and, best of all, Harry Beecham's mother (Pat Kennedy), with her enormous, aristocratic nose, mauve



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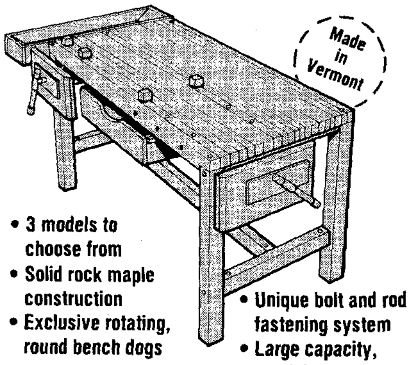

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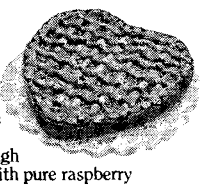

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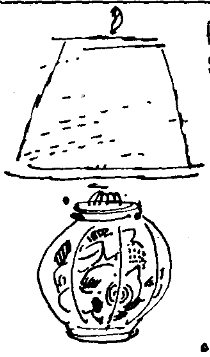

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dresses, and considering, sensitive eye, who is the first adult to notice what Sybylla is all about and to see what a find she is. None of this would have much importance if we, too, did not know Sybylla by now—to the point where we understand the inexorable seriousness with which she regards herself, and sense, with sadness and approbation, where that may take her in the end.

The prime asset of "My Brilliant Career" is that it doesn't seem more perceptive or knowing than its central characters. The film is with Sybylla but never ahead of her, and it doesn't pull her about or arrange her moves, which is a feat of directorial restraint, given that the story is about such a young and scattered girl and that it all happened so long ago. The people who made this movie obviously "believed in" Sybylla's story, and they must have often been tempted to make it more modern and more sophisticated in its perceptions and to jazz up its cinematic style. Because they held back, Sybylla's discoveries about herself come as a shock to us, just as they do to her. After some tense, unhappy moments at a dance, she suddenly turns on Harry when he makes up his mind at last and proposes to her, and strikes him with a whip, in a rage. She is shaken by this and apologizes, and the scene shifts beautifully in tone, just as we ourselves often shift and subside when we have been startled by our emotions; there is a pause (everything is slipping away), and Harry murmurs, "I should really get back to my guests." The earlier sequences about their courtship—a moment when they are seated on either side of his mother on the pillared porch of Five Bob, each dressed in light summer clothes and with black, wet, freshly combed hair (they have tumbled out of a boat), and exchange secret, excited glances; Sybylla on a swing, with her feet and skirts sailing up into the tree branches; a long pillow fight outdoors in the hot sunlight, which is accompanied by the frantic barking of the house dogs—sustain an extraordinary sexual tension, because the principals don't succumb: another temptation resisted, surely, by the makers of this picture. At the end, a couple of years later, when Sybylla tells Harry what she knows for certain about the kind of life she must have, the news comes as sadly to us as it does to him, and to her. She knows that she can't be a cattleman's wife (they have both fallen a bit in the world), living out in the bush, having a baby each year; she must be a writer. The decision seems almost accidental, like so many deci-

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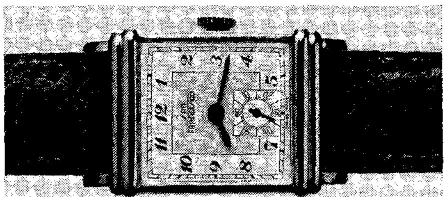
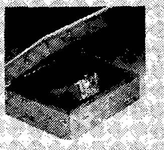

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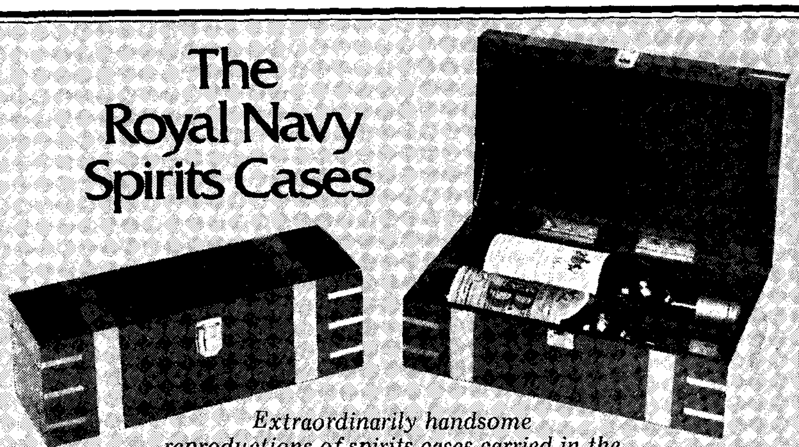
sions we have all arrived at, and it has been made only because no other choice seemed available. Life is hard. There is so little sense of triumph about this (just where one expected at least a flash of it) that one may even wonder whether, given a shift of luck or place or money, Sybylla might not have been happily married instead—married *and* a writer. That possibility is left open, too. "My Brilliant Career" continually rises and falls between extreme possibilities and chances, and this, combined with the spiritual loneliness and bluestocking nobility of its heroine, the sense of bold, large surroundings, the long skies, the modulated and sustained intelligence, reminded me often of the world of Willa Cather. But even that may sound patronizing; like all strong, original movies, "My Brilliant Career" resembles only itself in the end, and it takes up its own firm place in our heads.

IN "American Gigolo," Julian Kay (Richard Gere) skims around the Southern California freeways in a shiny black Mercedes 450-SL convertible, often with the top down, so that we can study his narrow eyes behind his tortoiseshell shades, his expensively cut hair, and his extraordinary but uninteresting good looks. When he alights, we see him buying expensive clothes at Juschi's boutique, on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills (or, rather, being bought clothes: a woman is paying the bill); or having a drink at the Polo Lounge (he keeps an odd jacket or two with the hat-check girl there, in case of social emergencies); or dining at Perino's or Chasen's; or discussing business with a beautiful female pimp (Nina Van Pallandt) at her Malibu beach house, where the sundeck is crowded with half-naked women catching some rays; or visiting other women in Westwood and Bel Air and Palm Springs. A great many older but well-kept-up women pay him hundreds of dollars to make love to them, for Julian is a top-level, 450-SL-model male prostitute, and Michelle (Lauren Hutton), the terrific-looking but unhappy wife of a California state senator, is in love with him. Inescapably, irresponsibly (we feel terrible about it, really), we find ourselves beginning to have the wrong thoughts about him: This cat has really got it *made!* What we are probably meant to think about Julian is to wonder where he comes from—in both the Webster's and the Cyra McFadden senses of the phrase—but the script of "American Gigolo" (by Paul Schrader, who also directed the picture) is



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generally unhelpful. Julian lies to one woman when he tells her that he used to be a pool boy at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and to another when he says he was "born in Torino but studied in Nantes" (he is said to speak five or six languages); finally, alone with the senator's wife, he exclaims, "I'm not *from* anywhere—I'm from this bed." He has scruples ("I don't do fags or couples"), and he prides himself on his ability to bring sexual pleasure to sad old women. This is ugly but promising. What else are we going to discover about Julian? Unfortunately, that's about it. Now and then, in his pad, he picks up a vase or a painting and studies it enigmatically, but he spends more of his time opening the drawers of his bureau and the doors of his closet, so that he and we can gaze at length on his rich, muted shirtings, his narrow fifty-dollar ties, and his sleek Giorgio Armani jackets and suits. Late in the picture, Julian murmurs to Michelle, "All my life I've been looking for something—I don't know what it is. Maybe it's you," and at last we understand. Julian has, like, lost touch with his *feelings.* He is not in a good space. Poor Julian.

Paul Schrader is an earnest filmmaker (he directed "Blue Collar" and wrote the screenplay for Martin Scorsese's "Taxi Driver"), but "American Gigolo" gives the impression that he was distracted by the looks of things in the picture and allowed himself and his audience to become tourists of these expensive places and people. Perhaps sensing the absence of anything serious or moving at the end of the road, he more or less gave up on the search for Julian's soul, and instead involved his hero in a sadomasochistic murder, a silly frameup, and a brutal accidental killing: television-series stuff. Richard Gere is a considerable actor, given the proper kind of material, but in "American Gigolo" he has no place to go, literally and in our imagination. He and Lauren Hutton are so good-looking that we stare at them blankly, without the distraction of accompanying thought, which is the way we are meant to look at fashion models. Miss Hutton *is* a very famous model, of course, and even as we want her to do well up there in her acting career, the slack movie loses us and we gaze in wonder at her beautifully distributed teeth, her splendid, ever so slightly crossed eyes, and her loose-wristed, laid-back, almost-ready-to-fall-down cool. Other actors—Hector Elizondo, as a bald, reptilian, skinny detective, and K. Callan, as a faded, sweet-faced customer of Julian's—are given better opportunities for acting than the two stars, and make the most of them. "American Gigolo" will inevitably be measured against Hal Ashby's "Shampoo," because of the films' similar themes and settings, but the comparison is deadly. Warren Beatty's George—scooting around town on that motorcycle, with his hair dryer tucked in his belt—was so whipped and confused and rewarded and harassed by his own violently libidinous attractiveness that the scattered scenes and beds in the picture could hardly contain its energy and surprises. "Shampoo" was so sexy that it was funny, but "American Gigolo" presents a humorless, *Penthouse* kind of sex, all dolled up with expensive "real" settings, foreign cars, hi-fi sets, and designer clothes, but barely alive at its glum, soft core.

FRANCO BRUSATI'S "To Forget Venice" was voted the David di Donatello, which is the Italian Oscar, as the best Italian film of 1979, and it has turned up here with a great rustling of accompanying Gold Plaque (*Targa d'Oro*), Silver Mask (*Maschera d'Argento*), and Silver Ribbon (*Nastro d'Argento*) awards for its director, leading actress, set designer, and so forth, along with some warmish praise from the Italian critics. ("Tender lyricism and passionate participation; romantic and decadent; expressionistic and surrealistic; Chekhovian and Proustian; Bergmanian and Viscontian."—*Il Resto del Carlino.*) Getting into the spirit of things, I will add "fustian and Tennesseewilliamsian," and bestow upon "To Forget Venice" my own Fur-Lined Adidas (*le Adide Foderate di Pelliccia*) award as the most pretentious imported film of the year so far. The movie is about a grownup family circle consisting of Marta (Hella Petri), a famous and fatally ill retired diva, two homosexual couples (one male, one female) who have severally and jointly adored the great lady since childhood, and a senile ancient maidservant. With suffocating clarity and multiple flashbacks (presented in such a literal, Tussaud-like style that the adult actors must step lively in order to keep from being trampled by their childhood selves hurrying forward on the set), we are forced to understand that these overheated relationships are narcissistic and have been sustained mostly to preserve an illusion of perpetual childhood. Marta dies, and the grownup babies, with many a sigh and tear, must at last face *la realtà,* which is represented neatly, and more than once, by the noise of a jet plane above the roof.

Nothing seems to have been omitted in the clarification of this bittersweet parable, and nothing is suggested lightly or tentatively, except the dubious possible conclusion that homosexuality is mostly a matter of arrested development. Only a few glimpses are required to suggest the zabaglione flavor of "To Forget Venice"—young Anna, the daughter of unfeeling parents, pelting a large portrait of *mamma e papà* with darts and eggs; grownup Anna (Mariangela Melato) giving way to a purging flood of tears while, outdoors, a torrent of rain washes away the blood of a dead chicken (don't ask) from the front fender of a white Lancia coupé; the gaga servant, put out to pasture at last, liberating the family canary from its cage and flinging it out a window (and the birdie, of course, falling dead to the ground); Anna, bare-breasted (most of the females in the cast bare their breasts repeatedly, and we are even permitted a glimpse of one of Marta's breasts after she is dead), placing a bridal veil on the head of Nicky's naked homosexual lover; *eccetera.* Something, in short, has gone seriously wrong here, and I can attribute it only to an advanced case of galloping auteurism. Franco Brusati, who previously wrote and directed "Bread and Chocolate," this time provided himself with such a thematically perfect story that he has surrounded it with candles and forced his actors to wait upon it like acolytes. As a result, no one in the possibly talented cast is permitted to make what looks like a natural movement or a spontaneous gesture, and no one speaks a line that sounds like human speech. "I'm a little tired of being young," says the bearded, gray, gentle Nicky (Erland Josephson) near the end. Then he finds Anna's old crystal ball (the one he gave her on her birthday long ago, when she was a girl) in the weeds, regards it with infinite sadness, and allows it to roll away across the lawn and smash (*ciao!*) against a tree.

—ROGER ANGELL

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—*Palo Alto (Calif.) Weekly.*

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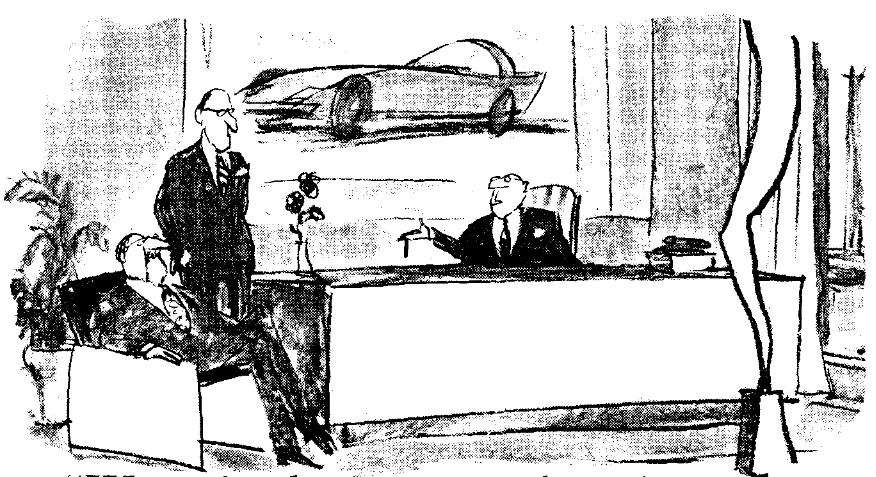

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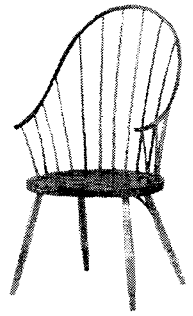

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MUSICAL EVENTS

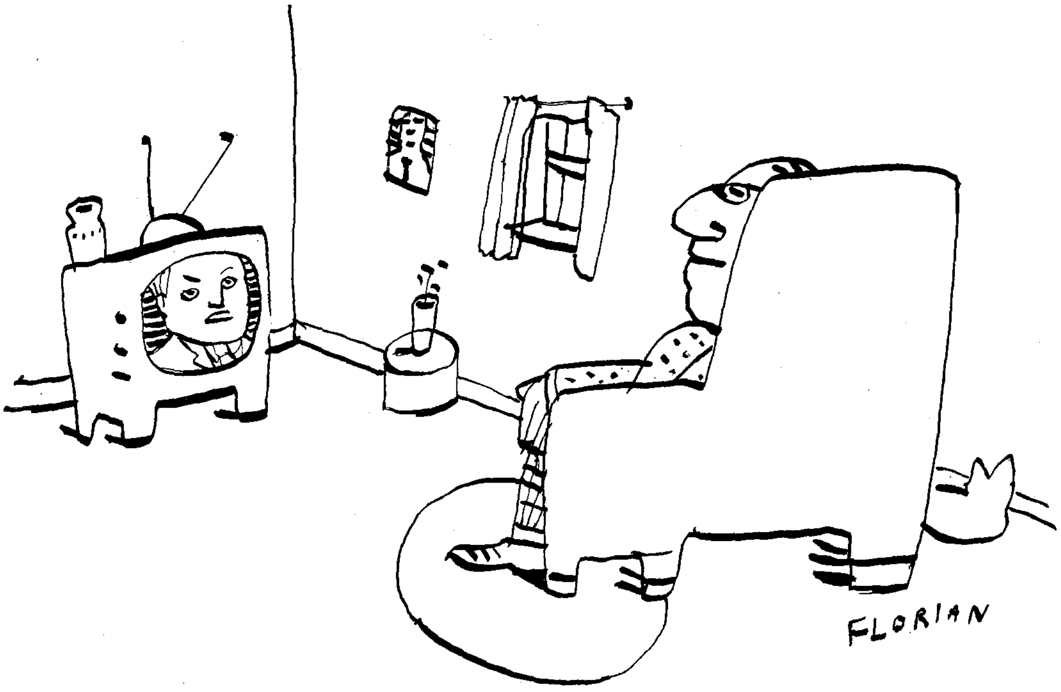
Politics

THE first première of the year at the Philharmonic was "Gradations," by Vladimir Zagortsev. The composer, now thirty-five, lives in Kiev; in the early nineteen-sixties he was part of a lively movement among Soviet musicians and poets which aimed to escape from the restrictive atmosphere of the Stalinist period. The "Kiev avant-garde," as one group of composers became known, showed more than a passing acquaintance with the products of the Western avant-garde since the Second World War; they wrote music that was influenced by Boulez, Stockhausen, and Cage. The program note for the Philharmonic performances emphasized that this cultural shift was part of an era of experimentation in many different fields of Russian life: the term "*shestydesatnyky*," or "generation of the sixties," was applied to all these adventurous young artists. "Gradations" was composed in 1966, and in its short span (less than ten minutes in the Philharmonic's performance) it demonstrates a firm and easy command of the sort of musical gestures with which we are familiar from many works of the fifties and sixties. I could not possibly have guessed from the sound alone that it was by a Russian composer. There is an array of percussion instruments, used to create the maximum variety of timbre; there are small groups of winds, used as a separate choir; there are nineteen strings, used, Ligeti-like, in attractive sliding patterns. There is a tasteful amount of indeterminacy. The two sections of the work are carefully contrasted: the first juxtaposes the different instrumental groupings; the second grows from a murmur, through chaos, to music of violent conviction. At a distance of fourteen years, the piece sounded dated, but it was interesting to hear once. It deserved a place in the now defunct Boulez-Schuller "Prospective Encounter" series rather than in the Philharmonic's main concerts.

And there it would be good to leave the matter. Unfortunately, Zubin Mehta made some introductory remarks at the Thursday concert which put the piece in a quite different light. He said it was being played "in defiance" of the Soviet authorities, who had "suffocated" painters, sculptors, and architects as well as musicians; he had chosen this work from a group of scores that had been "smuggled out" of the country, where "none of Zagortsev's works has been performed." He hoped the performance would "help the composer," who "probably does not realize that his work is being played here tonight." The Philharmonic audience applauded this announcement rather more loudly than it did the piece. Mr. Mehta had succeeded in changing a musical gesture into a political one. Perhaps he had not read a letter from the composer printed in the program. "During the last few years my chamber music has often been heard in the chamber concert halls of Kiev and has been favorably received," Zagortsev wrote. "My symphonic music, due to its difficulty, still waits to be heard. I am very glad to learn of the performance of 'Gradations' in the U.S.A. (and by such a magnificent orchestra!)." Mehta's announcement had disturbing implications. Are we to presume that the Philharmonic would not program music by Soviet composers *unless* their work had been criticized by the authorities? Are we, for instance, not to hear any of the important and adventurous orchestral music of Alfred Schnitke? Or of Arvo Pärt, whose work was included with Schnitke's in the 1979 Warsaw Autumn Festival? And if the reason for the performance of the Zagortsev was to help oppressed musicians, are we to suspect that the quality of the music comes second to the position of the composer? There are very many other composers who by the same criterion would merit inclusion in the Philharmonic's concerts. It does not help a work like "Gradations" to have Mr. Mehta attempt to gain sympathy on its behalf by specious political declarations.

A HAPPIER illustration of the interaction between politics and music may be observed in the current work of the Orchestra of New York, which in January gave the second of four concerts of "New and Old American Music" in Carnegie Recital Hall.

To the best of my knowledge, the Orchestra of New York is a unique institution: it is a full-time chamber orchestra, of twenty-nine players, funded entirely by the federal government. The principal source of this money is, surprisingly, the United States Department of Labor. Under the 1973 Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, unemployed workers who could prove serious poverty were provided with newly established jobs. Economic recession led to the broadening of this program: jobs were created for highly skilled workers who had been laid off in local government or industry, and unemployed artists were also entitled to seek benefits. In New York, a group of administrators and performing artists met in the spring of 1977 to devise pos-



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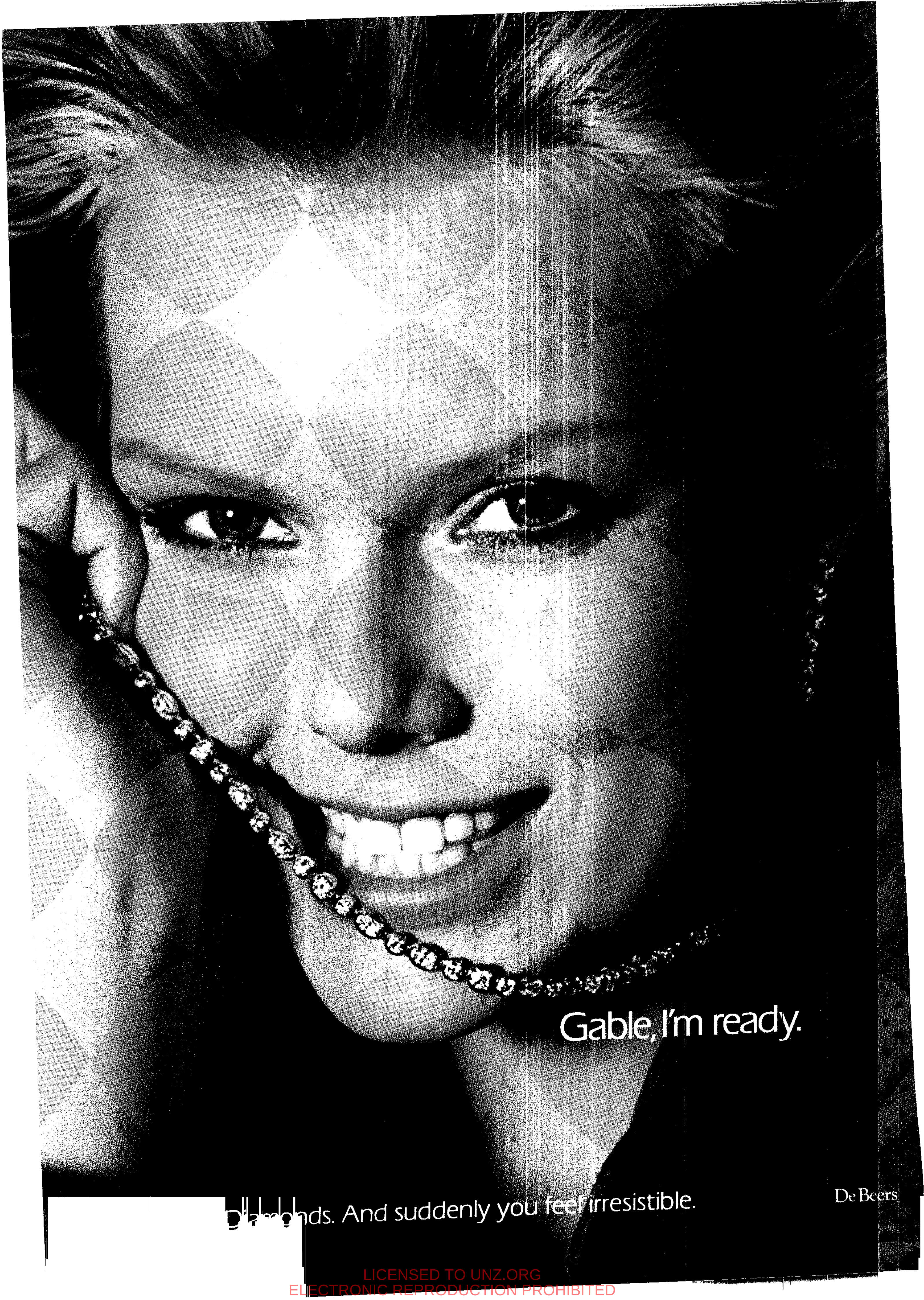
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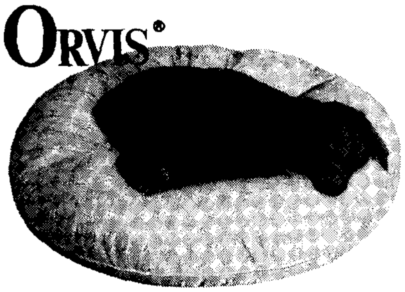
sible schemes for support of artists. These resulted in the creation of five hundred jobs—not the first CETA Artist Project in the country but the largest.

The idea of combining some of these jobs to create a new chamber orchestra came from the Brooklyn Philharmonia, an orchestra with a continuing record of community service. Early in 1978, it accepted funds from the city's subcontractor in the CETA Artist Project—the Cultural Council Foundation—to set up a new small orchestra: the Brooklyn Philharmonia CETA Orchestra of New York. Unemployed musicians are not hard to find in New York; with full-time employment provided only by the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, that is scarcely surprising. But there is free-lance work available, and to audition for the new orchestra applicants had to pass the extremely stringent poverty and unemployment tests of the Department of Labor. About a hundred and forty players were accepted for audition, and twenty were selected for the new orchestra. It is perhaps a reflection on the state of support for the performing artist in this country that the applicants were generally felt to be of exceptionally high standard.

During the first year of the orchestra's existence, it gave some hundred and sixty free concerts, all over New York. In March, 1979, the city awarded the Brooklyn Philharmonia an independent contract to continue its work, and the strength of the CETA orchestra was increased from twenty to twenty-nine. The aim of CETA is simply to provide employment for those who need it; consequently, it foresees a rapid turnover of personnel. The orchestra, on the other hand, needs to build up a standard of excellence by retaining the same players for as long as possible. Only nine of the original nucleus of twenty remained in the new ensemble; this meant that it had practically to begin its work again.

This season, the orchestra has managed to move gently away from a total commitment to free concert-giving. It has launched two series of concerts—one at Abraham Goodman House and the other at Carnegie Recital Hall. The first presents new soloists in début; the second is the American-music series. Each carries with it a complementary group of free programs elsewhere in the city. Two concerts I heard last month—one of them a free program at Christ and St. Stephen's Church, on West Sixty-ninth Street—had a repertoire that ranged from demanding new music by Frederic Rzewski to major works of the classical repertoire by Mozart and Schubert. All were done with rare commitment and fire. The American program was given at Carnegie Recital Hall, under the orchestra's music director, Paul Dunkel. Rzewski played the piano in his own work and in Hanns Eisler's 1940 Chamber Symphony. Introducing the Eisler, Rzewski read extracts from a lecture given by the composer at Town Hall in 1936. The crisis in music, Eisler had said, was part of an economic crisis; composers must be aware of the social function that their music performed, otherwise they became only part of the worldwide "trade in narcotics;" the idea that music had no social function was a nineteenth-century concept that would have seemed nonsensical to musicians in other ages. Eisler's Marxist theories of music found few supporters; indeed, in 1947 the House Un-American Activities Committee attempted to have him deported, and only after an international protest was he allowed to leave America freely, in 1948. It would be interesting to observe what social function the music of Eisler has today; in this performance, the Chamber Symphony sounded direct and appealing but scarcely revolutionary. The insistent, screechy noises of the opening movement conjured up a night picture of a big industrial city; the eerie sound of the electric piano wailing above the strings in the second, "chorale," movement and the humorless, biting scherzo proclaimed a grim, unrelenting vision of the world.

What is Rzewski's vision of the world? He has been influenced by the writings of Herbert Marcuse, by John Cage and the "minimalist" composers; his pieces often seem self-consciously didactic. His "Thirteen Studies for Instruments" was, he said, designed to introduce musicians trained in the classical style to some of the elements of improvised music. This worked in a rigidly structured way; the studies were divided into four groups, each of which showed a progression from a strictly organized study, through one in which selected elements (such as pitch) were freely determined and one that depended on a shape or a graphic form, to a free improvisation. All very well in theory, but some of the results were less than gripping. The written-out pieces were mostly cheerful little numbers with a touch of Oriental influence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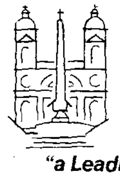
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and clangy, naïve themes; the free improvisations tended to disintegrate rather quickly into predictable patterns; and the partly free movements seemed uncertain of their direction, as players waited for others to finish before picking up their material. Some sounds remain in my mind: one of the studies featured a violin solo over a staccato ground bass from cor anglais and double-bass—both of which eventually took the melody; and the last few variations built up a jovial jumble of noise, out of which emerged a sort of "people's hymn," with comfortably conventional harmonies, to close the work. The piece provided instruction of a sort, but it seemed to be mainly for the benefit of the orchestra; this was a study-workshop session, at which the audience felt a little irrelevant.

The other aspect of the orchestra's work—performance to non-paying audiences—was on view at Christ and St. Stephen's Church. In spite of the fact that there was practically no audience present (something the orchestra must frequently encounter when providing the bounty of its free music-making to an unexpectant public), the concert was invigorating. Rossini's "Cinderella" Overture emerged with full sonority and with carefully graded crescendos; four first violins managed to follow Michael Martin's lively direction with a precise ensemble. In Mozart's Symphony No. 34, string intonation sometimes wavered, but there were outstanding contributions from the first oboist (who had excelled in the Eisler) and two viola players. Most remarkable, considering the lack of stimulus from those of us out front, was the consistent liveliness and rhythmic spring of the performance; the finale had a Beechamesque bounce.

But what happens in September, when the orchestra's present contract runs out? If it is forced to renew its personnel completely, the orchestra will be back where it started. Should it fulfill faithfully the objective for which it was set up—providing employment for musicians—or should it attempt to build on the achievements of its first two years and become a first-class permanent orchestra? And if it follows the latter course, must it forfeit the support of the government? If federal subsidies have any sense outside their somewhat inflexible systems, there must be a middle course—one that would enable the Orchestra of New York to develop its independent, money-earning activities while remaining both a model of community service (in places where it is really needed) and an example of the

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TWO other concert series of twentieth-century music have drawn large, lively audiences in recent weeks. In Carnegie Recital Hall, the New Music Consort launched a series of American Retrospective programs, and before Christmas, in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, the Group for Contemporary Music continued its series with an all-American concert. Both included performances of John Cage's "Third Construction," of 1941, for four percussionists, which is becoming something of a cult piece; it was wildly cheered on both occasions. It makes a very exciting noise, using a wide range of conventional and unconventional percussion instruments to create a rhythmic texture that constantly develops and reworks itself. I was going to call it "hypnotic," but that is the wrong word for something that keeps the listener on the edge of his seat. In a post-concert discussion at the Group for Contemporary Music event, Cage said that when he wrote it he was afraid the music was hopelessly complex. Now it seems simple, even simplistic. But it makes a point about the sources of rhythmic tension, and makes it very enjoyably. The New Jersey Percussion Ensemble Quartet, at the Cooper Union concert, had the edge in confidence, attack, and panache. The New Music Consort sounded just a shade more tentative (there was some very careful counting onstage), but at times there was a better balance, allowing parts of the texture that I had missed in the previous performance to emerge clearly.

The Group for Contemporary Music's program of more recent American work included Charles Wuorinen's "Fast Fantasy," of 1977, for cello and piano, which was intense and arid. (Fred Sherry and the composer played it impressively.) Tod Machover's "Yoku Mireba," of 1977, had little more to commend it; there were some nice central discourses for pairs of the three instruments—flute and then cello with piano—and a Messiaen-like piano solo, but too much of the rest sounded cluttered and confusing. Easiest of all was Gerald Chenoweth's Fantasy Quartet, of 1972; perhaps the twittering flute and sliding string noises were superficial, but they were at least clear in intention. In the New Music Consort's program, arrangements of Ives and Gershwin framed the Cage piece, Copland's Violin Sonata, and Cowell's Fourth String Quartet. Cowell's at-

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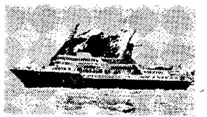

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tempts to write music in a new "popular" style in the thirties parallel Rzewski's present-day efforts. The results are in both cases angular and naïve. Cowell's curious failing was to think that just because he based his music on simple technical devices it would be easily understood. In this quartet, a five-beat rhythm (heavy, heavy, light, heavy, light) dictates the shape of the movements, their tonality (C, C, G, C, G), their dynamic level, and some of their thematic content. As a result, the music sounds far too organized to be inspired; one longs for a bar that disrupts the careful scheme. Nevertheless, a string quartet led by Linda Quan made of the music something far more expressive than I had thought possible. The melody of the second movement and the tricky cross-rhythm accompaniment of the third both conjured up an atmosphere of primitive ritual—certainly not a universal sound, as Cowell had hoped, but one perfectly convincing on its own terms. Miss Quan also played the Copland Violin Sonata with poise and beautiful phrasing. I have mentioned her playing in passing before, but I have now heard her in a wide range of events: confident and stylish in Bach sonatas and the Biber chaconne, on a Baroque violin in an Aulos Ensemble concert; adventurous and forceful attempting Beethoven's "Kreutzer" on a classical instrument in unfavorable circumstances; and playing a modern violin in the Group for Contemporary Music's concert as well as the New Music Consort's. She is one of the best violinists I have encountered in New York.

I can't resist recording an exchange in the Group for Contemporary Music's post-concert discussion between Wuorinen, Cage, and John Rockwell. Meditating on the supposed difference between the New York "uptown" composer, with his academic background and formal techniques, and the "downtown" composer, with his improvisation and chance procedures, Rockwell asked the two composers if they would like to react to those labels. There was a long, nervous pause, and then Cage said, with a cheerful gleam in his eye, "I guess it might be more interesting to discuss our Zip Codes," and proceeded to do so.

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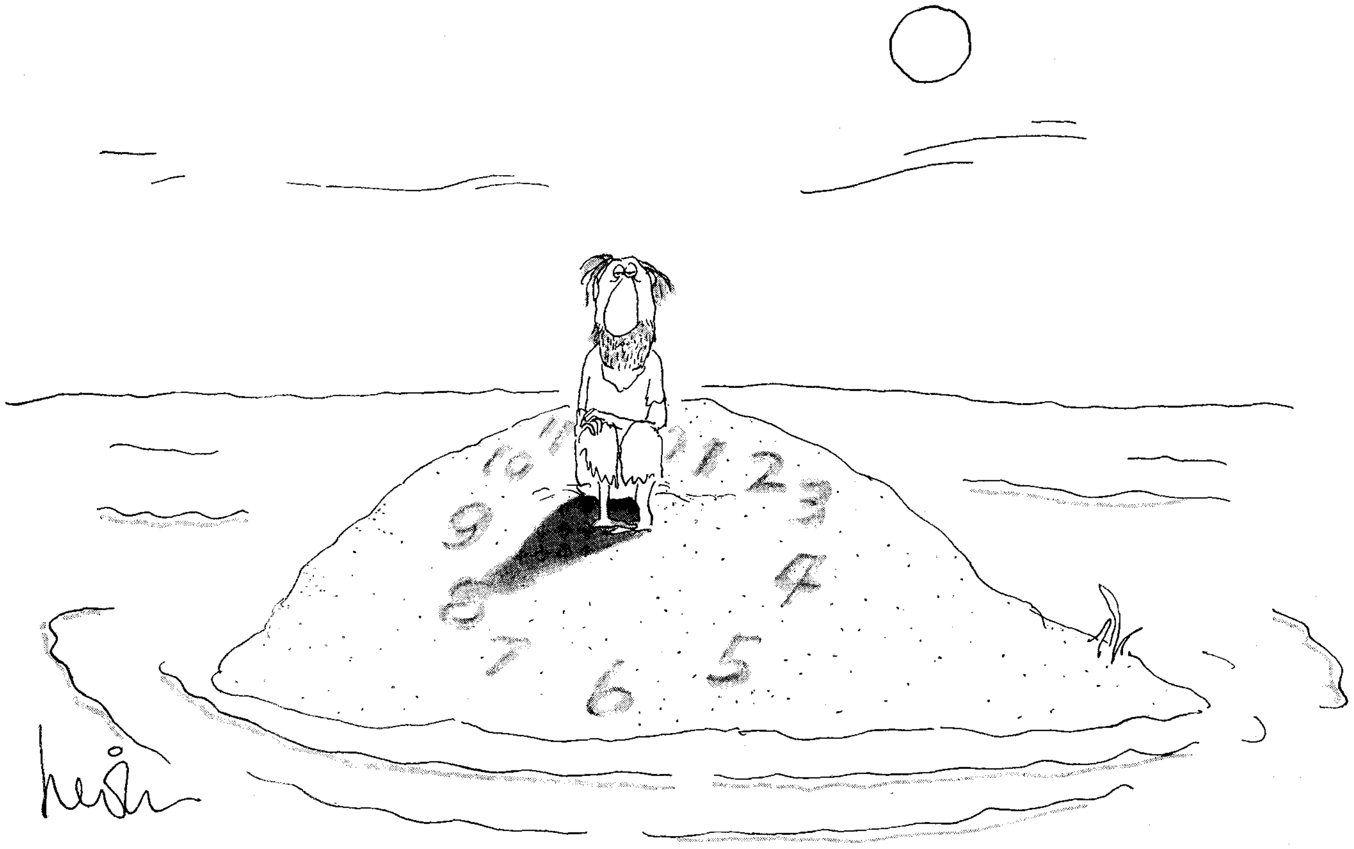
As We Were

IN 1857, a thirty-two-year-old Russian jurist, bureaucrat, and historian named Alexander Borisovich Lakier travelled all over the United States gathering material for a book that, on its appearance in Russia in 1859, was the first comprehensive study of this country available to Russians in their own language. Now, more than a century later, translated and edited by Arnold Schrier and Joyce Story, with a foreword by Henry Steele Commager, it has been published here as "A Russian Looks at America" (University of Chicago Press; $15.95).

Lakier came to an ebullient country. No staid word like "developing" captures the multitudinous eruptions of industrializing and Westering—cities going up so fast that the guidebook Lakier bought in Chicago, though but two or three months old, was already out of date, and agriculture mechanizing so rapidly that he observed, "In recent times America has been shipping great quantities of grain abroad and thus may become a dangerous rival for Russia in the future." Lakier was a naturally gifted traveller—an engaging, outgoing, high-spirited man. Though he was serious and diligent about his reporting, he evidently had a good time adapting to our exotic mores—usages produced, for the most part, by Americans' insistence upon expressing in their manners their belief in equality. Lakier's cheerfulness was all his own. His motive—to see for himself a radical new society—he shared with other nineteenth-century writers, notably de Tocqueville, a quarter of a century earlier. "Democracy in America" is more outspoken than "A Russian Looks at America;" Lakier had no wish to test the limits of the liberalism of Czar Alexander II, who had succeeded the formidably repressive Nicholas I in 1855. De Tocqueville felt free to be a political philosopher, while Lakier did not; thus, Lakier most frequently describes without explicitly stating conclusions or prescriptions, and offers a vignette where de Tocqueville makes a general statement. Both men were favorably impressed by trial by jury, but de Tocqueville argues its advantages, while Lakier simply reports two jury trials and lets his language convey approbation. De Tocqueville writes extensively and abstractly on the role of religion in America, while Lakier recalls an entire Puritan Sunday in Boston.

Lakier tries to interpret things American for Russian readers: flapjacks are "our Shrovetide pancakes" (*blini*), and slaves "dance and sing to the sounds of a simple instrument similar to our balalaika." He attributes New York's regular street plan to the fact that, like St. Petersburg, the city was built on Dutch plans and models. He is delighted to attend the keel-laying of a Russian naval vessel being built in a New York shipyard; he is enchanted that President Buchanan in a message to Congress specifically mentions the good relations between the United States and the Russian Empire; and he is more than pleased to come across a town named for a Russian prince, Dmitri Golitsyn, who had been a Roman Catholic missionary in this country. During the nineteenth century, many educated Americans began to feel themselves provincial in comparison with Europeans, but a reader of our own day cannot help noticing how cosmopolitan American provincialism was. Lakier pays particular attention to German immigrants, because he and his readers were familiar with German settlers in Russia. He reports that they are the same in both places—hardworking, pacific, unaggressive (very much like Professor Bhaer, the husband Louisa May Alcott awards to Jo March at the end of "Little Women"). Textbooks commonly describe the nineteenth century



as the age of nationalism, but it was also a great epoch of migrations, in which millions forsook their nations. Lakier comments on the Germans' assimilation, and his trip catches them—before they have all become Americanized—laying the foundations of musical culture in the Middle West.

On every page, Lakier's book offers entertaining proof of the irreplaceability of eyewitness accounts, which tell how people felt. We notice it most whenever he admires aspects of our past that we have been taught to deplore. Our prison system, for example, impresses him. First of all, there are enough prisons. (The Russians relied heavily on exile and on corporal punishment.) Then, too, we do not shackle inmates, and we feed them "soft white bread." The institutions he praises are now assailed as forerunners of our present unsatisfactory penal system, but when you think of what Lakier knows you realize that, cruel as those jails seem now, in his era they seemed kind. (Penal institutions may not be susceptible of much improvement, because the only people who can cope with confinement, restriction, and humiliation are strong, self-respecting, healthy personalities—*exactly* what criminals are not.) Lakier is thrilled by the American transportation system—he writes that in 1857 the United States had thirty thousand miles of railroad track (Russia, the editors note, had less than eight hundred)—and he describes with admiration what our textbooks record as a scandal: the American method of financing railroad construction by making grants of public land to private companies along rights-of-way. In retrospect—and especially in light of Lakier's enthusiasm—one begins to recognize that the ingenuity demonstrated by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century capitalism in finding, unlocking, or creating capital was as impressive as the period's technical inventiveness. In any case, all our forwardness—our coal mines, for example—impresses Lakier, who becomes positively rhapsodic about Cincinnati.

Lakier also admires many advantages that America has lost or is losing—the absence of paperwork, and the accessibility of places and persons, including (in Lakier's case) the President of Harvard and of the United States—but he would not have regretted the disappearance of slavery, which he abominates. Sometimes he codes messages—he comments on the absence of police controlling the crowds on Broadway, and one realizes he is

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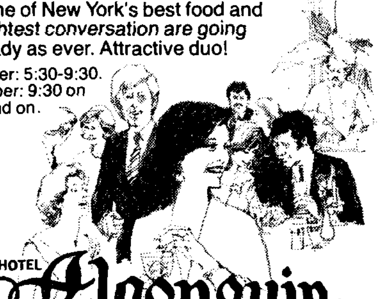

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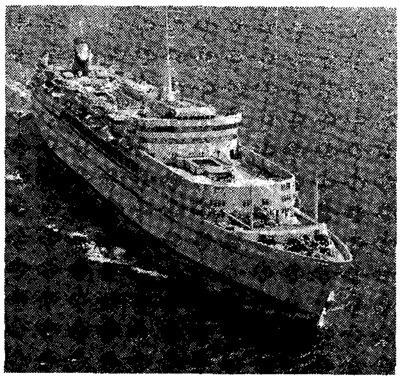

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talking about the presence of police in Russia—and he is certainly attacking Russian serfdom when he attacks American slavery. But it is just as certain that slavery nauseates him. Of all his repelled recollections, perhaps the most memorable is his sketch of a slave woman, who had been sold with her children but without her husband, plodding behind her new master and then behind his overseer "without tears, complaints or stops." Lakier remarks, "There was no one to feel sorry for her." Except, of course, Lakier—a reason that we like him so much.

Lakier is fascinated by—and, like many Europeans, sentimental about—Indians. He quotes an Indian agent he met while sailing up the Mississippi to St. Paul. This man, himself part Indian, defended the government's Indian policies while speaking of the dwindling of the Indians of the northern plains, and foretelling their disappearance, because of their inability to adopt settled ways. Lakier feels that the agent was "disturbed" by recollections of what had been, and found it "painful . . . to give up the thought of the Indians' wilderness." The man ascribed the Indians' changelessness to a cultural refusal that contrasts with the cultural acquisitiveness of European peoples. The Gothic leaders—Alaric, Odoacer, Theodoric—who took over Italy in the fifth and sixth centuries had become Christians, albeit heretics, and had served the Roman emperors. One wonders whether the leap was simply too great on this continent—the North American Indians were Stone Age peoples, the North Europeans Iron Age. Or perhaps the decisive factor was time: the energy unleashed by American independence drove settlers across this continent so fast that there were never any borderlands in which several generations of white men and Indians could meet and accustom themselves to each other.

What is most surprising to an American reading Lakier today is how little this country has changed. Winning independence and establishing the Constitution formed us, if not for all time, at least down to the present. Those events afforded a settled framework in which the poor people of Europe were free to do, or try to do, what they wanted: to make money; to own land outright; to escape harassment, exploitation, and persecution; and to demand to be treated with respect. The country that Lakier saw is so much de Tocqueville's America that, as I have suggested, "A Russian Looks at America" is almost an anecdotal "Democ-

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racy in America." But it is also America today to the point that one might retell many of Lakier's anecdotes about the present. We still have volunteer fire brigades, which amazed him. And Americans on voyage still expect to exchange autobiographies with strangers and take reticence as arrogance. In 1980, as in 1857, Americans will forgive adultery, murder, perjury, and theft but regard being stuckup as unpardonable.

American equality struck de Tocqueville and Lakier because it permeated all our institutions, from the family outward. Though our décor has changed and our cast has been enlarged, American children have not become more manageable since those men's visits, and ever more Americans seek not only material equality but parity of esteem. De Tocqueville thought that American equality would come to Europe, and was concerned (to sum up his complexities very roughly) about whether it would arrive as levelling down or levelling up. Lakier cautiously said nothing about equality but predicted that Americans would influence Europe "by the strength of their inventions, their trade, and their industry. And this influence will be more durable than any conquest." I am not sure that the increase of equality in the advanced industrial nations of Europe since the Second World War has been due to American influence, for the wish was there all along, but it is likely that our example has encouraged both disobedience and informality. As for us, we continue as we started. Lakier tells this shocker, this Marco Polo traveller's tale: "I myself happened to be a witness as a man got off a public omnibus in order to give his seat to his housemaid only because she was a woman." —NAOMI BLIVEN

•

Fear of heavy snow, however, did force postponement of a phobia workshop scheduled for 7 p.m. today in the Broome County Office Building. A spokesman for the Broome County Mental Health Association said the workshop would be rescheduled.—*Binghamton Press.*

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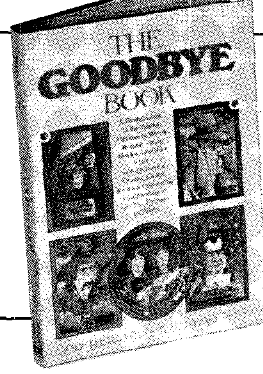

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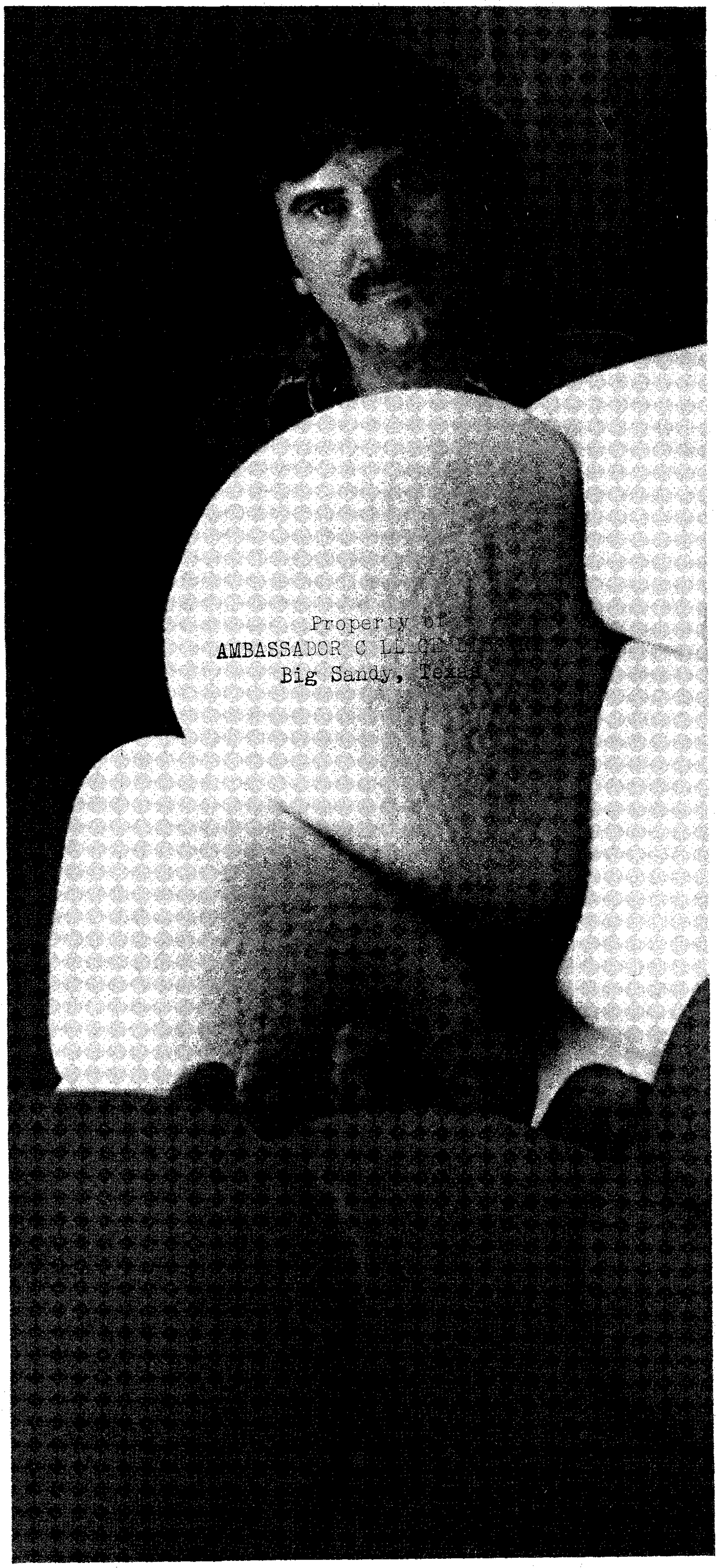

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